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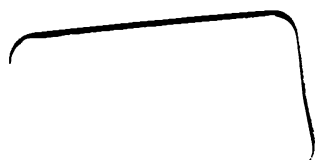
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THE
BRITISH POETS.

INCLUDING
TRANSLATIONS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

LXXVII.

MASON, VOL. I.

CHISWICK:

Printed by C. Whittingham,

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1822.



THE
POEMS

OF

William Mason, M. A.

VOL. I.

Chiswick:
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
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THE
LIFE OF WILLIAM MASON, M. A.

By S. W. SINGER, Esq.

THERE are but few materials for the life of this poet, no regular biographical account having been furnished by those on whom the publication of his works devolved: we are, therefore, left to glean such scattered notices as periodical publications, his own works, or the correspondence of his friends may supply.

WILLIAM MASON, whose father was vicar of St. Trinity at Kingston-upon-Hull, in Yorkshire, was born in the year 1725. He seems to have been fortunate in the affectionate skill with which that parent fostered his early propensity to the arts of poetry, painting, and music, and he describes him, in a grateful Epistolary Address written while at College, as one

————— who always loved to blend
Advice with smiles, the father with the friend.

In 1742-3 he went to the University, and was entered of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he soon distinguished himself by his poetical talent, and published in 1747 his 'Musæus, a Monody on the Death of Mr. Pope,' which was received with great applause, and passed through several editions in a very short space of time. He took his Bachelor's

degree in 1745, and through the interest of his friend Gray was nominated to a vacant fellowship in Pembroke Hall; but owing to a dispute between the master and fellows he was not elected until 1749. His own account of the affair is given in a letter to Mr. Bryant: 'As to myself, I have had the honour since I came here last to be elected by the Fellows of Pembroke into their Society; but the Master, who has the power of a negative, has made use of it on this occasion, because he will not have an *extraneus*, when they have fit persons in their own college. The Fellows say, they have a power from their statutes *indifferenter eligere, ex utraque Academia*, and are going to try it at common law, or to get the king to appoint a visitor; if this turns out well, it will be a lucky thing for me, and much better than a *Plat*, which I came hither with an intention to sit for, for they are reckoned the best fellowships in the university.'

At this time Gray describes him as a young man 'of much fancy, little judgment, and a good deal of modesty—a good and well meaning creature, but in simplicity a child; he reads little or nothing, writes abundance, and that with a design to make a fortune by it—a little vain, but in so harmless and comical a way, that it does not offend: a little ambitious, but withal so ignorant of the world and its ways, that this does not hurt him in one's opinion; so sincere and undisguised, that no mind with a spark of generosity would ever think of hurting him, he lies so open to injury; but so indolent, that if he cannot overcome the habit, all his good qualities will signify nothing at all.' The affectionate esteem with which Gray regarded him ripened into a most perfect and lasting friendship, which only terminated with the life of that amiable scholar, and the correspondence between them shows that it was established upon the firm basis of unfeigned admiration of his virtues and talents.

Mason appears to have been educated a Whig, and some recent occurrences in the University of Oxford having given rise to a supposition that Jacobite principles prevailed there, he wrote and published his poem of 'Isis' in 1748, which was answered in 'The Triumph of Isis,' published by Thomas Warton in the succeeding year. These poems had each considerable popularity, and one or the other was preferred as the reader felt a bias to Cambridge or Oxford, to Whig or Tory; but Warton's is undoubtedly the best of the two. Of this Mason appears to have been sensible, and writing to his rival, thanking him for the present of a volume of his poems, near thirty years after, he says, 'I am however sorry to find that 'The Triumph of Isis' has not found a place near the delicate 'Complaint of Cherwel,' to which it was a proper companion; and I fear that a punctilio of politeness to me was the occasion of the exclusion. Had I known of your intention of making this collection, most certainly I should have pleaded for the insertion of that poem, which I assure you I think greatly excels the Elegy which occasioned it, both in poetical imagery and the correct flow of its versification. And if I put any value on my own juvenile production, it is because it is written on those old Whig principles, which I am as proud of holding now they are *out* of fashion, and I am turned of fifty, as I was when they were *in* fashion, and I was hardly turned of twenty.'

Dr. Mant, in his Life of Thomas Warton, has related the following anecdote, which may serve to show the 'harmless and comical vanity' which Gray alludes to in characterizing Mason. 'Several years after he had written his Elegy, he was coming into Oxford on horseback: and as he passed over Magdalen Bridge (it was then evening) he turned to his friend and expressed his satisfaction that, as it was getting dusk, they should enter the place unnoticed.

His friend did not seem aware of the advantage. "What! (rejoined the poet) do you not remember my *Isis*?"

In 1752 he published his dramatic poem of 'Elfrida,' with choruses, written on the model of the Greek tragedy; that is, as he expresses it, 'as far as it is probable, a Greek poet, were he alive, would now pursue the ancient method.' It is generally agreed that the form of the Grecian drama and its choruses is not well adapted to the genius of the modern stage, but as a dramatic poem 'Elfrida' is allowed to possess much beauty. In the fable historic truth has however been violated, and though we may be interested by the distress of Athelwold and his wife, yet their conduct is so much tinctured with childishness and deceit as to lessen our sympathy. The propriety of placing the chorus in the mouths of 'British virgins' may be doubted; it has been facetiously observed, 'that these ladies appear to talk and sing only, because they have no other occupation.' The catastrophe of the fable hardly seems to satisfy poetical justice: Athelwold, it is true, *we are told*, is punished, but this might have been an incident in the drama. Elfrida's vow of widowhood excites an irresistible idea of the difficulty of preserving it inviolate, and the associations which arise disturb the current of our feelings.

Twenty years after the publication of 'Elfrida,' Colman adapted it to the stage, by such alterations as he deemed necessary; it was produced with splendid scenery, and music composed by Dr. Arne. The alterations of the text highly incensed Mason, who threatened the manager with an appeal to the public. To this menace Colman replied by a counter-threat of the introduction of a chorus of Grecian washerwomen in some future stage entertainment. A few years afterwards it was reproduced at Covent Garden, with alterations and adaptations by the

author; but on each occasion its success was very limited.

His father died in 1753, and in 1754 he took orders, being by the interest of Lord Holderness appointed one of the king's chaplains. He was presented about the same time to the living of Aston. The success which attended the publication of 'Elfrida,' and the approbation with which the lyrical parts were spoken of, encouraged him to publish his four odes on 'Memory,' 'Independence,' 'Melancholy,' and 'The Fate of Tyranny.' The wits and the critics were equally severe upon these odes. Lloyd and Colman parodied them; and the town, with its accustomed love of satire, admired the parodies more than the originals. Shenstone and Smollett had preoccupied the themes of 'Memory' and 'Independence;' and it must be confessed, that they have the advantage in point of merit as well as in point of time.

On the death of Cibber, Mason was proposed to succeed him as poet laureate; but he received an apology from Lord John Cavendish, 'that, being in orders, he was thought less eligible on that account than a layman.' Mason professes his indifference about the doubtful honours of the laurel, and he may be believed sincere. Mr. Campbell says, 'the apology was both an absurd and a false one, for Warton, the succeeding laurate, was in orders.' The fact is, that the place had been offered to Gray through Mason's mediation; Gray declined it, though it was proposed that he should hold it as a mere sinecure. Whitehead, and not Warton, was Cibber's successor, and the same option was not allowed him.

'Caractacus' was published in 1759, and added very much to his poetical reputation. 'This *chef-d'œuvre* of Mason (says Mr. Campbell) may not exhibit strong or minute delineation of human character; but it has enough of dramatic interest to

support our admiration of virtue, and our suspense and emotion in behalf of its cause: and it leads the imagination into scenes delightfully cast amidst the awfulness of superstition, the venerable antiquity of history, and the untamed grandeur of external nature. In this last respect it may be preferred to the tragedy of Beaumont and Fletcher on the same subject; that it brings forward the persons and abodes of the Druids with more magnificent effect. There is so much of the poet's eye displayed in the choice of his ground, and in the outline of his structure, that Mason may seem to challenge something like a generous prepossession of the mind in judging of his drama. It is the work of a man of genius, that calls for regret on its imperfections. Even in the lyrical passages, which are most of all loaded with superfluous ornament and alliteration, we meet with an enthusiasm that breaks out from amidst encumbering faults. The invocation of the Druids to Snowdon, for which the mind is so well prepared by the preceding scene, begins with peculiar harmony:

Mona on Snowdon calls:
Hear, thou king of mountains, hear!

And the Ode, on which Gray bestowed so much approbation, opens with a noble personification, and an impetuous spirit:

Hark! heard you not yon footstep dread,
That shook the earth with thundering tread?
'Twas Death. In haste the warrior pass'd,
High tower'd his helmed head†

'Caractacus' was read with great interest, and many persons thought it well adapted under certain modifications to the stage. It was at length produced at Covent Garden in 1776, received with very considerable applause, but obtained no permanent place as an acting-play. The alterations which had made it more fit for representation were thought to have diminished its poetical merits. Some years afterwards Dr. Glasse translated it into Greek.

In 1762 Mason published three Elegies, and in 1764 he collected his scattered pieces into a volume, which he dedicated to his patron, Lord Holderness, in an elegant sonnet. The 'Isis' and two other pieces were not included in this publication. His elegies are less encumbered with alliteration and ornate diction than his odes, and contain some passages of eminent poetic beauty; the character of Dryden in the first, the delightful and heartfelt picture of rural retirement in the second, and the description of Lady Coventry's beauty in the fourth, have been pointed out as highly deserving praise: the first four lines of this poem are remarkably impressive and beautiful:

The midnight clock has toll'd; and hark, the bell
Of death beats slow! heard ye the note profound?
It pauses now; and now with rising knell
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.

In the same year he was presented by the king to the canonry and prebend of Driffild, in the cathedral of York, together with the precentorship of that church. His principal residence was still at Aston, where he passed his time 'in peace and privacy,' and indulged his taste for ornamental gardening, in improving the grounds about his house; but he was careful to let none of his elegant pursuits divert him from the most assiduous discharge of the sacred duties of his profession.

In 1765 he married the daughter of William Sherman, Esq. of his native town, Kingston-upon-Hull; a most amiable lady, with whom his happiness was fated to be of short duration. Soon after their marriage her health declined, and he had little intermission from the anxiety of watching the insidious progress of that bane of our climate—a consumption, which terminated her life at Bristol, where he had removed her, in hopes of recovery, in 1767. He has commemorated her virtues and his own grief in

some lines well known and justly celebrated for their elegance.

In 1770 he had been gratified by a visit from his beloved friend Gray, who on his return to college was suddenly seized with the gout in his stomach, which soon proved fatal. Mason was on his way to pay the last duties of friendship, but arrived too late for the funeral. Gray had left him joint executor, with a legacy of five hundred pounds, all his books, manuscripts, &c. and Mason erected to the memory of his friend an unperishable literary monument, by publishing his memoirs and letters, one of the most interesting works of the kind which ever issued from the press. The plan was entirely novel; and though it was objected to by some, the success which attended it, and Boswell's *Memoirs of Johnson*, formed professedly upon its model, is a sufficient testimony of its merit.

The first book of his '*English Garden*' appeared in 1772, and Warton had the liberality to pay him the high compliment of saying that it was a work in which didactic poetry is brought to perfection by the happy combination of judicious precepts with the most elegant ornaments of language and imagery.' This poem was read with avidity at the time of publication; the subject was in fashion, and it afforded opportunities, of which he well knew how to avail himself, for descriptions of rural scenery. A late elegant writer¹, not less distinguished as a critic than as a poet, makes some forcible objections to it, and says, 'if this be the perfection of didactic poetry, it would seem to be as difficult to teach art by poetry as to teach poetry by art.' Yet he confesses that he does not presume to judge of it as '*An Art of Ornamental Gardening*,' and points out the following beautiful lines descriptive of woodland scenery in the first book:

¹ Mr. Campbell.

———— Many a glade is found
The haunt of wood-gods only; where if Art
E'er dared to tread 'twas with unsandal'd foot,
Printless as if the place were holy ground.

Notwithstanding its defects and '*dilletante air*,' this poem appears to have been a studied composition, to have received all the advantages of careful and frequent revision, and a considerable interval elapsed between the publication of each book; the last was published in 1782.

Although he lived in retirement, Mason was not insensible to the great political events of his time; and during the whole progress of the war with America his Whig principles continued unchanged. When the associations for parliamentary reform began in 1779, he took an active part, and endeavoured to promote that great object both by his pen and his personal exertions. At this time he published his '*Ode to the Naval Officers of Great Britain*,' in which he gave vent to his political indignation. It is to be presumed that this marked opposition to the measures of ministers gave offence to the court, and he therefore deemed it expedient to resign his chaplainship to the king. But Mason, though a staunch friend to rational liberty, could distinguish between it and popular anarchy; he lived to deprecate the horrors and excesses of the French revolution.

Mason's early education was such as gave him no ordinary skill in the arts: his critical knowledge of painting is evinced by his very excellent translation of Du Fresnoy's poem, which he began in early life. It was finished at the express desire of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who furnished him with notes and illustrations which very much enhance its value. He was not only a theoretical but a practical musician, and composed several pieces of sacred music for the choir of York Cathedral. His elegant essays on English church music, published in 1796, show

no common knowledge of the subject. It has been observed that his taste led him to the simplicity and plainness of an unadorned style, as more suitable to devotional music: this is the more remarkable when we recollect the florid and ornamented style of his poetry.

One of his latest poetical efforts was 'The Secular Ode on the Commemoration of the Revolution of 1688.' It appeared when the whole nation joined to celebrate

—————' With festive joy
The day that freed them from Oppression's rod.'

In the year 1788 he also undertook the friendly office of publishing the works of his deceased friend Whitehead, the laureate, and furnished a biographical memoir, which, though from its subject of inferior interest to the life of Gray, does honour to his friend's memory and to his own kind heart. Mr. Chalmers censures his notice of Johnson's illiberal criticism on Gray, which he calls splenetic; but surely Mason, as the poet's friend, may be vindicated for feeling warmly upon an occasion which roused many to indignation, at the injustice with which Gray had been treated, though strangers to his personal merits.

During this year he delivered an eloquent discourse against the slave trade, in York Cathedral, and appears to have been one of the first who raised their voices against that iniquitous traffic. In all editions of his poems during his life, Mason omitted several pieces for various reasons, but in 1796 he determined to collect the whole into an additional volume, adding some which had never been printed. This volume appeared immediately after his death in 1797; and in 1811 his executors gave to the world a complete collection of his works in four volumes octavo.

His death was occasioned by an accidental hurt on his leg, received in stepping out of his carriage,

which terminated in an incurable mortification. He had reached his seventy-second year, and his health was much less impaired than is usual with men at his period of life; his faculties had undergone no perceptible alteration. He died April the 7th, 1797. A monument has been erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey², adjoining that of his friend Gray. The countess of Harcourt also erected an urn to his memory in the flower garden at Nuneham, with an inscription celebrating 'his simple manners, piety, and steady friendship.'

The lively satiric pieces, which were published under the name of Malcolm Macgregor, Esq. of Knightsbridge, have been attributed to the pen of Mason, and this appropriation remains uncontroverted. Upon the publication of the 'Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers,' Thomas Warton gave it to Mason upon the internal evidence of style, and Mason wrote him a letter of expostulation, in which he says, 'I have been told you have pronounced me very frequently in company to be the author of the "Heroic Epistle," and I am told that the premier himself suspects that I am so upon your authority. Surely, Sir, mere internal evidence (and you can possibly have no other) can never be sufficient to ground such a determination upon, when you consider how many persons in this rhyming age of ours are possessed of that knack of Pope's versification which constitutes one part of the merit of that poem; and as to the wit, humour, or satire which it contains, no part of my writings could ever lead you, by their

² It has this elegant brief inscription :

OPTIMO VIRO
GVLIELMO MASON, A. M.
POETÆ
SI QVIS ALIVS
CVLTO CASTO PIO
SACRVM.

analogy, to form so peremptory a judgment. I acquit you, however, in this procedure of every, even the slightest degree of ill nature: and believe that what you have said was only to show your critical acumen. I only mention it that you may be more cautious of speaking of other persons in like manner, who may throw such anonymous bantlings of their brain into the wide world. To some of these it might prove an essential injury: for though they might deserve the frown of power (as the author in question certainly does) yet I am persuaded that your good nature would be hurt if that frown was either increased or fixed by your *ipse dixit*. To say more on this trivial subject would betray a solicitude on my part very foreign from present feelings or inclination. My easy and independent circumstances make such a suspicion sit mighty easy upon me; and the minister, nay the whole ministry are free to think what they please of a man, who neither aims to solicit, nor wishes to accept, any favour from them.' It must be evident that it was in Mason's power to bring the question to a more prompt conclusion by a direct and plain denial; but the evasive manner in which his letter is couched excites suspicion that he really knew more on the subject than he was willing to confess. In these satiric productions there is a pleasant vein of humour, of which the author of the solemn and serious poems of 'Caractacus' and 'Elfrida' could hardly have been suspected. The poems therefore had been given to other eminent living poets; Hayley, Cowper, Anstey, and Walpole were in turns suspected. Mr. Malone says, in a note to Boswell's Johnson, that it is *known* to be the production of Mason, but does not give any authority for the assertion.

Mason's private character is said to have been distinguished by the most fervid affection for his friends, and by the most universal philanthropy,

though there was something in his manners which appeared more than the mere dignity of conscious talent. Warton, whose character was marked by an unaffected simplicity and easy carelessness, used to say 'Mason is not in my way, he is a *buckram* man;' and this has been repeated by those who were not partial to him for political or other reasons. He had the misfortune to survive most of his early friends, and he does not appear to have been desirous of forming new connexions; this did not proceed from misanthropic cynicism, but from natural reserve; yet it caused the superficial observer to deem him proud and unsocial. That he possessed the Christian virtues in an eminent degree, and fulfilled the duties of his sacred character in an exemplary manner cannot be doubted, and it appears to be no fiction that he

'Sought from the dross of earth the soul to raise,
And sunk the poet's in the Christian's praise.'

TO
ROBERT EARL OF HOLDERNESSE,
BARON D'ARCY, MENIL AND CONYERS,

LORD WARDEN OF HIS MAJESTY'S CINQUE PORTS, AND
GOVERNOR OF DOVER CASTLE.

Sonnet.

D'ARCY, to thee, whate'er of happier vein,
Smit with the love of Song, my youth essay'd,
This verse devotes from Aston's secret shade,
Where letter'd Ease, thy gift, endears the scene.
Here, as the light-wing'd moments glide serene,
I weave the bower, around the tufted mead
In careless flow the simple pathway lead,
And strew with many a rose the shaven green.
So, to deceive my solitary days,
With rural toils ingenuous arts I blend,
Secure from envy, negligent of praise,
Yet not unknown to fame, if D'Arcy lend
His wonted smile to dignify my lays,
The Muse's Patron, but the Poet's Friend.

W. MASON.

May 12, 1763.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM MASON.

MUSÆUS¹.

A Monody, to the Memory of Mr. Pope.

IN IMITATION OF MILTON'S LYCIDAS.

SORROWING I catch the reed, and call the Muse;
If yet a Muse on Britain's plain abide,
Since rapt Musæus tuned his parting strain:
With him they lived, with him perchance they died.
For who e'er since their virgin charms espied,
Or on the banks of Thames, or met their train
Where Isis' sparkles to the sunny ray?
Or have they deign'd to play
Where Camus winds along his broider'd vale,
Feeding each blue bell pale, and daisy pied,
That fling their fragrance round his rushy side?

Yet ah! ye are not dead, Celestial Maids;
Immortal as ye are, ye may not die:
Nor is it meet ye fly these pensive glades,
Ere round his laureate hearse ye heave the sigh.

¹ Mr. Pope died in the year 1744; this poem was then written, and published first in the year 1747.

And spoken every dele to myne honoure.
 Mich wele, grete clerk, betide thy parting houre!

He ceased his homely rhyme;
 When Colin Clout³, Eliza's shepherd swain,
 The blithest lad that ever piped on plain,
 Came with his reed soft warbling on the way,
 And thrice he bow'd his head with motion mild,
 And thus his gliding numbers 'gan essay.

' Ah! luckless swain, alas! how art thou lorn,
 Who once like me couldst frame thy pipe to play!
 Shepherds devise, and chear the lingering morn:
 Ne bush, ne breere, but learnt thy roundelay,
 Ah plight too sore such worth to equal right!
 Ah worth too high to meet such piteous plight!

' But I nought strive, poor Colin, to compare
 My Hobbin's or my Thenot's rustic skill
 To thy deft swains', whose dapper ditties rare
 Surpass aught else of quaintest shepherd's quill.
 E'en Roman Tityrus, that peerless wight,
 Mote yield to thee for dainties of delight.

' Eke when in Fable's flowery paths you stray'd,
 Masking in cunning feints truth's splendent face;
 Ne Sylph, ne Sylphid, but due tendance paid,
 To shield Belinda's lock from felon base,

³ *Colin Clout*,] i. e. Spenser, which name he gives himself throughout his works.

⁴ The two first stanzas of this speech, as they relate to Pastoral, are written in the measure which Spenser uses in the first eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar*: the rest, where he speaks of fable, are in the stanza of the *Faery Queene*.

But all mote nought avâil such harm to chase.
Then Una fair 'gan droop her princely mien,
Eke Florimel, and all my faery race:
Belinda far surpass'd my beauties sheen,
Belinda, subject meet for such soft lay, I ween.

‘ Like as in village troop of birdlings trim,
Where Chanticleer his red crest high doth hold,
And quacking ducks, that wont in lake to swim,
And turkeys proud, and pigeons nothing bold;
If chance the peacock doth his plumes unfold,
Eftsoons their meaner beauties all decaying,
He glisteneth purple and he glisteneth gold,
Now with bright green, now blue, himself ar-
raying. [ing.
Such is thy beauty bright, all other beauties sway-

‘ But why do I descant this toyish rhyme,
And fancies light in simple guise portray,
Listing to cheer thee at this rueful time,
While as black Death doth on thy heartstrings
Yet rede aright, and if this friendly lay [prey?
Thou nathless judgest all too slight and vain,
Let my well-meaning mend my ill essay:
So may I greet thee with a nobler strain,
When soon we meet for aye, in yon star-sprinkled
plain.’

Last came a bard of more majestic tread,
 And Thyrsis¹ hight by Dryad, Fawn, or Swain,
 Whene'er he mingled with the shepherd train ;

⁶ *Thyrsis* *hight.*] i. e. Milton. *Lycidas* and the *Epitaphium Damonis* are the only Pastorals we have of Milton's; in the latter of which, where he laments *Car. Deodatus* under the name of *Damon*, he calls himself *Thyrsis*.

But seldom that; for higher thoughts he fed;
 For him full oft the heavenly Muses led
 To clear Euphrates, and the secret mount,
 To Araby, and Eden, fragrant climes,
 All which the sacred bard would oft recount:
 And thus in strain, unused in silvan shade,
 To sad Musæus rightful homage paid.

‘ Thrice hail, thou heaven-taught warbler! last
 and best

Of all the train! Poet, in whom conjoin’d
 All that to ear, or heart, or head, could yield
 Rapture; harmonious, manly, clear, sublime.
 Accept this gratulation: may it cheer
 Thy sinking soul; nor these corporeal ills
 Aught daunt thee, or appal. Know, in high heaven
 Fame blooms eternal o’er that spirit divine
 Who builds immortal verse. There thy bold Muse,
 Which while on earth could breathe Mæonian
 fire,

Shall soar seraphic heights; while to her voice
 Ten thousand hierarchies of angels harp
 Symphonious, and with dulcet harmonies
 Usher the song rejoicing. I, meanwhile,
 To sooth thee in these irksome hours of pain,
 Approach, thy visitant, with mortal praise
 To praise thee mortal. First, for Rhyme subdued;
 Rhyme, erst the minstrel of primeval Night,
 And Chaos, Anarch old: She near their throne
 Oft taught the rattling elements to chime
 With tenfold din; till late to earth upborne
 On strident plume, what time fair Poesie
 Emerged from Gothic cloud, and faintly shot
 Rekindling gleams of lustre. Her the fiend
 Oppress’d; forcing to utter uncouth dirge,

Oh! in that lay had richest fancy flow'd,
 The Syrens warbled, and the Graces glow'd;
 Had liveliest nature, happiest art combined,
 That lent each charm, and this each charm refined;
 Alas! how little were my proudest boast!
 The sweetest trifler of my tribe at most.

‘To sway the judgment, while he soothes the ear;
 To curb mad passion in its wild career;
 To wake by sober touch the useful lyre,
 And rule, with reason’s rigour, fancy’s fire;
 Be this the poet’s praise. And this possess’d,
 Take, Dulness and thy dunces! take the rest.

‘Come then that honest fame, whose temperate
 Or gilds the satire or the moral lay; [ray
 Which dawns, though thou, rough Donne! hew
 out the line:

But beams, sage Horace! from each strain of thine.
 Oh, if like these, with conscious freedom bold,
 One Poet more his manly measures roll’d,
 Like these led forth the’ indignant Muse to brave
 The venal statesman and the titled slave;
 To strip from frontless Vice her stars and strings,
 Nor spare her basking in the smile of kings—
 If grave, yet lively; rational, yet warm;
 Clear to convince, and eloquent to charm;
 He pour’d, for Virtue’s cause, serene along
 The purest precept in the sweetest song—
 If, for her cause, his heaven-directed plan
 Mark’d each meander in the maze of man;
 Unmoved by sophistry, unawed by name,
 No dupe to doctrines, and no fool to fame;
 Led by no system’s devious glare astray,
 That meteorlike but glitters to betray—

Yes, if his soul to reason's rule resign'd,
 And Heaven's own views fair opening on his mind,
 Caught from bright nature's flame the living ray,
 Through passion's cloud pour'd in resistless day;
 And taught mankind, in reasoning Pride's despite,
 That God is wise, and all that is is right—
 If this his boast, pour here the welcome lays;
 Praise less than this is mockery of praise.'

'To pour that praise be mine,' fair Virtue cried;
 And shot, all radiant, through an opening cloud!
 But ah! my Muse, how will thy voice express
 The' immortal strain, harmonious, as it flow'd?
 Ill suits immortal strain a Doric dress:
 And far too high already hast thou soar'd.
 Enough for thee, that, when the lay was o'er,
 The goddess clasp'd him to her throbbing breast.
 But what might that avail? Blind Fate before
 Had oped her shears, to cut his vital thread!
 And who may dare gainsay her stern behest?
 Now thrice he waved the hand, thrice bow'd the
 And sigh'd his soul to rest. [head,

Now wept the Nymphs; witness, ye waving
 shades! [weep:
 Witness, ye winding streams! the Nymphs did
 The heavenly goddess too with tears did steep
 Her plaintive voice, that echo'd through the
 glades;

IMITATION.

Now wept the Nymphs, &c.]

Extinctum Nymphae crudeli funere Daphnim
 Flebant: vos coryli testes et flumina Nymphis.
 Cum, complexa sui corpus miserabile nati,
 Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia Mater.
 Non ulli pastos illis egere diebus
 Frigida, Daphni, boves ad flumina; nulla neque amnem
 Libavit quadrupes, nec graminis attigit herbam.

VIRG. Ecl. 5.

And, 'cruel gods,' and 'cruel stars,' she cried:
Nor did the shepherds, through the woodlands
wide,

On that sad day, or to the pensive brook,
Or silent river, drive their thirsty flocks:
Nor did the wild goat browse the shrubby
rocks:

And Philomel her custom'd oak forsook:
And roses wan were waved by zephyrs weak,
As Nature's self was sick:
And every lily droop'd its silver head.
Sad sympathy! yet sure his rightful meed,
Who charm'd all nature: well might Nature mourn
Through all her choicest sweets Musæus dead.

Here end we, Goddess! this your shepherd
sang,

All as his hands an ivy chaplet wove.
Oh! make it worthy of the sacred Bard;
And make it equal to the shepherd's love.
Thou too accept the strain with meet regard:
For sure, bless'd Shade, thou hear'st my doleful
song;

Whether with angel troops, the stars among,
From golden harp thou call'st seraphic lays;
Or, for fair Virtue's cause, now doubly dear,
Thou still art hovering o'er our tuneless sphere;
And movest some hidden spring her weal to
raise.

IMITATION.

Here end we, Goddess! &c.]

Hæc sat erit, Divæ, vestrum cecinisse poetam,
Dum sedet, et gracili fascellam texit hibisco,
Pierides: vos hæc facietis maxima Gallo:
Gallo, cujus amor, &c.

VIRG. Ecl. 10.

Thus the fond swain his Doric oate essay'd,
Manhood's prime honours rising on his cheek :
Trembling he strove to court the tuneful maid
With strippling arts, and dalliance all too weak,
Unseen, unheard, beneath a hawthorn shade.
But now dun clouds the welkin 'gan to streak;
And now down dropp'd the larks, and ceased their
 strain :
They ceased, and with them ceased the shepherd
 swain.

O D E S.

ODE I.

TO MEMORY.

MOTHER of wisdom¹! thou, whose sway
 The throng'd ideal hosts obey;
 Who bidd'st their ranks now vanish, now appear,
 Flame in the van, or darken in the rear;
 Accept this votive verse. Thy reign
 Nor place can fix nor power restrain.
 All, all is thine. For thee, the ear and eye
 Rove through the realms of grace and harmony:
 The senses thee spontaneous serve,
 That wake, and thrill through every nerve.
 Else vainly soft, loved Philomel! would flow
 The soothing sadness of thy warbled woe:
 Else vainly sweet yon woodbine shade
 With clouds of fragrance fill the glade;
 Vainly the cygnet spread her downy plume,
 The vine gush nectar, and the virgin bloom.
 But swift to thee, alive, and warm,
 Devolves each tributary charm:
 See modest Nature bring her simple stores,
 Luxuriant Art exhaust her plastic powers;

¹ According to a fragment of Afranius, who makes Experience and Memory the parents of Wisdom.

Usus me genuit, Mater peperit Memoria
ΣΟΦΙΑΝ vocant me Graeci, vos Sapientiam.

This passage is preserved by Aulus Gellius, lib. xiii. cap. 8.

While every flower in Fancy's clime,
Each gem of old heroic Time,
Cull'd by the hand of the industrious Muse,
Around thy shrine their blended beams diffuse.

Hail, Memory! hail. Behold, I lead
To that high shrine the sacred maid:
Thy daughter she, the empress of the lyre,
The first, the fairest of Aonia's quire.
She comes, and lo, thy realms expand:
She takes her delegated stand
Full in the midst, and o'er thy numerous train
Displays the awful wonders of her reign.
There throned supreme in native state
If Sirius flame with fainting heat,
She calls; ideal groves their shade extend,
The cool gale breathes, the silent showers descend.
Or, if bleak winter, frowning round,
Disrobe the trees, and chill the ground,
She, mild magician, waves her potent wand,
And ready summers wake at her command.
See visionary suns arise
Through silver clouds and azure skies;
See sportive zephyrs fan the crisped streams;
Through shadowy brakes light glance the sparkling beams:
While, near the secret mossgrown cave,
That stands beside the crystal wave,
Sweet Echo, rising from her rocky bed,
Mimics the feather'd chorus o'er her head.

Rise, hallow'd Milton! rise, and say,
How, at thy gloomy close of day;
How, when 'depress'd by age, beset with wrongs:'
When 'fallen on evil days and evil tongues;'

When darkness, brooding on thy sight,
 Exiled the sovereign lamp of light;
 Say, what could then one cheering hope diffuse?
 What friends were thine, save Memory and the
 Muse?

Hence the rich spoils, thy studious youth
 Caught from the stores of ancient truth:
 Hence all thy classic wanderings could explore,
 When rapture led thee to the Latian shore;
 Each scene, that Tiber's bank supplied;
 Each grace, that play'd on Arno's side;
 The tepid gales, through Tuscan glades that fly;
 The blue serene, that spreads Hesperia's sky;
 Were still thy own: thy ample mind
 Each charm received, retain'd, combined.
 And thence ' the nightly visitant,' that came
 To touch thy bosom with her sacred flame,
 Recall'd the long-lost beams of grace,
 That whilom shot from Nature's face,
 When God, in Eden, o'er her youthful breast
 Spread with his own right hand perfection's gor-
 geous vest.

ODE II.

TO A WATER-NYMPH.

YE green hair'd Nymphs, whom Pan's de-
 crees
 Have given to guard this solemn wood¹,
 To speed the shooting scions into trees,
 And call the roseate blossom from the bud,

¹ A seat near *** finely situated, with a great command
 of water; but disposed in a very false taste.

Attend. But chief, thou Naiad, wont to lead
This fluid crystal sparkling as it flows,
Whither, ah, whither art thou fled?
What shade is conscious to thy woes?
Ah, 'tis yon poplars' awful gloom:
Poetic eyes can pierce the scene;
Can see thy drooping head, thy withering bloom;
See grief diffused o'er all thy languid mien.
Well mayst thou wear misfortune's fainting air,
Well rend those flowery honours from thy brow;
Devolve that length of careless hair;
And give thine azure veil to flow
Loose to the wind: for, oh, thy pain
The pitying Muse can well relate:
That pitying Muse shall breathe her tenderest
To teach the echoes thy disastrous fate. [strain,
'Twas where yon beeches' crowding branches
closed,
What time the dogstar's flames intensely burn,
In gentle indolence composed,
Reclined upon thy trickling urn,
Slumbering thou lay'st, all free from fears;
No friendly dream foretold thine harm;
When sudden, see, the tyrant Art appears,
To snatch the liquid treasures from thine arm.
Art, Gothic Art has seized thy darling vase:
That vase which silver-slipper'd Thetis gave,
For some soft story told with grace,
Among the' associates of the wave;
When, in sequester'd coral vales,
While worlds of waters roll'd above,
The circling seanympths told alternate tales
Of fabled changes, and of slighted love.

Ah! loss too justly mourn'd: for now the fiend
Has on yon shell-wrought terrace poised it high;
And thence he bids its streams descend,
With torturing regularity.
From step to step, with sullen sound,
The forced cascades indignant leap;
Now sinking fill the bason's measured round;
There in a dull stagnation doom'd to sleep.
Where now the vocal pebbles' gurgling song?
The rill slow dripping from its rocky spring?
What free meander winds along,
Or curls when Zephyr waves his wing?
Alas, these glories are no more:
Fortune, oh, give me to redeem
The ravish'd vase; oh, give me to restore
Its ancient honours to this hapless stream.
Then, Nymph, again, with all their wonted ease,
Thy wanton waters, volatile and free,
Shall wildly warble, as they please,
Their soft, loquacious harmony.
Where Thou and Nature bid them rove,
There will I gently aid their way;
Whether to darken in the shadowy grove,
Or in the mead reflect the dancing ray.
For thee too, Goddess, o'er that hallow'd spot,
Where first thy fount of crystal bubbles bright,
These hands shall arch a rustic grot,
Impervious to the garish light.
I'll not demand of Ocean's pride
To bring his coral spoils from far:
Nor will I delve yon yawning mountain's side,
For latent minerals rough, or polish'd spar:
But antique roots, with ivy dark o'ergrown,
Steep'd in the bosom of thy chilly lake,

ON LEAVING ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE. 35

Thy touch shall turn to living stone;
And these the simple roof shall deck.
Yet grant one melancholy boon:
Grant that, at evening's sober hour,
Led by the lustre of the rising moon,
My step may frequent tread thy pebbled floor.
There, if perchance I wake the lovelorn theme,
In melting accents querulously slow,
Kind Naiad, let thy pitying stream
With wailing notes accordant flow:
So shalt thou sooth this heaving heart,
That mourns a faithful virgin lost;
So shall thy murmurs, and my sighs impart
Some share of pensive pleasure to her ghost.

ODE III.

ON

LEAVING ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

1746.

GRANTA, farewell! thy time-ennobled shade
No more must glimmer o'er my musing head,
Where waking dreams, of Fancy born,
Around me floated eve and morn.
I go—Yet, mindful of the charms I leave,
Memory shall oft their pleasing portrait give;
Shall teach the' ideal stream to flow
Like gentle Camus, soft and slow;
Recall each antique spire, each cloister's gloom,
And bid this vernal noon of life rebloom.
E'en if old age, in northern clime,
Shower on my head the snows of time,

There still shall Gratitude her tribute pay
To him who first approved my infant lay¹;
And fair to Recollection's eyes
Shall Powell's various virtues rise.
See the bright train around their favourite throng:
See Judgment lead meek Diffidence along,
Impartial Reason following slow,
Disdain at Error's shrine to bow,
And Science, free from hypothetic pride,
Proceed where sage Experience deigns to guide.
Such were the guests from Jove that came,
Genius of Greece! to fix thy fame:
These waked the bold Socratic thought, and
Its simple beauties in the splendid vest [dress'd
Of Plato's diction: These were seen
Full oft on academic green;
Full oft where clear Ilissus warbling stream'd;
Bright o'er each master of the mind they beam'd,
Inspiring that preceptive art
Which, while it charm'd, refined the heart,
And with spontaneous ease, not pedant toil,
Bade Fancy's roses bloom in Reason's soil.
The fane of Science then was hung
With wreaths that on Parnassus sprung;
And in that fane to his encircling youth
The Sage dispensed the' ambrosial food of Truth²,
And mingled in the social bowl
Friendship, the nectar of the soul.

¹ It was by the advice of Dr. Powell, the author's tutor at St. John's College, that *Musæus* was published.

² Alluding to the ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΑ, particularly *Zenophon's* respecting the moral songs of the Greeks.—See Dr. Hurd's note on the 219th verse of *Horace's Art of Poetry*, vol. i. p. 173, 4th edit.

Meanwhile accordant to the Dorian lyre,
 The moral Muses join'd the vocal choir,
 And Freedom dancing to the sound
 Moved in chaste Order's graceful round.
 Thus, Athens, were thy freeborn offspring train'd
 To act each patriot part thy laws ordain'd;
 Thus, void of magisterial awe,
 Each youth in his instructor saw
 Those manners mild, unknown in modern school,
 Which form'd him by example more than rule;
 And felt that, varying but in name,
 The Friend and Master were the same.

ODE IV.

ON EXPECTING TO RETURN TO CAMBRIDGE,

1780¹.

I. 1.

WHILE Commerce, riding on thy reflux tide,
 Impetuous Humber! wafts her stores
 From Belgian or Norwegian shores,
 And spreads her countless sails from side to side;
 While, from yon crowded strand,
 Thy genuine sons the pinnacle light unmoor,
 Break the white surge with many a sparkling
 oar,
 To pilot the rich freight o'er each insidious sand;

¹ In the interval between the dates of the preceding Ode and of this, the author had been unexpectedly nominated by the Fellows of Pembroke Hall to a vacant Fellowship. See *Memoirs of Mr. Gray*, vol. iii. p. 70, edit. 1778.

I. 2.

At distance here my alien footsteps stray,
 O'er this bleak plain unblest'd with shade,
 Imploring Fancy's willing aid
 To bear me from thy banks of sordid clay:
 Her barque the fairy lends,
 With rainbow pennants deck'd, and cordage fine
 As the wan silkworm spins her golden twine,
 And, ere I seize the helm, the magic voyage ends.

I. 3.

Lo, where peaceful Camus glides
 Through his osier-fringed vale,
 Sacred Leisure there resides
 Musing in his cloister pale.
 Wrapp'd in a deep solemnity of shade,
 Again I view fair Learning's spiry seats,
 Again her ancient elms o'erhang my head,
 Again her votary Contemplation meets,
 Again I listen to Æolian lays,
 Or on those bright heroic portraits gaze,
 That to my raptured eye the classic page displays.

II. 1.

Here, though from childhood to the Muses
 known,
 The Lyric Queen her charms reveal'd;
 Here, by superior influence held
 My soul enchain'd, and made me all her own.
 Reecho every plain!
 While, from the chords she tuned, the silver voice
 Of her venborn harmony proclaims the choice
 My youthful heart has made to all Aonia's train.

II. 2.

Here too each social charm that most endears :
Sincerity with open eye,
And frolic Wit, and Humour sly,
Sat sweetly mix'd among my young compeers.
When, o'er the sober bowl,
That but dispell'd the mind's severer gloom,
And gavethe budding thought its perfect bloom,
Truth took its circling course, and flow'd from
soul to soul.

II. 3.

Hail, ye friendly faithful few!
All the streams that Science pours,
Ever pleasing, ever new,
From her ample urn be yours.
When, when shall I amid your train appear,
O, when be number'd with your constant
guests,
When join your converse, when applauding hear
The mental music of accordant breasts?
Till then, fair Fancy! wake these favourite
themes,
Still kindly shed these visionary gleams,
Till suns autumnal rise, and realize my dreams.

ODE V.

FOR MUSIC¹.

IRREGULAR.

HERE all thy active fires diffuse,
Thou genuine British Muse;
Hither descend from yonder orient sky,
Clothed in thy heaven-wove robe of harmony.

Come, imperial Queen of Song;
Come with all that free-born grace
Which lifts thee from the servile throng
Who meanly mimic thy majestic pace;
That glance of dignity divine,
Which speaks thee of celestial line,
Proclaims thee inmate of the sky,
Daughter of Jove and Liberty.

The elevated soul, that feels
Thy awful impulse, walks the fragrant ways
Of honest unpolluted praise:
He with impartial justice deals
The blooming chaplets of immortal lays:
He flies above ambition's low career;
And, throned in Truth's meridian sphere,
Thence, with a bold and heaven-directed aim,
Full on fair Virtue's shrine he pours the rays of
Fame.

¹ This Ode was written at the request of the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, set to music by the late Dr. Boyce, and performed in the Senate House at Cambridge, July 1, 1749, at the installation of his Grace Thomas Hollis, Duke of Newcastle, Chancellor of the University.

Goddess! thy piercing eye explores
The radiant range of beauty's stores,
The steep ascent of pine-clad hills,
The silver slope of falling rills;
Catches each lively colour'd grace,
The crimson of the woodnymph's face,
The verdure of the velvet lawn,
The purple of the eastern dawn,
And all the tints that, ranged in vivid glow,
Mark the bold sweep of the celestial bow.

But loftier far her tuneful transports rise,
When all the moral beauties meet her eyes:
The sacred zeal for Freedom's cause,
That fires the glowing patriot's breast;
The honest pride that plumes the hero's crest,
When for his country's aid the steel he draws:
Or that the calm yet active heat,
With which mild Genius warms the Sage's
heart,
To lift fair Science to a loftier seat,
Or stretch to ampler bounds the wide domain of art.
These, the best blossoms of the virtuous mind,
She culls with taste refined;
From their ambrosial bloom
With beelike skill she draws the rich perfume,
And blends the sweets they all convey
In the soft balm of her mellifluous lay.

Is there a clime, in one collected beam,
Where charms like these their varied radiance
stream?
Is there a plain, whose genial soil inhales
Glory's invigorating gales,

Her brightest beams where Emulation spreads,
Her kindest dews where Science sheds,
Where every stream of Genius flows,
Where every flower of Virtue glows?
Thither the Muse exulting flies,
There loudly cries——

Majestic Granta! hail thy awful name,
Dear to the Muse, to Liberty, to Fame.

You too, illustrious train, she greets,
Who first in these inspiring seats
Caught that ethereal fire
That prompts you to aspire
To deeds of civic note: whether to shield
From base chicane your country's laws;
To pale Disease the bloom of health to yield;
Or in Religion's hallow'd cause
Those heavenly temper'd arms to wield,
That drive the foes of faith indignant from the field.

And now she tunes her plausive song
To you her sage domestic throng;
Who here at Learning's richest shrine,
Dispense to each ingenuous youth
The treasures of immortal Truth,
And open Wisdom's golden mine.
Each youth, inspired by your persuasive art,
Clasps the dear form of Virtue to his heart;
And feels in his transported soul
Enthusiastic raptures roll,
Generous as those the Sons of Cecrops caught
In hoar Lycæum's shades from Plato's fire-clad
thought.

O Granta! on thy happy plain
 Still may these Attic glories reign:
 Still mayst thou keep thy wonted state
 In unaffected grandeur great;
 Great as at this illustrious hour,
 When He, whom George's well weigh'd choice
 And Albion's general voice
 Have lifted to the fairest heights of power,
 When He appears, and deigns to shine
 The leader of thy learned line;
 And bids the verdure of thy olive bough
 Mid all his civic chaplets twine,
 And add fresh glories to his honour'd brow.

Haste then, and amply o'er his head
 The graceful foliage spread. [Fame,
 Meanwhile the Muse shall snatch the trump of
 And lift her swelling accents high,
 To tell the world that Pelham's name
 Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.

ODE VI.

TO INDEPENDENCY.

HERE, on my native shore reclined,
 While Silence rules this midnight hour,
 I woo thee, goddess. On my musing mind
 Descend, propitious Power!
 And bid these ruffling gales of grief subside:
 Bid my calm'd soul with all thy influence shine;
 As yon chaste orb along this ample tide
 Draws the long lustre of her silver line, [blows,
 While the hush'd breeze its last weak whisper
 And lulls old Humber to his deep repose.

Come to thy votary's ardent prayer,
 In all thy graceful plainness dress'd:
 No knot confines thy waving hair,
 No zone thy floating vest;
 Unsullied Honour decks thine open brow,
 And Candour brightens in thy modest eye;
 Thy blush is warm Content's ethereal glow;
 Thy smile is Peace; thy step is Liberty:
 Thou scatter'st blessings round with lavish hand,
 As Spring with careless fragrance fills the land.

As now o'er this lone beach I stray,
 The favourite swain¹ oft stole along,
 And artless wove his Dorian lay,
 Far from the busy throng. [string,
 Thou heard'st him, Goddess, strike the tender
 And badest his soul with bolder passions move:
 Soon these responsive shores forgot to ring
 With Beauty's praise, or plaint of slighted Love;
 To loftier flights his daring genius rose,
 And led the war 'gainst thine and Freedom's foes.

Pointed with Satire's keenest steel,
 The shafts of Wit he darts around;
 E'en mitred Dulness² learns to feel,
 And shrinks beneath the wound.
 In awful poverty his honest Muse
 Walks forth vindictive through a venal land:
 In vain Corruption sheds her golden dews,
 In vain Oppression lifts her iron hand;
 He scorns them both, and, arm'd with Truth alone,
 Bids Lust and Folly tremble on the throne.

¹ Andrew Marvell, born at Kingston-upon-Hull in 1620.

² See *The Rehearsal Transposed*, and an account of the effect of that satire, in the *Biographia Britannica*, art. Marvell,

Behold, like him, immortal Maid,
The Muses' vestal fires I bring:
Here at thy feet the sparks I spread:
Propitious wave thy wing,
And fan them to that dazzling blaze of song,
Which glares tremendous on the sons of Pride.
But, hark! methinks I hear her hallow'd tongue!
In distant trills it echoes o'er the tide;
Now meets mine ear with warbles wildly free,
As swells the lark's meridian ecstasy.

' Fond youth! to Marvell's patriot fame
Thy humble breast must ne'er aspire.
Yet nourish still the lambent flame;
Still strike thy blameless lyre:
Led by the moral Muse, securely rove;
And all the vernal sweets thy vacant youth
Can cull from busy Fancy's fairy grove,
Oh, hang their foliage round the fane of Truth:
To arts like these devote thy tuneful toil,
And meet its fair reward in D'Arcy's smile.

' 'Tis he, my son, alone shall cheer
Thy sickening soul; at that sad hour,
When o'er a much loved parent's bier,
Thy duteous sorrows shower:
At that sad hour, when all thy hopes decline,
When pining Care leads on her pallid train,
And sees thee, like the weak and widow'd vine,
Winding thy blasted tendrils o'er the plain:
At that sad hour shall D'Arcy lend his aid,
And raise with Friendship's arm thy drooping head.

Say, from Affliction's various source
Do none but turbid waters flow?
And cannot Fancy clear their course?
For Fancy is the friend of Woe.
Say, mid that grove, in lovelorn state,
While yon poor ringdove mourns her mate,
Is all that meets the shepherd's ear
Inspired by anguish and despair?
Ah! no; fair Fancy rules the song:
She swells her throat; she guides her tongue;
She bids the waving aspen spray
Quiver in cadence to her lay;
She bids the fringed osiers bow,
And rustle round the lake below,
To suit the tenor of her gurgling sighs,
And sooth her throbbing breast with solemn
sympathies.

To thee, whose young and polish'd brow
The wrinkling hand of Sorrow spares;
Whose cheeks, bestrew'd with roses, know
No channel for the tide of tears;
To thee yon abbey dank and lone,
Where ivy chains each mouldering stone
That nods o'er many a martyr's tomb,
May cast a formidable gloom.
Yet some there are, who, free from fear,
Could wander through the cloisters drear,
Could rove each desolated isle,
Though midnight thunders shook the pile;
And dauntless view, or seem to view,
(As faintly flash the lightnings blue)
Thin shivering ghosts from yawning charnels
throng, [along.
And glance with silent sweep the shaggy vaults

But such terrific charms as these,
 I ask not yet: My sober mind
 The fainter forms of sadness please;
 My sorrows are of softer kind.
 Through this still valley let me stray,
 Rapt in some strain of pensive Gray:
 Whose lofty genius bears along
 The conscious dignity of song;
 And, scorning from the sacred store
 To waste a note on Pride or Power,
 Roves through the glimmering twilight
 And warbles round each rustic tomb: [gloom,
 He too, perchance (for well I know,
 His heart can melt with friendly woe),
 He too, perchance, when these poor limbs
 are laid, [ing shade.
 Will heave one tuneful sigh, and sooth my hover-

ODE VIII.

ON THE FATE OF TYRANNY¹.

I. 1.

OPPRESSION dies: the tyrant falls:
 The golden city bows her walls!
 Jehovah breaks the' avenger's rod.

¹ This Ode is a free paraphrase of part of the 14th chapter of Isaiah, where the Prophet, after he has foretold the destruction of Babylon, subjoins a Song of Triumph, which, he supposes, the Jews will sing when his prediction is fulfilled. 'And it shall come to pass in the day that the Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve, that thou shalt take up this proverb against the King of Babylon, and say "How hath the oppressor ceased," &c.

1st Strophe, ver. 4, 5, 6.

The son of Wrath, whose ruthless hand
Hurl'd desolation o'er the land, [blood.
Has run his raging race, has closed the scene of
Chiefs arm'd around behold their vanquish'd
lord; [loyal sword.
Nor spread the guardian shield, nor lift the

I. 2.

He falls; and earth again is free,
Hark! at the call of Liberty,
All Nature lifts the choral song.
The fir trees, on the mountain's head,
Rejoice through all their pomp of shade;
The lordly cedars nod on sacred Lebanon:
Tyrant! they cry, since thy fell force is broke,
Our proud heads pierce the skies, nor fear the
woodman's stroke.

I. 3.

Hell, from her gulf profound,
Rouses at thine approach; and, all around,
Her dreadful notes of preparation sound.
See, at the awful call,
Her shadowy heroes all,
E'en mighty kings, the heirs of empire wide,
Rising, with solemn state, and slow,
From their sable thrones below,
Meet and insult thy pride.
What, dost thou join our ghostly train,
A fitting shadow light and vain?

REFERENCES.

- 1st Antistrophe, 'The whole earth is at rest,' &c. ver. 7, 8.
1st Epode, 'Hell from beneath is moved for thee,' &c.
ver. 9, 10, 11.

Where is thy pomp, thy festive throng,
Thy revel dance, and wanton song?
Proud king! Corruption fastens on thy breast;
And calls her crawling brood, and bids them
share the feast.

II. 1.

Oh Lucifer! thou radiant star;
Son of the Morn; whose rosy car
Flamed foremost in the van of day:
How art thou fallen, thou King of Light!
How fallen from thy meridian height!
Who saidst the distant poles shall hear me and
obey.
High o'er the stars, my sapphire throne shall
glow,
And, as Jehovah's self, my voice the heavens
shall bow.

II. 2.

He spake, he died. Distain'd with gore,
Beside yon yawning cavern hoar,
See, where his livid corse is laid.
The aged pilgrim, passing by,
Surveys him long with dubious eye;
And muses on his fate, and shakes his reverend
head.
Just heavens! is thus thy pride imperial gone?
Is this poor heap of dust the King of Babylon?

REFERENCES.

2d Strophe, 'How art thou fallen from Heaven,' &c. ver.
12, 13, 14.

2d Antistrophe, 'Yet thou shalt be brought down to Hell,'
&c. ver 15, 16.

II. 3.

Is this the man, whose nod
 Made the earth tremble: whose terrific rod
 Level'd her loftiest cities? Where he trod,
 Famine pursued and frown'd;
 Till Nature, groaning round,
 Saw her rich realms transform'd to deserts dry;
 While at his crowded prison's gate,
 Grasping the keys of fate,
 Stood stern Captivity.
 Vain man! behold thy righteous doom;
 Behold each neighbouring monarch's tomb;
 The trophied arch, the breathing bust,
 The laurel shades their sacred dust:
 While thou, vile outcast, on this hostile plain,
 Moulder'st a vulgar corse, among the vulgar slain.

III. 1.

No trophied arch, no breathing bust
 Shall dignify thy trampled dust:
 No laurel flourish o'er thy grave.
 For why, proud king, thy ruthless hand
 Hurl'd desolation o'er the land,
 And crush'd the subject race, whom kings are born
 to save:
 Eternal infamy shall blast thy name, [shame.
 And all thy sons shall share their impious father's

REFERENCES.

2d Epode, 'Is this the man that made the earth to tremble,' &c. ver. 16, 17, 18, 19.

3d Strophe, 'Thou shalt not be joined to them in burial,' &c. ver. 20.

III. 2.

Rise, purple slaughter! furious rise;
 Unfold the terror of thine eyes;

Dart thy vindictive shafts around:
 Let no strange land a shade afford,
 No conquer'd nations call them lord;
 Nor let their cities rise to curse the goodly ground.
 For thus Jehovah swears; no name, no son,
 No remnant shall remain of haughty Babylon.

III. 3.

Thus saith the righteous Lord:
 My vengeance shall unsheath the flaming sword;
 O'er all thy realms my fury shall be pour'd.
 Where yon proud city stood,
 I'll spread the stagnant flood;
 And there the bittern in the sedge shall lurk,
 Moaning with sullen strain:
 While, sweeping o'er the plain,
 Destruction ends her work.
 Yes, on mine holy mountain's brow,
 I'll crush this proud Assyrian foe.
 The irrevocable word is spoke.
 From Judah's neck the galling yoke
 Spontaneous falls, she shines with wonted state;
 Thus by myself I swear, and what I swear is fate.

REFERENCES.

3d Antistrophe, 'Prepare slaughter for his children,' ver. 21, 22.

3d Epode, 'Saith the Lord, I will also make it a possession for the bittern,' &c. ver. 22—27.

ODE IX.

TO AN ÆOLUS'S HARP¹

SENT TO MISS SHEPHEARD.

YES, magic Lyre! now all complete
 Thy slender frame responsive rings;
 While kindred notes, with undulation sweet,
 Accordant wake from all thy vocal strings.
 Go then to her, whose soft request
 Bad my bless'd hands thy form prepare:
 Ah, go, and sweetly sooth her tender breast
 With many a warble wild and artless air.
 For know, full oft, while o'er the mead
 Bright June extends her fragrant reign,
 The slumbering fair shall place thee near her head,
 To court the gales that cool the sultry plain.
 Then shall the sylphs, and sylphids bright,
 Mild genii all, to whose high care
 Her virgin charms are given, in circling flight
 Skim sportive round thee in the fields of air.
 Some, fluttering through thy trembling strings,
 Shall catch the rich melodious spoil,
 And lightly brush thee with their purple wings
 To aid the Zephyrs in their tuneful toil;
 While others check each ruder gale,
 Expel rough Boreas from the sky,
 Nor let a breeze its heaving breath exhale,
 Save such as softly pant, and panting die.

¹ This instrument was first invented by Kircher about the year 1649. See his *Musurgia Universalis, sive ars consoni et dissoni*, lib. ix. After having been neglected above a hundred years, it was again accidentally discovered by Mr. Oswald.

Then, as thy swelling accents rise,
 Fair Fancy, waking at the sound,
 Shall paint bright visions on her raptured eyes,
 And waft her spirits to enchanted ground;
 To myrtle groves, Elysian greens,
 In which some favourite youth shall rove,
 And meet, and lead her through the glittering
 And all be music, ecstasy, and love. [scenes,

ODE X¹.

FOR MUSIC.

IRREGULAR.

Lo! where incumbent o'er the shade
 Rome's ravening eagle bows his beaked head;
 Yet, while a moment fate affords,
 While yet a moment freedom stays,
 That moment, which outweighs
 Eternity's unmeasured hoards,
 Shall Mona's grateful bards employ
 To hymn their godlike hero to the sky.

Radiant ruler of the day,
 Pause upon thy orb sublime,
 Bid this awful moment stay,
 Bind it on the brow of time;
 While Mona's trembling echoes sigh
 To strains that thrill when heroes die.

¹ When the dramatic poem of *Caractacus* was altered for theatrical representation in 1776, this dirge was added to be sung over the body of *Arviragus*. Being of the lyrical cast, the author found himself inclined to preserve it in the series of his Odes, published in 1797.

Hear our harps, in accents slow,
Breathe the dignity of woe,
Solemn notes that pant and pause,
While the last majestic close
In diapason deep is drown'd:
Notes that Mona's harp should sound.

See our tears in sober shower,
O'er this shrine of glory pour!
Holy tears by virtue shed,
That embalm the valiant dead;
In these our sacred song we steep:
Tears that Mona's bards should weep.

Radiant ruler, hear us call
Blessings on the godlike youth,
Who dared to fight who dared to fall,
For Britain, freedom, and for truth.
His dying groan, his parting sigh
Was music for the gods on high;
'Twas Valour's hymn to Liberty.

Ring out, ye mortal strings! [all,
Answer, thou heavenly harp, instinct with spirit
That o'er Andrastes' throne self-warbling
swings. [chime,
There where ten thousand spheres, in measured
Roll their majestic melodies along,
Thou guidest the thundering song,
Poised on thy jasper arch sublime.
Yet shall thy heavenly accents deign
To mingle with our mortal strain,
And heaven and earth unite in chorus high,
While Freedom wafts her champion to the sky.

ODE XI.

MAJESTIC pile! whose ample eye
Surveys the rich variety

Of azure hill, and verdant vale;
Say, will thy echoing towers return
The sighs, that, bending o'er her urn,
A Naiad heaves in yonder dale?

The pitying Muse, who hears her moan,
Smooths into song each gurgling groan,
And pleads the Nymph's and Nature's cause;
In vain, she cries, has simple Taste
The pride of formal Art defaced,
Where late yon height of terrace rose;

Has vainly bade the lawn decline,
And waved the pathway's easy line
Around the circuit of the grove,
To catch, through every opening glade,
That glimmering play of sun and shade,
Which peace and contemplation love.

Beauty in vain approved the toil,
And hail'd the sovereign of the soil,
Her own and fancy's favour'd friend;
For see, at this ill omen'd hour,
Base Art assumes his ancient power,
And bids yon distant mound ascend,

See, too, his tyrant grasp to fill,
In silence swells the pensive rill,
 That carol'd sweet the vale along;
So swells the throbbing female breast,
By wiles of faithless swain oppress'd,
 When love forbids to speak her wrong.

Tell me, chaste Mistress of the Wave!
If e'er thy rills refused to lave
 The plain where now entrench'd they sleep?
Would not thy stream at Fancy's call,
O'er crags she lifted, fret and fall,
 Through dells she shaded, purl and creep?

Yes, thou wert ever fond and free
To pour thy tinkling melody,
 Sweet prattler, o'er thy pebbled floor;
Thy sisters, hid in neighbouring caves,
Would bring their tributary waves,
 If genuine taste demanded more.

Why then does yon clay barrier rise?
Behold and weep, ye lowering skies!
 Ah, rather join in vengeful shower:
Hither your watery phalanx lead,
And, deeply deluging the mead,
 Burst through the bound with thunder's roar.

So shall the nymph, still fond and free
To pour her tinkling melody,
 Again her lucid charms diffuse:
No more shall mean mechanic skill
Dare to confine her liberal rill,
 Foe to the Naiad and the Muse.

ODE XII.

TO THE NAVAL OFFICERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

FEBRUARY 11, 1779¹.

I. 1.

HENCE to thy Hell! thou Fiend accursed,
 Of Sin's incestuous brood the worst
 Whom to pale Death the spectre bore²:
 Detraction, hence! 'tis Truth's command;
 She launches, from her seraph hand,
 The shaft that strikes thee to the' infernal shore.
 Old England's Genius leads her on
 To vindicate his darling Son,
 Whose fair and veteran fame
 Thy venom'd tongue had dared defile:
 The Goddess comes, and all the isle
 Feels the warm influence of her heavenly flame.

I. 2.

But chief in those, their country's pride,
 Ordain'd, with steady helm, to guide
 The floating bulwarks of her reign,
 It glows with unremitting ray,
 Bright as the orb that gives the day;
 Corruption spreads her murky mist in vain:
 To virtue, valour, glory true,
 They keep their radiant prize in view,
 Ambition's sterling aim;
 They know that titles, stars, and strings,
 Bestow'd by kings on slaves of kings,
 Are light as air when weigh'd with honest fame.

¹ Written immediately after the trial of Admiral Keppel.² Alluding to the well known allegory of 'Sin and Death,' in the second Book of Paradise Lost.

I. 3.

Hireling courtiers, venal peers
 View them with fastidious frown,
 Yet the Muse's smile is theirs,
 Theirs her amaranthine crown.
 Yes, gallant train, on your unsullied brows,
 She sees the genuine English spirit shine,
 Warm from a heart where ancient honour glows,
 That scorns to bend the knee at Interest's
 Lo! at your poet's call, [shrine.
 To give prophetic fervour to his strain,
 Forth from the mighty bosom of the main
 A giant Deity ascends:
 Down his broad breast his hoary honours fall;
 He wields the trident of the' Atlantic vast;
 An awful calm around his pomp is cast,
 O'er many a league the glassy sleep extends.
 He speaks; and distant thunder, murmuring
 round,
 In long drawn volley rolls a symphony profound.

II. 1.

Ye thunders, cease! the voice of Heaven
 Enough proclaims the terrors given
 To me, the Spirit of the Deep;
 Tempests are mine; from shore to shore
 I bid my billows when to roar;
 Mine the wild whirlwind's desolating sweep.
 But meek and placable I come
 To deprecate Britannia's doom,
 And snatch her from her fate;
 E'en from herself I mean to save
 My sister sovereign of the wave;
 A voice immortal never warns too late.

II. 2.

Queen of the Isles! with empire crown'd,
Only to spread fair freedom round,
Wide as my waves could waft thy name;
Why did thy cold reluctant heart
Refuse that blessing to impart,
Deaf to great Nature's universal claim?
Why rush, through my indignant tide,
To stain thy hands with parricide?
—Ah, answer not the strain!
Thy wasted wealth, thy widows' sighs,
Thy half-repentant embassies
Bespeak thy cause unblest'd, thy councils vain.

II. 3.

Sister sovereign of the wave!
Turn from this ill omen'd war:
Turn to where the truly brave
Will not blush thy wrath to bear;
Swift on the' insulting Gaul, thy native foe,
For he is Freedom's, let that wrath be hurl'd;
To his perfidious ports direct thy prow,
Arm every bark, be every sail unfurl'd;
Seize this triumphant hour,
When, bright as gold from the refining flame,
Flows the clear current of thy Keppel's fame.
Give to the hero's full command
The' imperial ensigns of thy naval power;
So shall his own bold auspices prevail,
Nor Fraud's insidious wiles, nor Envy pale
Arrest the force of his victorious band;
The Gaul subdued, fraternal strife shall
cease, [peace.
And firm, on Freedom's base, be fix'd an empire's

ODE XIII.

WHILE scattering from her seraph wings
 The heavenly tintured dew
 Whence every earthly blessing springs, .
 Fair Hope o'er Albion flew,
 She heard from that superb domain,
 Where Art has dared to fix his reign,
 Mid shaggy rocks and mountains wild,
 A female votary breathe her prayer.
 She closed her plumes, she hush'd the air,
 And thus replied in accents mild:

' What tender warblings to my ear,
 On zephyrs borne, aspire,
 To draw me from my sapphire sphere,
 Charm'd by her magic lyre?
 I come; she wakes the willing strings,
 With careless grace her hand she flings
 The soft symphonious chords among;
 Nor ever on the listening plain,
 Since the sweet Lesbian tuned her strain,
 Was heard a more melodious song.

' But why to me, fair siren, wake
 The supplicating lay?
 Is it in Hope's vain power to make
 Thy gaiety more gay?
 O, rather bid me bear my balm
 Some sable captive's woe to calm,
 Who bows beneath Oppression's weight;
 Or sooth those scorn'd, yet faithful few
 (For much they need my lenient dew)
 That tremble for Britannia's fate.

- ‘ My mirror but reflects the gleam
Of distant happiness;
They scorn to court a flattering dream,
Who present joy possess.
The feather’d sovereign of the sky,
Who glories with undazzled eye
To meet the sun’s meridian rays,
Say, will he quit his radiant height,
When floating in that sea of light,
To flutter in a meteor’s blaze?
- ‘ Art thou not she whom favouring Fate
In all her splendour dress’d,
To show in how supreme a state
A mortal might be bless’d?
Bade beauty, elegance, and health,
Patrician birth, patrician wealth
Their blessings on her darling shed;
Bade Hymen of that generous race
Who Freedom’s fairest annals grace
Give to thy love the’ illustrious head.
- ‘ Is there a boon to mortals dear
Her fondness has not lent,
Ere I could whisper in thy ear
“ The blessing will be sent?”
Obsequious have I e’er denied
To wait attendant at thy side,
Prepared each shade of fear to chase.
To antedate each coming joy,
And, ere the transient bliss could cloy,
To bid a livelier take its place.
- ‘ Nay (blushing I confess the truth),
I’ve hover’d o’er thy head
E’en when thy too compliant youth,
By wayward Fashion led,

Has left the Muses and thy lyre,
To mix in that tumultuous choir,
Of purblind Chance the votaries pale,
Who round his midnight altars stand,
And, as the glittering heaps expand,
His power with unblest'd orgies hail.

' There Cunning lours, there Envy pines,
There Avarice veils his face,
E'en Beauty's eager eye resigns
Its mildly melting grace;
There, as his lots the demon throws,
Each breast with expectation glows,
While heedless thou of loss or gain,
Seest from thy hand that treasure flown
That might have hush'd an orphan's moan,
Or smooth'd the rugged bed of pain.

' O, then I spread my wings to fly
Back to my sapphire sphere,
Resolved to leave no ray to dry
Thy morn's repentant tear;
But when that bright atonement falls,
The sight my resolution palls,
I haste the liquid gem to save.
So still, fair siren, shall my power
Console thee through life's varying hour,
Nor will I quit thee at the grave.

' O, then may white-robed Faith appear,
With glowing Charity,
To spread with mine their wings, and bear
Their votary to the sky.
Then mingling with our seraph train,
Thy lyre may wake a loftier strain,

Where Rapture hymns the' eternal throne;
 Where to desire is to possess,
 No wish for more, no fear for less,
 Where Certainty and I are one."

ODE XIV.

TO THE HON. WILLIAM PITT.

1782.

Μὴ νῦν, ὅτι φθονεραὶ
 Θνατῶν φρίνας ἀμφιγέμανται ἱλτίδες,
 Μῆτ' ἀρετᾶν ποτε σιγᾶτω πατρῴων,
 Μὴδὲ τῶσδ' ὕμνους. PINDAR, *Isthm. Ode II.*

'Tis May's meridian reign; yet Eurus cold
 Forbids each shrinking thorn its leaves unfold,
 Or hang with silver buds her rural throne;
 No primrose shower from her green laps she throws¹,
 No daisy, violet, or cowslip blows,
 And Flora weeps her fragrant offspring gone.
 Hoar frost arrests the genial dew;
 To wake, to warble, and to woo,
 No linnet calls his drooping love:
 Shall then the poet strike the lyre,
 When mute are all the feather'd choir,
 And Nature fails to warm the sirens of the grove?

He shall: for what the sullen spring denies
 The orient beam of virtuous youth supplies;

¹ This expression is taken from Milton's song on May morning, to which this stanza in general alludes, and the fourth verse in the next.

That moral dawn be his inspiring flame.
 Beyond the dancing radiance of the east
 Thy glory, son of Chatham! fires his breast,
 And, proud to celebrate thy vernal fame,
 Hark, from his lyre the strain ascends,
 Which but to Freedom's favourite friends
 That lyre disdains to sound.
 Hark and approve as did thy sire²
 The lays which once with kindred fire
 His Muse, in Attic mood, made Mona's oaks
 rebound.

Long silent since, save when, in Keppel's name,
 Detraction, murdering Britain's naval fame,
 Roused into sounds of scorn the' indignant
 string³.

But now, replenish'd with a richer theme,
 The vase of Harmony shall pour its stream,
 Fann'd by free Fancy's rainbow-tinctured wing.
 Thy country too shall hail the song,
 Her echoing heart the notes prolong,
 While they alone with envy sigh,
 Whose rancour to thy parent dead
 Aim'd, ere his funeral rites were paid,
 With vain vindictive rage to starve his progeny.
 From earth and these the Muse averts her view,
 To meet in yonder sea of ether blue
 A beam, to which the blaze of noon is pale;
 In purpling circles now the glory spreads,
 A host of angels now unveil their heads,
 While Heaven's own music triumphs on the gale.

² The poem of Caractacus was read in MS. by the late Earl of Chatham, who honoured it with an approbation which the author is here proud to record.

³ See Ode to the Naval Officers of Great Britain.

Ah, see, two white-robed seraphs lead
Thy father's venerable shade;

He bends from yonder cloud of gold,
While they, the ministers of light,
Bear from his breast a mantle bright,
And with the heaven-wove robe thy youthful
limbs enfold.

' Receive this mystic gift, my son! (he cries)
And, for so wills the Sovereign of the skies,
With this receive, at Albion's anxious hou
A double portion of my patriot zeal,
Active to spread the fire it dared to feel
Through raptured senates, and with awful pow
From the full fountain of the tongue
To roll the rapid tide along,
Till a whole nation caught the flame.
So on thy sire shall Heaven bestow
A blessing Tully fail'd to know,
And redolent in thee diffuse thy father's fame.

' Nor thou, ingenious boy! that fame despise
Which lives and spreads abroad in heaven
pure eyes,
The last best energy of noble mind⁴,
Revere thy father's shade; like him disdain
The tame, the timid, temporizing train,
Awake to self, to social interest blind:
Young as thou art, occasion calls,
Thy country's scale or mounts or falls
As thou and thy compatriots strive;
Scarce is the fatal moment pass'd
That trembling Albion deem'd her last:
O, knit the union firm, and bid an empire live.

⁴ In allusion to a fine and well known passage in Milton
Lycidas.

' Proceed, and vindicate fair Freedom's claim,
 Give life, give strength, give substance to her name;
 The legal rights of man with fraud contest,
 Yes, snatch them from Corruption's baleful power,
 Who dares in day's broad eye those rights devour,
 While prelates bow, and bless the harpy feast.
 If foil'd at first, resume thy course,
 Rise strengthen'd with Antæan force,
 So shall thy toil in conquest end.
 Let others dote on meaner things,
 On broider'd stars, and azure strings,
 To claim thy sovereign's love, be thou thy coun-
 try's friend'.⁵

ODE XV.

SECULAR.

NOVEMBER 5, 1788.

It is not Age, creative Fancy's foe,
 Foe to the finer feelings of the soul,
 Shall dare forbid the lyric rapture flow:
 Scorning its chill control,
 He, at the vernal morn of youth,
 Who breathed to liberty and truth,
 Fresh incense from his votive lyre,
 In life's autumnal eve, again
 Shall at their shrine resume the strain,
 And sweep the veteran chords with renovated fire.

⁵ The concluding line in this ode when first printed ran thus:

Be thine the Muses' wreath; be thou the *people's friend*.

Warm to his own and to his country's breast,
Twice fifty brilliant years the theme have
borne,
And each through all its varying seasons bless'd
By that auspicious morn,
Which gilding Nassau's patriot prow,
Gave Britain's anxious eye to know
The source whence now her blessings
spring;
She saw him from that prow descend,
And in the hero hail'd the friend: [King.
A name, when Britain speaks, that dignifies her

In solemn state she led him to the throne
Whence bigot zeal and lawless power had
fled,
Where Justice fix'd the abdicated crown
On his victorious head.
Was there an angel in the sky,
That glow'd not with celestial joy,
When Freedom, in her native charms,
Descended from her throne of light,
On eagle plumes, to bless the rite, [arms,
Recall'd by Britain's voice, restored by Nassau's

Since then, triumphant on the car of time,
The sister years in gradual train have roll'd,
And seen the goddess from her sphere sublime
The sacred page unfold,
Inscribed by hers and Nassau's hands,
On which the hallow'd charter stands,
That bids Britannia's sons be free;
And, as they pass'd, each white-robed year
Has sung to her responsive sphere,
Hail to the charter'd rights of British liberty!

Still louder lift the soul-expanding strain,
 Ye future years! while from her starry throne
 Again she comes to magnify her reign,
 And make the world her own.
 Her fire e'en France presumes to feel,
 And half unsheaths the patriot steel,
 Enough the monarch to dismay,
 Whoe'er with rebel pride withdraws
 His own allegiance from the laws
 That guard the people's rights, that rein the so-
 vereign's sway.

Hark! how from either India's sultry bound,
 From regions girded by the burning zone,
 Her all-attentive ear, with sigh profound,
 Has heard the captive moan:
 Has heard, and ardent in the cause
 Of all that, free by Nature's laws,
 The avarice of her sons enthrals;
 She comes, by Truth and Mercy led,
 And, bending her benignant head,
 Thus on the seraph pair in suppliant strain she
 calls:

' Long have I lent to my Britannia's hands
 That trident which controls the willing sea,
 And bade her circulate to distant lands
 Each bliss derived from me.
 Shall then her commerce spread the sail,
 For gain accursed, and court the gale,
 Her throne, her sovereign to disgrace;
 Daring (what will not Commerce dare!)
 Beyond the ruthless waste of war,
 To deal destruction round and thin the human
 race?

‘ Proclaim it not before the eternal throne
Of him, the Sire of universal love;
But wait till all my sons your influence own,
Ye envoys from above!
O, wait, at this precarious hour,
When in the pendent scale of power
My rights and Nature’s trembling lie;
Do thou, sweet Mercy! touch the beam,
Till lightly, as the feather’d dream,
Ascends the earthly dross of selfish policy.

‘ Do thou, fair Truth! as did thy master mild,
Who, fill’d with all the power of godhead,
To purify the souls by guilt defiled, [came
With Faith’s celestial flame;
Tell them, ’tis Heaven’s benign decree
That all, of Christian liberty,
The peace-inspiring gale should breathe.
May then that nation hope to claim
The glory of the Christian name,
That loads fraternal tribes with bondage worse
than death?

‘ Tell them they vainly grace with festive joy
The day that freed them from Oppression’s
rod,
At Slavery’s mart who barter and who buy
The image of their God.
But, peace!—their conscience feels the wrong;
From Britain’s congregated tongue,
Repentant breaks the choral lay,
“ Not unto us, indulgent Heaven,
In partial stream be freedom given,
But pour her treasures wide, and guard with
legal sway?”’

ODE XVI.

PALINODIA.

I. 1.

SAY, did I err, chaste Liberty!
 When, warm with youthful fire,
 I gave the vernal fruits to thee,
 That ripen'd on my lyre?
 When, round thy twin-born sister's¹ shrine,
 I taught the flowers of verse to twine
 And blend in one their fresh perfume;
 Forbade them, vagrant and disjoin'd,
 To give to every wanton wind
 Their fragrance and their bloom?

I. 2.

Or, did I err, when, free to choose
 'Mid fabling Fancy's themes,
 I led my voluntary Muse
 To groves and haunted streams;
 Disdain'd to take that gainful road,
 Which many a courtly bard had trod,
 And aim'd but at self-planted bays?
 I swept my lyre enough for me,
 If what that lyre might warble free
 My free-born friends might praise.

I. 3.

And art thou mute! or does the fiend that rides
 Yon sulphurous tube, by tigers drawn,
 Where seas of blood roll their increasing tides
 Beneath his wheels while myriads groan,
 Does he with voice of thunder make reply:
 'I am the Genius of stern Liberty,

¹ Independency, see Ode VI.

Adore me as thy genuine choice;
Know, where I hang with wreaths my sacred tree,
Power undivided, just equality
Are born at my creative voice?

II. 1.

Avaunt, abhorr'd Democracy!
O, for Ithuriel's spear!
To show to Party's jaundiced eye
The fiend she most should fear,
To turn her from the' infernal sight
To where, array'd in robes of light,
True Liberty on seraph wing
Descends to shed that blessing rare,
Of equal rights an equal share
To people, peers, and king².

II. 2.

To her alone I raised my strain,
On her centennial day,
Fearless that age should chill the vein
She nourish'd with her ray.
And what if, glowing at the theme,
Humanity, in vivid dream,
Gave to my mind impatient Gaul
(Ah! flattering dream, dismiss'd by fate
Too quickly through the ivory gate)
Freed from despotic thrall?

II. 3.

When Ruin, heaving his gigantic mace
(Call'd to the deed by Reason's voice),
Crush'd, proud Bastile! thy turrets to their base,
Was it not virtue to rejoice?

² See English Garden, book iv. ver. 685, &c.

That power alone, whose all-combining eye
Beholds what he ordains, futurity,
Could that tremendous truth reveal,
That ere six suns had round the zodiac roll'd
Their beams, astonish'd Europe should behold
All Gallia one immense Bastile³?

III. 1.

Is it not virtue to repine,
When thus transform'd the scene?
'Ah! no,' replied, in strain divine,
The heaven-descending Queen.
And as she sung she shot a ray,
Mild as the orient dawn of May,
Enlightening while it calm'd my brain:
'Now purged, my son! from error, own
My blessings ne'er were meant to crown
The vicious or the vain.

III. 2.

'Tis only those of purer clay⁴
From sensual dross refined,
whom the passions pleased obey
The God within the mind⁵,

There were in the prisons of Paris alone, when this was
ten, above six thousand prisoners.

Cui meliore Luto finxit præcordia Titan. So Milton in
welfth sonnet, speaking of liberty, says, 'But who loves
must first be wise and good.'

Mr. Pope uses this Platonic phrase for conscience.—See
'on Man, Ep. ii. p. 204, with Warburton's note upon
ere the learned critic says justly that it admits a double
ng.—It is in its latter practical, or rather Christian
that I here employ it, to convey the important truth
ed by St. Paul, 'where the spirit of the Lord is, there
ty.'

Who share my discontent and
 Through William's justice mean convey'd
 From the first source of sovereign good:
 All time to such income lends,
 Springs from vindictive pride, and ends
 In luxury and blood.

III. 3.

' Had France possess'd a sober patriot band,
 True to their own and nation's weal,
 Such as, fair Albion, bless'd thy favour'd land,
 When Nassau came thy rights to seal;
 She might—but why compare such wide extremes,
 Why seek for reason in delirious dreams?
 Rather consign to exile and to shame
 Her coward princes, her luxurious peers,
 Who fed the hell-born hydra with their fears,
 That now usurps my hallow'd name.'

ELEGIES.

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN

LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY.

ERE yet, ingenuous youth, thy steps retire
 From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful
 vale,
 Where Science call'd thee to her studious choir,
 And met thee musing in her cloisters pale;
 Oh! let thy friend (and may he boast the name)
 Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay;
 A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
 And this let voluntary friendship pay.
 Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time
 When all those virtues, opening now so fair,
 Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
 Must learn each passion's boisterous breath to
 There, if Ambition, pestilent and pale, [bear.
 Or Luxury should taint their vernal glow;
 If cold Selfinterest, with her chilling gale,
 Should blast the' unfolding blossoms ere they
 blow;
 If mimic hues, by Art or Fashion spread,
 Their genuine, simple colouring should supply,
 Oh! with them may these laureate honours fade;
 And with them (if it can) my friendship die.

Then do not blame, if, though thyself inspire,
 Cautious I strike the panegyric string;
 The Muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,
 And, vainly venturous, soars on waxen wing.
 Too actively awake at Friendship's voice,
 The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,
 Till sad Reflection blames the hasty choice,
 And oft invokes Oblivion's aid in vain.
 Call we the shade of Pope from that bless'd bower
 Where throned he sits with many a tuneful sage;
 Ask if he ne'er bemoans that hapless hour
 When St. John's name¹ illumined Glory's page?
 Ask, if the wretch who dared his memory stain,
 Ask, if his Country's, his Religion's foe
 Deserved the meed that Marlborough fail'd to
 gain,
 The deathless meed he only could bestow?
 The bard will tell thee the misguided praise
 Clouds the celestial sunshine of his breast;
 E'en now, repentant of his erring lays,
 He heaves a sigh amid the realms of rest.
 If Pope through friendship fail'd, indignant view,
 Yet pity, Dryden; hark, whene'er he sings,
 How Adulation drops her courtly dew
 On titled rhymers and inglorious kings.
 See, from the depths of his exhaustless mine,
 His glittering stores the tuneful spendthrift
 throws;
 Where fear or interest bids, behold, they shine;
 Now grace a Cromwell's, now a Charles's brows.

¹ Alluding to this couplet of Mr. Pope's:

To Cato Virgil paid one honest line,
 O, let my country's friends *illumine* mine.

Born with too generous, or too mean a heart,
 Dryden! in vain to thee those stores were lent:
 Thy sweetest numbers but a trifling art;
 Thy strongest diction idly eloquent.
 The simplest lyre, if truth directs its lays,
 Warbles a melody ne'er heard from thine;
 Not to disgust with false or venal praise
 Was Parnell's modest fame, and may be mine.
 Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breast
 Condemn me if I check the plausible string;
 Go to the wayward world; complete the rest;
 Be what the purest Muse would wish to sing.
 Be still thyself; that open path of truth
 Which led thee here, let manhood firm pursue;
 Retain the sweet simplicity of youth,
 And all thy virtue dictates dare to do.
 Still scorn with conscious pride the mask of Art;
 On Vice's front let fearful Caution lour,
 And teach the diffident disreeter part
 Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for
 power.
 So round thy brow when Age's honours spread,
 When Death's cold hand unstrings thy Mason's
 lyre,
 When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
 Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire:
 He to the amplest bounds of Time's domain
 On Rapture's plume shall give thy name to fly;
 For trust, with reverence trust this Sabine strain²:
 'The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die.'

² ——— Dignum laude virum
 Musa vetat mori.

HORACE.

ADDRESSED TO MISS PELHAM,

On the Death of her father¹.

DEIGN, mournful maid, while o'er yon sacred bier
 Thy streaming eyes with duteous sorrows flow;
 Deign, mournful maid, to lend a listening ear
 To strains that swell with sympathetic woe.
 Attend that Muse, who late in happier hour
 Heard thy soft voice its tuneful powers employ,
 Where D'Arcy call'd to Chiswick's social bower
 Mild mirth and polish'd ease and decent joy.
 How did bleak Winter smooth his rugged frown!
 What genial zephyrs fann'd each budding spray!
 How glow'd the Sun, as if in haste to crown
 The sullen brows of March with wreaths of May!
 Ah! did we think, while on thy warbling strain
 Our rapt attention hung with mute delight,
 That fell disease, that agonizing pain,
 That Death then sail'd upon the wings of night,
 To strike that stroke, which not thy breast alone,
 But every Briton's honest heart must rend,
 At which a nation's tears must join thy own,
 And, whilst you wept a father, weep a friend?

¹ He died March 6, 1754. This poem was presented to her soon after. At the very beginning of that month the lady had been with a select party at a small villa in Chiswick, then rented by the Earl of Holderness. The author was at the time advised by several of his friends to publish it; but an Ode, written by Mr. Garrick on the same subject (see Dodsley's Miscellany, vol. iv. page 198), had got the start of him. He therefore retained it in manuscript, being by this time sufficiently apprized, that a poem, whose merit rested chiefly on picturesque imagery, and what is termed pure (or mere) poetry, was not calculated to vie, in point of popularity, with what was written in a plainer and less figurative mode, and conveyed in a more familiar style and stanza.

Yet such the' irrevocable doom of Jove.

Let then that Muse who shared thy happier hour
Now lead thee pensive to the cypress grove,

Where pansies spring and each funereal flower.
Here, while thy tender hand, his grave to strew,

The modest snowdrop's vernal silver bears,
The violet sad of pallid purple hue,

The crocus glistening with the morn's first tears;
My bolder arm shall crop the laureate shade;

By me the olive and the palm be borne,
And from the British oak's majestic head

A civic wreath for his illustrious urn.

But, see! while in the solemn task we join,

Soft gleams of lustre tremble through the grove,
And sacred airs of minstrelsy divine

Are harp'd around, and fluttering pinions move.

Ah, hark! a voice, to which the vocal rill,

The lark's ecstatic harmony is rude;

Distant it swells with many a holy trill,

Now breaks wide warbling from yon orient
cloud!

Rise, Patriot Shade, on seraph wing upborne!

Behold, we waft thee to the realms of rest!

Glory is thine, and Heaven's eternal morn;

Ascend and share thy blessings with the bless'd.

Whoe'er on earth, with conscious honour, dared

Beyond the flight of these inglorious days,

Lords of themselves here find their bright reward;

And these shall crown thee with congenial rays.

Whoe'er through private life's domestic scene

Taught social love to spread its cheerful reign,

Friends of mankind, here bathe in joys serene,

And these shall hail thee mid their gentle train.

The few, who bright with public virtue shone,
 Who shot the beams of peace from land to land,
 Fathers of countries, round the sapphire throne
 Shall bow, and welcome Pelham to their band.
 Rise, Patriot Shade, on seraph wing upborne,
 Behold, we waft thee to the realms of rest!
 Glory is thine, and Heaven's eternal morn;
 Ascend and share thy blessings with the
 bless'd!

WRITTEN IN

THE GARDEN OF A FRIEND.

WHILE o'er my head this laurel-woven bower
 Its arch of glittering verdure wildly flings,
 Can fancy slumber? can the tuneful power
 That rules my lyre neglect her wonted strings?
 No; if the blighting east deform'd the plain,
 If this gay bank no balmy sweets exhaled,
 Still should the grove reecho to my strain,
 And friendship prompt the theme where
 beauty fail'd.
 For he, whose careless art this foliage dress'd,
 Who bade these twisting braids of woodbine
 bend,
 He first with truth and virtue taught my breast
 Where best to choose, and best to fix a friend.
 How well does Memory note the golden day,
 What time, reclined in Margaret's studious glade,
 My mimic reed first tuned the Dorian lay¹,
 'Unseen, unheard, beneath a hawthorn shade?'

¹ *Musæus*, the first poem in this collection, written while the author was a scholar in St. John's College in Cambridge.

Twas there we met; the Muses hail'd the hour;
The same desires, the same ingenuous arts
Inspired us both; we own'd and bless'd the power
That join'd at once our studies and our hearts.
Oh! since those days, when Science spread the
feast,

When emulative youth its relish lent,
Say, has one genuine joy e'er warm'd my breast?
Enough; if joy was his, be mine content.
To thirst for praise his temperate youth forbore;
He fondly wish'd not for a poet's name;
Much did he love the Muse, but quiet more,
And, though he might command, he slighted
Fame.

Hither in manhood's prime he wisely fled
From all that folly, all that pride approves;
To this soft scene a tender partner led;
This laurel shade was witness to their loves.
' Begone (he cried), Ambition's airdrawn plan;
Hence with perplexing pomp, unwieldy wealth,
Let me not sœm, but be the happy man,
Possess'd of love, of competence, and health.'
Smiling he spake, nor did the Fates withstand;
In rural arts the peaceful moments flew:
Say, lovely lawn! that felt his forming hand,
How soon thy surface shone with verdure new;
How soon obedient Flora brought her store,
And o'er thy breast a shower of fragrance flung:
Vertumnus came; his earliest blooms he bore,
And thy rich sides with waving purple hung:
Then to the sight he call'd yon stately spire,
He pierced the opposing oak's luxuriant shade;
Bade yonder crowding hawthorns low retire,
Nor veil the glories of the golden mead.

Hail, silvan wonders, hail! and hail the hand
 Whose native taste thy native charms display'd,
 And taught one little acre to command
 Each envied happiness of scene and shade.
 Is there a hill whose distant azure bounds
 The ample range of Scarsdale's proud domain,
 A mountain hoar that yon wild peak surrounds,
 But lends a willing beauty to thy plain?
 And, lo! in yonder path I spy my friend;
 He looks the guardian genius of the grove,
 Mild as the fabled form² that whilom deign'd,
 At Milton's call, in Harefield's haunts to rove,
 Bless'd Spirit, come! though pent in mortal mould
 I'll yet invoke thee by that purer name;
 Oh, come, a portion of thy bliss unfold,
 From Folly's maze my wayward step reclaim
 Too long, alas, my inexperienced youth,
 Misled by flattering Fortune's specious tale,
 Has left the rural reign of peace and truth,
 The huddling brook, cool cave, and whispering
 Won to the world, a candidate for praise, [vale
 Yet, let me boast, by no ignoble art,
 Too oft the public ear has heard my lays,
 Too much its vain applause has touch'd my hear
 But now, ere Custom binds his powerful chain
 Come, from the base enchanter set me free;
 While yet my soul its first, best taste retains,
 Recall that soul to reason, peace, and thee.

² See the description of the Genius of the Wood in Milton's Arcades.

For know, by lot from Jove, I am the power
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower;
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With ringlets quaint, &c.

Teach me, like thee, to muse on Nature's page,
To mark each wonder in Creation's plan,
Each mode of being trace, and, humbly sage,
Deduce from these the genuine powers of man;
Of man, while warm'd with reason's purer ray,
No tool of policy, no dupe to pride;
Before vain Science led his taste astray;
When conscience was his law, and God his
guide.

This let me learn, and learning let me live
The lesson o'er. From that great guide of truth
Oh, may my suppliant soul the boon receive
To tread through age the footsteps of thy youth.

TO THE REV. MR. HURD¹.

FRIEND of my youth, who, when the willing Muse
Stream'd o'er my breast her warm poetic rays,
Saw'st the fresh seeds their vital powers diffuse,
And fed'st them with the fostering dew of praise!
Whate'er the produce of the' unthrifty soil,
The leaves, the flowers, the fruits, to thee belong:
The labourer earns the wages of his toil;
Who form'd the poet well may claim the song.
Yes, 'tis my pride to own, that taught by thee
My conscious soul superior flights essay'd;
Learn'd from thy lore the poet's dignity,
And spurn'd the hirelings of the rhyming trade.

¹ This Elegy was prefixed to the former editions of Carac-
tacus, as dedicatory of that poem.

Say, scenes of science, say, thou haunted stream!
[For oft my muse-led steps didst thou behold]
How on thy banks I rifled every theme,
That Fancy fabled in her age of gold.
How oft I cried, 'Oh, come, thou tragic queen!
March from thy Greece with firm majestic
tread!

Such as when Athens saw thee fill her scene,
When Sophocles thy choral graces led:
Saw thy proud pall its purple length devolve;
Saw thee uplift the glittering dagger high;
Ponder with fixed brow thy deep resolve,
Prepared to strike, to triumph, and to die.
Bring then to Britain's plain that choral throng;
Display thy buskin'd pomp, thy golden lyre;
Give her historic forms the soul of song,
And mingle Attic art with Shakspeare's fire.'
'Ah, what, fond boy, dost thou presume to claim?
(The Muse replied) mistaken suppliant, know,
To light in Shakspeare's breast the dazzling flame
Exhausted all Parnassus could bestow.
True; Art remains; and, if from his bright page
Thy mimic power one vivid beam can seize,
Proceed; and in that best of tasks engage,
Which tends at once to profit and to please.'
She spake; and Harewood's towers spontaneous
rose;

Soft virgin warblings echo'd through the grove;
And fair Elfrida pour'd forth all her woes,
The hapless pattern of connubial love.
More awful scenes old Mona next display'd;
Her caverns gloom'd, her forests waved on high,
While flamed within their consecrated shade
The genius stern of British liberty.

And see, my Hurd! to thee those scenes consign'd; [name.

Oh! take and stamp them with thy honour'd
Around the page be friendship's chaplet twined;

And if they find the road to honest Fame,
Perchance the candour of some nobler age

May praise the bard², who bade gay Folly bear
Her cheap applauses to the busy stage,

And leave him pensive Virtue's silent tear:
Chose too to consecrate his favourite strain

To him, who, graced by every liberal art
That best might shine among the learned train,

Yet more excell'd in morals and in heart:
Whose equal mind could see vain fortune shower

Her flimsy favours on the fawning crew,
While in low Thurcaston's sequester'd bower

She fix'd him distant from Promotion's view;
Yet shelter'd there by calm Contentment's wing,

Pleased he could smile, and, with sage Hooker's
eye,

'See from his mother earth God's blessings spring,
And eat his bread in peace and privacy³.'

² Nil equidem feci (tu scis hoc ipse) theatris:
Musa nec in plausus ambitiosa mea est.

OVID, *Trist.* lib. v. El. vii. 23.

³ Verbatim from a letter of Hooker's to Archbishop Whitgift. 'But, my Lord, I shall never be able to finish what I have begun, [viz. his immortal Treatise on Ecclesiastical Polity], unless I be removed into some quiet country parsonage, where I may see God's blessings spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread in peace and privacy.' See his Life in the *Biographia Britannica*,

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

THE midnight clock has toll'd ; and hark, the bell
Of Death beats slow ! Heard ye the note profound ?
It pauses now ; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.
Yes, *** is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion ! ye that, light as air,
So oft have tripp'd in her fantastic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair :
For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom
(This Envy owns, since now her bloom is fled),
Fair as the forms, that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the poet's head.
Whene'er with soft serenity she smiled,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes ?
Each look, each motion waked a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast :
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chased by a charm still lovelier than the last.
That bell again ! It tells us what she is :
On what she was no more the strain prolong :
Luxuriant Fancy, pause : an hour like this
Demands the tribute of a serious song.
Maria claims it from that sable bier,
Where cold and wan the slumberer rests her
head ;
In still small whispers to Reflection's ear,
She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.

Oh, catch the awful notes, and lift them loud;
 Proclaim the theme, by sage, by fool revered;
 Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud!
 'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.
 Yes, ye shall hear, and tremble as ye hear,
 While high with health your hearts exulting
 leap:

E'en in the midst of Pleasure's mad career,
 The mental monitor shall wake and weep.
 For say, than ***'s propitious star,
 What brighter planet on your births arose;
 Or gave of Fortune's gifts an ampler share,
 In life to lavish, or in death to lose!
 Early to lose; while borne on busy wing,
 Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom:
 Nor fear, while basking by the beams of spring,
 The wintry storm that sweeps you to the tomb.
 Think of her fate! revere the heavenly hand
 That led her hence, though soon, by steps so slow;
 Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
 And menaced oft, and oft withheld the blow:
 To give Reflection time, with lenient art,
 Each fond delusion from her soul to steal;
 Teach her from Folly peaceably to part,
 And wean her from a world she loved so well.
 Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend
 To you so long a span? Alas, ye sigh:
 Make then, while yet ye may, your God your
 friend,
 And learn with equal ease to sleep or die!
 Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
 Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow;
 Casts round Religion's orb the mists of fear,
 Or shades with horrors what with smiles
 should glow.

No; she would warm you with seraphic fire,
 Heirs as ye are of heaven's eternal day;
 Would bid you boldly to that heaven aspire,
 Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.
 Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
 In yon etherial founts of bliss to lave;
 Force then, secure in Faith's protecting shield,
 The sting from Death, the victory from the Grave.
 Is this the bigot's rant? Away, ye vain,
 Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dulness steep:
 Go sooth your souls in sickness, grief, or pain,
 With the sad solace of eternal sleep.
 Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,
 More than those preachers of your favourite
 creed,
 Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,
 Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed;
 Nor wish for more: who conquer but to die.
 Hear, Folly, hear; and triumph in the tale:
 Like you, they reason; not, like you, enjoy
 The breeze of bliss that fills your silken sail':

¹ In a book of French verses, entitled *Œuvres du Philosophe de sans Souci*, and lately reprinted at Berlin, by authority, under the title of *Poésies Diverses*, may be found an epistle to Marshal Keith, written professedly against the immortality of the soul. By way of specimen of the whole, take the following lines:

De l'avenir, cher Keith, jugeons par le passé;
 Comme avant que je fusse il n'avoit point pensé,
 De même, après ma mort, quand toutes mes parties
 Par la corruption seront anéanties,
 Par un même destin il ne pensera plus;
 Non, rien n'est plus certain, soyons-en convaincu, &c.

It is to this epistle that the rest of the elegy alludes.

On Pleasure's glittering stream ye gaily steer
Your little course to cold Oblivion's shore:
They dare the storm, and, through the' incle-
ment year, [roar.

Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's
Is it for glory? that just Fate denies.

Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
Ere from her trump the heaven-breathed accents
rise.

**That lift the hero from the fighting crowd.
Is it his grasp of empire to extend?**

**To curb the fury of insulting foes?
Ambition, cease: the idle contest end:**

'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose.
And why must murder'd myriads lose their all
(If life be all), why desolation lour,
With famish'd frown, on this affrighted ball,
That thou mayst flame the meteor of an hour?
Go, wiser ye, that flutter life away,

Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high;
Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,
And live your moment, since the next ye die.
Yet know, vain sceptics, know, the 'Almighty mind,

Who breathed on man a portion of his fire,
Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confined,
To Heaven, to immortality aspire.

Nor shall the pile of Hope his Mercy rear'd
By vain Philosophy be e'er destroy'd:
Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd.

WRITTEN IN A

CHURCH-YARD IN SOUTH WALES.

1787¹.

FROM southern Cambria's richly varied clime,
 Where grace and grandeur share an equal reign;
 Where cliffs o'erhung with shade, and hills sublime
 Of mountain lineage sweep into the main;
 From bays where Commerce furls her wearied sails,
 Proud to have dared the dangers of the deep,
 And floats at anchor'd ease, enclosed by vales,
 To Ocean's verge where stray the venturous
 sheep:

From brilliant scenes like these I turn my eye;
 And, lo! a solemn circle meets its view,
 Wall'd to protect inhumed mortality,
 And shaded close with poplar and with yew.
 Deep in that dell the humble fane appears,
 Whence prayers if humble best to Heaven
 aspire;

No tower embattled, no proud spire it rears,
 A moss-grown croslet decks its lowly choir.
 And round that fane the sons of toil repose,
 Who drove the ploughshare, or the sail who
 spread;

With wives, with children, all in measured rows,
 Two whiten'd flintstones mark the feet and head.

¹ A custom is prevalent with the peasants in that part of the country, of planting field flowers and sweet herbs on the graves of their relations and friends; a pleasing specimen of this which the author saw when he was paying a visit to Lord Vernon at Breton Ferry, Glamorganshire, in the summer of the year 1787, occasioned him to write this elegy.

While these between full many a simple flower,
Pansy and pink with languid beauty smile;
The primrose opening at the twilight hour,
And velvet tufts of fragrant camomile.
For more intent the smell than sight to please,
Surviving love selects its vernal race;
Plants that with early perfume feed the breeze
May best each dank and noxious vapour chase.
The flaunting tulip, the carnation gay,
Turnsole, and piony, and all the train
That love to glitter in the noontide ray, [reign.
Ill suit the copse where Death and Silence
Not but perchance to deck some virgin's tomb,
Where violets sweet their twofold purple
spread,
Some rose of maiden blush may faintly bloom,
Or withering hang its emblematic head.
These to renew, with more than annual care
That wakeful love with pensive step will go;
The hand that lifts the dibble shakes with fear
Lest haply it disturb the friend below.
Vain fear! for never shall disturber come
Potent enough to wake such sleep profound,
Till the dread herald to the day of doom
Pours from his trumpet the world-dissolving
sound.
Vain fear! yet who that boasts a heart to feel,
An eye to pity, would that fear reprove?
They only who are cursed with breasts of steel
Can mock the foibles of surviving love.
Those foibles far beyond cold Reason's claim
Have power the social charities to spread;
They feed, sweet Tenderness! thy lambent flame,
Which, while it warms the heart, improves
the head.

Its chemic aid a gradual heat applies,
 That from the dross of self each wish refines
 Extracts the liberal spirit, bids it rise
 Till with primeval purity it shines.
 Take then, poor peasants, from the friend of Gray
 His humbler praise; for Gray or fail'd to see
 Or saw unnoticed what had wak'd a lay
 Rich in the pathos of true poesy.
 Yes, had he paced this church-way path along
 Or lean'd like me against this ivied wall,
 How sadly sweet had flow'd his Dorian song,
 Then sweetest when it flow'd at Nature's call
 Like Tadmor's king, his comprehensive mind
 Each plant's peculiar character could seize;
 And hence his moralizing² Muse had join'd
 To all these flowers a thousand similes.
 But he, alas! in distant village grave
 Has mix'd with dear maternal dust his own
 E'en now the pang which parting Friendship gave
 Thrills at my heart, and tells me he is gone
 Take then from me the pensive strain that flows
 Congenial to this consecrated gloom;
 Where all that meets my eye some symbol shows
 Of grief, like mine, that lives beyond the tomb
 Shows me that you, though doom'd the liveliest
 For scanty food the toiling arm to ply, [ye
 Can smite your breasts, and find an inmate there
 To heave, when Memory bids, the ready sigh

² This epithet is used to call to the reader's recollection a passage in Shakspeare, descriptive of a character to which its best parts Mr. Gray's was not dissimilar.

Duke Sen. But what said Jaques?
 Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
As you like it. Act ii. Scene

Still nurse that best of inmates, gentle swains!
 Still act as heartfelt sympathy inspires;
 The taste which birth from Education gains
 Serves but to chill Affection's native fires.
 To you more knowledge than what shields from
 vice

Were but a gift would multiply your cares;
 Of matter and of mind let reasoners nice
 Dispute; be patience yours, presumption theirs.
 You know (what more can earthly science know?)
 That all must die; by Revelation's ray
 Illumed, you trust the ashes placed below
 These flowery tufts, shall rise again to day.
 What if you deem, by hoar tradition led,
 To you perchance devolved from Druids old,
 That parted souls at solemn seasons tread
 The circles that their shrines of clay infold?
 What if you deem they some sad pleasure take
 These poor memorials of your love to view,
 And scent the perfume for the planter's sake,
 That breathes from vulgar rosemary and rue?
 Unfeeling Wit may scorn, and Pride may frown;
 Yet Fancy, empress of the realms of song,
 Shall bless the decent mode, and Reason own
 It may be right—for who can prove it wrong³?

³ Although I run the risk of some imputed vanity, I am induced to add here the opinion of a too partial friend concerning the foregoing poem; but shall only extract from the written paper which he gave me the part that points out the specific differences which occurred to him, when he compared it with another of a very similar title. And this I do merely to obviate a prejudice which some readers might take to it, as supposing from the title and subject that I wrote it to emulate what, I am as ready to own as they are, is *inimitable*. 'Your elegy (says this gentleman), as it relates to a particular and local custom in South Wales, must of course little resemble

Mr. Gray's, which is purely of a general kind. He laments the departed peasants; you compassionate those that lament *them*: he places their former occupations in an honourable light; you view in an amiable one the weakness of their surviving friends: in the former elegy we find the dead considered with respect to what their possible situation while living might have been, with all the advantages of knowledge; in the latter the living are endeavoured to be consoled for the want of it. In the general church-yard of the one contemplation is more widely extended; in the other particular one, concern is more nearly impressed. His verses inspire a solemnity which awes and arrests the mind; yours breathe a tenderness which softens and attracts the heart; there are stanzas in Gray's Elegy of what, I venture to call, sublime melancholy; in yours of extreme sensibility.—It is a curious circumstance, that the writer of the former should be introduced into both these elegies, but certainly, as reality is superior to fiction, in a more pathetic manner in the latter. The locality of your scene enabled you to open with a picturesque description, which, besides contrasting strongly with the place of interment, is copied from nature, and animated with expression.'—I will add, that it was not so much for the sake of this kind of contrast that I gave the elegy such an exordium, as to make it appear a *day* scene, and as such to contrast it with the *twilight* scene of my excellent friend's elegy.

SONNETS.

SENT TO A YOUNG LADY,

With Boswell's Miscellanies.

WHILE Age and Avarice, with malignant eye,
 Forbid gay Hymen, robed in saffron train,
 With glittering torch to lead thee to the fane,
 Where Love awaits to bind the nuptial tie;
 To sooth thy cares a group of Muses fly,
 Warbling from varied lyres a varied strain.
 Verse has an opiate charm for amorous pain,
 And spells, like magic, lurk in minstrelsy.
 With these conjoin'd accept this friendly lay,
 Which truth inspires, and pure affection warms,
 From him, who saw thy infant bloom display
 What now, in full maturity of charms,
 Expands, to crown the long expected day
 That yields those beauties to a husband's arms.

PRESENTED TO A FRIEND

On the Morning of his Marriage.

No, thou resplendent Sun! thy orient ray
 Shall not in silence to its height ascend;
 Thou comest, thus robed in lustre, to attend
 On social Bagnal¹ this auspicious day,

¹ John Bagnal, Esq. then a student in the Temple.

When youth, wealth, innocence, and beauty gay
 Prepare to crown the virtues of my friend.
 Patron of light and verse! thyself shall lend
 A beam of inspiration to my lay,
 Which, while it sings the merits of his mind
 Where true benevolence still active glows,
 And native sense with sterling science join'd,
 And honour firm alike to words and vows,
 Proclaims, that in her choice his bride shall find
 Through life the friend, the lover, and the spouse.

AUGUST, 1773.

‘ AH! why (cries Prudence) turn thy wayward
 feet

From scenes congenial to each spruce divine?
 See, how they flutter round Preferment’s shrine
 With scarf so rustling, and with band so neat!
 Bless’d with such brethren and their converse
 sweet,

Like them politely pray, devoutly dine.’

Pardon me, dame; for Competence benign
 (Heaven-sent at last) now favours my retreat,

Leads me to where Content sedately gay,
 Her favourite sister, my free step attends:

Hark! she repeats the Pontic exile’s lay¹,
 Bids me enjoy the boon, kind Fortune lends,
 Of Envy void, while Time slidles soft away,
 And from my equals only cull my friends.

¹ *Vive sine invidia, mollesque inglorius annos
 Exige, amicitias et tibi junge pares.*

OVID *Trist.* lib. iii. eleg. iv. p. 42.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND THE
BISHOP OF LICHFIELD AND COVENTRY,
PREFIXED TO THE DRAMATIC POEM OF CARACTACUS, WHEN
ALTERED FOR STAGE REPRESENTATION.

Aston, Nov. 12, 1776.

STILL let my Hurd a smile of candour lend
To scenes that dared on Grecian pinions tower,
When, 'in low Thurcaston's sequester'd
bower',

He praised the strain, because he loved the friend :
There golden Leisure did his steps attend,
Nor had the rare, yet well weigh'd call of
Power

To those high cares decreed his watchful hour,
On which fair Albion's future hopes depend¹.
A fate unlook'd for waits my friend and me;

He pays to Duty what was Learning's claim,
Resigning classic ease for dignity;

I yield my Muse to Fashion's praise or blame :
Yet still our hearts in this great truth agree,
That peace alone is bliss, and virtue fame.

TO A VERY YOUNG PAINTER.

WHEN Genius first on Attic walls display'd
His imitative powers, four simple hues
Were all that great Apelles deign'd to use² :
With these combined he to each eye convey'd,

¹ See the conclusion of Elegy III.

² He was then Preceptor to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York.

³ See Plinii Nat. Hist. lib. xxxv. cap. 15, the pigments he enumerates were black, white, yellow, and red, as appears

By magic force of colouring light and shade,
 His miracles of Grace; while every Muse
 Attun'd her lyre, impatient to diffuse
 His fame in vivid verse that scorns to fade:
 These then, ingenuous boy, alone prepare;
 From these all Nature's tints arrange with care;
 With these produce each shadow, light, and line,
 And, while they all thy mix'd attention share,
 Chastely to paint, correctly to design,
 Deem but one art, and let that art be thine.

from the following passage, 'Quatour coloribus solis immortalia opera illa fecere; ex albis, Melino; ex silaceis, Attico; ex rubris, Sinopide Pontica; ex nigris, Atramento;' Apelles, Echiôn, Melanthius, Nicomachus, Clarissimi Pictores; quam tabulæ eorum singulæ oppidorum vinirent opibus.

The authority of my late excellent friend Sir Joshua Reynolds fully supports the latter piece of advice, who, in his second Discourse to the Pupils of the Royal Academy (see page 54, 8vo. edition), says, 'What therefore I wish to impress upon you is this, that whenever an opportunity offers you may paint your studies instead of drawing them. This will give you such a facility in using colours that they will arrange themselves under the pencil, even without the attention of the hand that conducts it. If one art excluded the other, this advice could not, with any propriety, be given; but if painting comprises both drawing and colouring, and if by a short struggle of resolute industry the same expedition is attainable in painting, as in drawing on paper, I cannot see what objection can justly be made to the practice, or why that should be done in parts which may be done altogether.'

Let me add from myself, that I suspect the use of a multiplicity of pigments, and the prohibition of the pencil (hereafter to be the artist's principal instrument), till the portorayon has been first long and sedulously employed, have frequently been great impediments to the progress of young artists, especially of those who are endowed by nature with an inventive faculty.

TO GEORGÉ BUSSY VILLIERS,
 EARL OF JERSEY, ETC. ETC.
 AND GEORGE SIMON HARCOURT,
 EARL HARCOURT, ETC. ETC.

York, Dec. 11, 1786.

YE generous pair, who held the Poet dear,
 Whose blameless life my friendly pen portrays,
 Accept, with that combined, his latest lays,
 While still young Fancy sports in diction clear;
 And may propitious Fate their merit bear
 To times, when Taste shall weave the wreaths
 of praise
 By modes disdain'd in these fantastic days;
 Such wreaths as classic heads were proud to wear.
 But if no future ear applauds his strain,
 If mine alike to Lethe's lake descends,
 Yet, while aloof, on Memory's buoyant main,
 The gale of Fame your genuine worth extends,
 Still shall our names this fair distinction gain,
 That Villiers and that Harcourt call'd us friends.

ANNIVERSARY.

FEB. 23, 1795.

A PLAINTIVE Sonnet flow'd from Milton's pen,
 When Time had stolen his three and twentieth
 year¹:
 Say, shall not I then shed one tuneful tear,
 Robb'd by the thief of threescore years and ten?

¹ Alluding to the seventh Sonnet of Milton, beginning,
 How soon bath Time, the subtle thief of youth, &c.

No! for the foes of all life-lengthen'd men,
 Trouble and toil, approach not yet too near;
 Reason, meanwhile, and health, and memory
 dear
 Hold unimpair'd their weak, yet wonted reign:
 Still round my shelter'd lawn I pleased can
 stray;
 Still trace my silvan blessings to their spring:
 Being of Beings! Yes, that silent lay,
 Which musing Gratitude delights to sing,
 Still to thy sapphire throne shall Faith convey,
 And Hope, the Cherub of unwearied wing.

ANNIVERSARY.

FEB. 23, 1796.

IN the long course of seventy years and one,
 Oft have I known on this, my natal day,
 Hoar frost, and sweeping snow prolong their
 sway,
 The wild winds whistle, and the forests groan;
 But now spring's smile has veil'd stern winter's
 frown;
 And now the birds on every budding spray
 Chant orisons, as to the morn of May:
 With them all fear of season's change is flown;
 Like them I sing, yet not, like them beguiled,
 Expect the vernal bloom of youth to know:
 But, though such hope be from my breast exiled,
 I feel warm Piety's superior glow,
 And, as my winter, like the year's, is mild,
 Give praise to Him from whom all mercies flow.

² See Psalm xc. ver. 10.

TO
THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER,

SENT TO HIM WITH THE PRECEDING SONNET.

Aston, Feb. 23, 1796.

WHAT! when the step of even-footed time
Has led me one and seventy years along,
Dare I attempt a second birthday song,
And bid it tinkle in Petrarchian chime?
Shall I, impeded by the knots of rhyme,
Venture to shoot the warp of verse among
My blunted shuttle? Be it right or wrong,
I'll try, yet keep from pathos or sublime;
For Hurd, the critic of my youthful lay,
And yet Right Reverend Censor, cries 'Forbear!
Age should avoid, like Infancy, to play
With pointed tools; a Sonnet once a year,
Or so, my nod permits thee to essay.'
Duteous I bow, yet think the doom severe.

OCCASIONED BY

A LATE ATTACK

ON THE

PRESENT TASTE OF ENGLISH GARDENS.

WHEN two Arcadian squires¹ in rhyme and prose
Prick'd forth to spout that *dilettanti* lore
Their *Ciceronis* long had threadbare wore,
Taste from his polish'd lawn indignant rose,

¹ This epithet is rather hazarded, but if they be not *Pastori d' Arcadi*, they ought to be so, for they are most certainly *Ar-
cades ambo*.

And cried, 'as pedants are true Learning's foes,
 So, when true Genius ventures to restore
 To Nature scenes that Fashion marr'd before,
 These travel'd *cognoscenti* interpose
 And prate of Picturesqueness',—Let them
 prate
 While to my genuine votaries I assign
 The pleasing task from her too rustic state
 To lead the willing Goddess; to refine,
 But not transform, her charm, and at her shrine
 Bid Use with Elegance obsequious wait.'

TO A GRAVEL WALK,

RELATIVE TO THE PRECEDING SUBJECT.

Aston, Nov. 27, 1795.

SMOOTH, simple path! whose undulating line,
 With sidelong tufts of flowery fragrance
 crown'd, [ground;
 'Plain in its neatness', spans my garden
 What, though two acres thy brief course confine,
 Yet sun and shade, and hill and dale are thine,
 And use with beauty here more surely found
 Than where, to spread the picturesque around,
 Cart ruts and quarry holes their charms combine¹!

¹ Had Dr. Johnson heard this word used, he would certainly have said, 'Sir, the term is *cacophonous*.'

² A phrase that Milton uses to express *simplex munditiis*. See his translation of Hor. ode v. lib. 1. Mr. T. Warton, in his edition of Milton's Poems, criticises the expression. It is however Milton's, and, if it does not fully express Horace's meaning, seems to serve my purpose perfectly.

³ See Mr. Price's Description of a Picturesque Lane.

Here, as thou lead'st my step through lawn
 or grove,
 Liberal though limited, restrain'd though free,
 Fearless of dew, or dirt, or dust, I rove,
 And own those comforts all derived from thee!
 Take then, smooth path, this tribute of my love,
 Thou emblem pure of legal liberty!

OCCASIONED BY

A DIDACTIC POEM

ON THE

PROGRESS OF CIVIL SOCIETY.

OLD as I am, I yet have powers to sneer
 At him who dares debase the gold of Gray
 With his vile dross, and by such base allay
 Hope to buy off the critic's frown severe;
 Him too, whose page e'erwhile had dared appear
 With shameless front the symbols to display
 Of Pagan rites obscene, and thence convey
 Shame to each eye, profaneness to each ear.
 Methinks, through Fancy's tube, my friend I spy
 Throned on a cloud in yon ethereal plain,
 'Smiling in scorn;' methinks I hear him cry,
 'Prosaic Poetaster, cease to drain
 The filthy dregs of Epicurus' sty;
 They shall not mix with my nectarious strain!'

¹ What Mr. Gray thought and writ (see his *Detached Thoughts*, printed in his *Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 113, last edition), gives complete authority to this *prosopopæia*.

'The doctrine of Epicurus is ever ruinous to society. It had its rise when Greece was declining, and, perhaps, hastened its dissolution, as also that of Rome. It is now propagated in France and in England, and seems likely to produce the same effects in both.' May heaven avert, at least, the latter part of this presentiment formed above forty years ago!

Epitaphs and Inscriptions.

ON MRS. MASON,

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BRISTOL.

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:

Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave:

To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care

Her faded form: she bow'd to taste the wave,
And died. Does Youth, does Beauty read the line?

Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?

Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine:

Even from the grave thou shalt have power to
charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;

Bid them in Duty's sphere as meekly move;

And if so fair, from vanity as free;

As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.

Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die

('Twas even to thee), yet the dread path once
trod,

Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,

And bids 'the pure in heart behold their God.'

ON MISS DRUMMOND,

IN THE CHURCH OF BRODSWORTH, YORKSHIRE.

HERE sleeps what once was Beauty, once was
Grace;

Grace, that with tenderness and sense combined

To form that harmony of soul and face,

Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.

Such was the maid, that in the morn of youth,
In virgin innocence, in Nature's pride,
Bless'd with each art that owes its charm to truth,
Sunk in her Father's fond embrace, and died.
He weeps: Oh, venerate the holy tear:
Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load;
The parent mourns his child upon her bier,
The Christian yields an angel to his God.

ON JOHN DEALTRY, M. D.

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF YORK.

HERE o'er the tomb, where Dealtry's ashes sleep;
See Health¹, in emblematic anguish weep,
She drops her faded wreath; 'No more (she cries)
Let languid mortals, with beseeching eyes,
Implore my feeble aid: it fail'd to save
My own and Nature's guardian from the grave.'

ON MRS. TATTON,

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHENSHAW, IN CHESHIRE.

If e'er on earth true happiness were found,
'Twas thine, bless'd shade! that happiness to
prove;
A father's fondest wish thy duty crown'd,
Thy softer virtues fix'd a husband's love.

¹ This inscription alludes to the design of the sculpture, which is a figure of Health, with her ancient insignia, in alto relievo, dropping a chaplet on the side of a monumental urn.

Ah! when he led thee to the nuptial fane,
 How smiled the morning with auspicious rays!
 How triumph'd Youth, and Beauty, in thy train,
 And flattering Health that promised length of
 days! [your joy
 Heaven join'd your hearts. Three pledges of
 Were given, in thrice the years revolving
 round——
 Here, reader! pause; and own, with pitying eye,
 That 'not on earth true happiness is found.'

ON MR. GRAY,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

No more the Grecian Muse unrival'd reigns,
 To Britain let the nations homage pay;
 She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
 A Pindar's rapture from the lyre of Gray.

ON THOMAS FOUNTAYNE, ESQ.

ONLY SON OF THE DEAN OF YORK,

IN THE CHURCH OF MELTON, YORKSHIRE.

O, HERE, if ever, holy Patience, bend
 Thy duteous knee! the hand of Heaven revere!
 Here bid the father, mother, sister, friend
 In mute submission drop the Christian tear!
 Nor blame, that in the vernal noon of youth
 The buds of manly worth, whose opening bloom
 Had glow'd with honour, fortitude, and truth,
 Sunk in the' eternal winter of the tomb:

That he, whose form with health, with beauty
charm'd,

For whom fair Fortune's liberal feast was spread,
Whom science nurtured, bright example warm'd,
Was torn by lingering torture to the dead.

'Hark! (cries a voice that awes the silenced air)

The doom of man in my dread bosom lies;

Be yours a while to pace this vale of care,

Be his to soar with seraphs in the skies.'

ON LAUNCELOT BROWNE, ESQ¹.

IN THE CHURCH OF FEN-STANTON, HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

YE sons of Elegance, who truly taste

The simple charms which genuine Art supplies,
Come from the silvan scenes his Genius graced,

And offer here your tributary sighs:

But know, that more than Genius slumbers here;

Virtues were his that Art's best powers trans-
scend:

Come, ye superior train! who these revere,

And weep the Christian, Husband, Father,
Friend!

¹ This and the foregoing epitaph, with some others, come under that stricture, which Dr. Johnson has imposed on several of Mr. Pope's. The author knows, but despises it. Personal appellatives in Greek appear gracefully in the Anthologia. In English poetry they almost constantly induce an air of vulgarity. That species of criticism, therefore, which either in the verse or prose of any language, militates against what Horace calls its *jus et norma loquendi*, he holds to be futile. Besides this, when, on a monumental tablet, a prose inscription precedes (as is ever the modern mode) the verses, why should these be loaded with any unnecessary repetition?

ON A TRIPOD TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ. P. L.

IN THE PLEASURE GROUND OF EARL HARCOURT,
 NEWNAM, OXFORDSHIRE.

HARCOURT and Friendship this memorial raised
 Near to the oak where Whitehead oft reclined;
 Where all that Nature, robed by Art, displays
 With charms congenial sooth'd his polish'd
 mind,
 Let Fashion's votaries, let the sons of Fire¹
 The genius of that modest bard despise,
 Who bad Discretion regulate his lyre,
 Studious to please, yet scorning to surprise.
 Enough for him if those, who shared his love
 Through life, who virtue more than verse revere,
 Here pensive pause, when circling round the grove,
 And drop the heart-paid tribute of a tear.

UNDER A PICTURE

OF THE
EDITOR OF SHAKSPEARE'S MANUSCRIPTS.

1796.

PARODY.

FOUR forgers, born in one prolific age,
 Much critical *acumen* did engage.

¹ Alluding to an expression of his in his Charge to the Poets, which excited the rancour of Churchill, Lloyd, &c.

The first was soon by doughty Douglas scared,
Though Johnson would have screen'd him, had
 he dared¹;
The next² had all the cunning of a Scot;
The third³ invention, genius—nay, what not?
Fraud, now exhausted, only could dispense
To her fourth son their threefold impudence.

¹ When Lauder first produced his forgery respecting Milton, Dr. Johnson ushered it into the world by a preface, and afterwards writ Lauder's recantation. Some of his numerous biographers have endeavoured to prove the Doctor no party concerned; however this be, the virulence he afterwards showed to Milton in the Life which he writ of him for the booksellers leads fairly to support my assertion, that he would have defended Lauder had he been in any sort defensible.

² The translator of Fingal, Temora, &c.

³ The discoverer and transcriber of Rowley's Poems.

MISCELLANIES.

THE BIRTH OF FASHION.

An Epistolary Tale.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746, AND SENT TO A LADY WITH
HOLLAR'S HABITS OF ENGLISH WOMEN, PUBLISHED IN
THE FORMER CENTURY, 1650.

I WISH this verse may chance to come
Just as you dress for rout or drum;
If so, while Betty at your back
Or pins your gown¹, or folds your sacque,
Dear Madam, let me beg you place
These prints between yourself and glass,
To see the change in female dress
Made in a hundred years, or less.
' Sure, Sir, our grandames all were mad!
What vulgar airs the creatures had!

¹ The phrase at the time was *pinning a lady's tail*; but the young author was then too delicate to use it: and happy it was he did not; for the present nicer age would have thought him as indelicate as Lord Monboddoo. However, an excellent anecdote related of Mrs. Russel, bedchamber-woman to the late Princess Amelia, which is by many remembered (though not here related) will vindicate the authenticity of what was then the usual phrase to express the adjustment of a most material part of a lady's dress.

he awkward things—not half a waist;
 and that all frightfully unlaced—
 't's monstrous! what a shocking taste?²
 Just so indeed I did surmise
 You would not fail to criticise;
 Yet still I cannot help conceiving,
 One of these good dames was living
 And saw that five-yard hoop around ye,
 Her shrewd reflections might confound ye:
 But whatsoe'er her thoughts might be,
 They'd have but little weight with me;
 Or I opine, 'tis clear as light,
Whatever is in dress is right;
 The present is the test of taste,
 And awkward every thing that's pass'd:
 Thus we dislike, observe the proof,
 Both Anna's flounce and Bess's ruff;
 Yet there's a time the Muse pronounces,
 When hoops shall be like ruffs and flounces³.

² What a strange objection is here put into the lady's path! she finds fault with the women in Charles the First's time for having only half a waist; when every body knows, that to have no waist at all is the true criterion of female elegance. As to lacing, who now could imitate the Venus de Medicis, or any other fine antique, that admitted so gothic a ornament?

³ Part of the prophecy seems to have been fulfilled, so far at least as *starched* ruffs go, though the male (I rather call them so than the masculine) followers of Fashion have found a mode of adding to the size of their own necks not quite so picturesque; and the ladies have, occasionally in their morning shabbies, condescended to imitate them. As to flounces, they have extended their dominion even to bed curtains and hangings of rooms: this, I suppose out of charity to the insect tribe, for whom they afford a general and most convenient hus.

For in a uniform progression
 Each mode a moment takes possession
 Of Beauty's throne, and fills the place,
 Attended by each charm and grace;
 Yet, when deposed by some new fashion,
 The charms and graces keep their station,
 And on the next throned whimsey wait
 With all the selfsame form and state.
 So, at Culloden's furious fray
 Had Charley's broad swords won the day,
 Which, Heaven be thank'd, was not the case,
 Some statesmen still had kept their place,
 And many wights, I name no names,
 Who swore to George, had sworn to James⁴.
 This granted, it no longer strange is,
 That Fashions in their various changes,
 Though e'er so odd and out of the way,
 Should reign with universal sway.
 For why—whatever mode takes place,
 'Tis just the same in point of grace.
 A tale like Prior or Fontaine
 Will make the thing extremely plain.

Cyprus was once, the learn'd agree,
 The Vauxhall of antiquity:
 Her myrtle groves and laurel shades
 Echo'd with constant serenades,
 And Grecian belles, that look'd as pretty,
 And moved as graceful as Aurette⁵,
 With Grecian beaux the livelong day,
 Or led the dance, or tuned the lay.

* This bold assertion, I take for granted, was made me on hearsay evidence. Readers at the present time will be able to judge whether that evidence was founded on truth.

⁵ A celebrated opera dancer then in vogue.

Bless'd place! and how could it be other,
 Where all were ruled by Cupid's mother?
 Nay, 'tis affirm'd, the Queen in person
 Would oft partake of the diversion;
 And then incog. for fear of scandal,
 And lest her pranks might give a handle
 To Pallas, and such sour old maids;
 So, when she visited the shades,
 She wisely laid aside the goddess,
 And dress'd in round-ear'd cap and boddice⁶.
 One day, thus mask'd, she took her way

Along the margin of the sea,
 Where in a creek (convenient spot)
 The seanymps had contrived a grot.
 As here she sat and humm'd a song,
 She saw a boat row smooth along,
 Ah! what a lovely freight it bore!
 A youth of eighteen years or more,
 Whose polish'd brow and rosy cheek,
 Love-glistening eye and graceful neck,
 With locks that wanton'd in the wind,
 Brought all Adonis to her mind!
 Yet not like that rough woman-hater;
 No, he was half a petit-maitre;
 For dress improved his native bloom,
 Dress fit for any drawingroom,
 All Tyrian silk and silver tissue.
 Well, he arrived, and mark the issue—
 He bow'd, saluted, praised the dame,
 Said civil things, confess'd his flame.

I suspect that the young author now, and before in this
 episode, took his idea of female shape and beauty from Field-
 ing's description of Fanny in his *Adventures of Joseph An-*
drews; an idea which, compared with what it is now, was in
 that author as absurd as in himself.

She chose to go—He begg'd she'd stay;
 But begg'd with such a winning way,
 Was all so pressing, and so fervent,
 So much her poor expiring servant,
 That, need I say, he won the dame.
 Here, Muse, to give no cause for blame,
 We'll drop the curtain, and agree
 To sing a harmless *Hyménée*.

O! shower, ye crimson roses, shower
 Perfumes ambrosial where they lie,
 With clouds of fragrance veil the bower,
 Thick veil from each intruding eye.
 Blow soft, ye Zephyrs

—————Hark, a noise !

What malice interrupts their joys?
 O heavens! the darling youth is fled:
 She grasps a meteor in his stead.
 A lion pawing o'er the plain,
 Now 'rampant shakes his brindled mane,'
 And now a stream meandering laves
 The golden sand, now joins the waves'.
 What shall affrighted Venus do?
 The youth was Proteus; see him now
 Resume his form marine again,
 And rise from out the circling main,
 Encircled with his scaly train!
 'Tis not (he cried, and archly smiled)
 The first good time you've been beguiled;

⁷ Though I do not find it on the margin of the original **MS.**
 the author had an eye to Virgil in the peculiar change ~~the~~ ^{the}
 mock lover employs:

————— Ille suæ contra non immemor artis,
 Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum,
Ignemque horribilem feram, fluviumque liquentem.
Georg. lib. iv. ver. 440.

So, lovely goddess, wipe your eye,
And listen to my prophecy:
Know, 'tis decreed, you soon shall bear
A daughter, preordain'd to share
The various powers we have between us,
And change like Proteus, please like Venus:
With gods she'll have some hard Greek name,
But Fashion men will call the dame.'

This said, he plunged beneath the flood;
The goddess prudently thought good
To hush the matter up, and hie
To private lodgings in the sky;
And oft, though Juno begg'd she'd come
To Mount Olympus to her drum^a,
Yet she refused; would ne'er be seen,
But had the headach, nerves, and spleen^b.

I doubt if any modern knows
How many months a goddess goes;
But 'tis enough, the reckoning ended,
The babe was born, the mother mended:
Nor shall I spend much vain description
To show she hit her sire's prediction;
For to a lady learn'd as you
All history will prove it true:
Yet if you had but less discerning,
The Muse might here show monstrous learning;
Describe in Greece what tricks she play'd,
And how she taught each Spartan maid

^a This is the second time we meet with this obsolete word, yet it will serve with many others in the poem to ascertain its exact chronology.

^b Spleen—another obsolete word. *Nerves*, however, obtains still most vehemently, though, perhaps, it may in time give place to spasms, whatever the author of *Zoonomia* may say of their nonexistence.

To show her legs (ingenious thought)
 By well chose slits in petticoat,
 Which, did she run, or dance, or stoop,
 Reveal'd as much as any hoop.
 Then might she soar on Roman wing,
 Of Stola and of Palla sing;
 With critic nicety explore
 What kind of hoods their matrons wore;
 How broad Lucretia's tucker spread;
 How Ovid's Julia dress'd her head,
 And better ascertain these matters
 Than all the herd of commentators.
 Next might she by due steps advance
 To modern scenes; and first to France;
 France is her citadel, and there
 The goddess keeps her arms and car¹⁰.
 And thence she sends her viceroy apes
 To form our uncouth English shapes.
 Here Pegasus might run his race
 O'er Mecklin and o'er Brussels lace:
 Here might he take Pindaric bounces
 O'er floods of furbelows and flounces;
 Gallop on lutestring plains, invade
 The thick-wove groves of rich brocade,
 And leap o'er whalebone's stiff barrier¹¹,
 — But here I bridle his career,
 And sagely think it more expedient
 To sign myself your most obedient.

¹⁰ Here the boy pedant comes again from his Virgil wit

————— Hic illius arma

Hic Currus fuit.

Æneis, lib. i. ver. 20.

¹¹ Whalebone and brocade, equally exploded articles.

IL BELLICOSO¹.

HENCE, dull lethargic Peace;
 Born in some hoary beadsman's cell obscure,
 Or in Circean bower,
 Where Manhood dies, and Reason's vigils cease.
 Hie to congenial climes;
 Prolong some Eastern tyrant's downy reign,
 Or on Italian plain,
 Mid citron shades and myrtle-vested bowers,
 Lull thine ambrosial hours,

And wed enervate trills to tinkling rhymes.
 But rouse, thou God, by furies dress'd
 In helm with terror-plumed crest,
 In adamantine steel bedight,
 Glistening formidably bright,
 With step unfix'd, and aspect wild,
 Jealous Juno's raging child,
 Who thee conceived in Flora's bower,
 By touch of rare Olenian flower².
 Oft the goddess sigh'd in vain,
 Envyng Jove's prolific brain,

¹ This very juvenile imitation of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* of Milton, and that which follows it, were written some time previous to that of the *Lycidas*. A copy of the above was many years ago surreptitiously printed in a magazine, and afterwards inserted in *Pearson's Miscellany*. On this account, I thought it right to revise and now publish it (1797). The counterpart to it was, with my assent, first printed in the *Cambridge Verses on the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle*; and stands here as it did formerly.

² So called from Olenas, a city in Peloponnesus, where, according to Ovid, this flower first grew. The story is told by him in his *Fasti*, lib. v. ver. 231.

And oft old Ocean heard her moan,
Bending from his coral throne;
At length through Flora's groves she stray'd,
Kind Flora lent her fragrant aid;
Then fruitful grown, her ivory car
With harness'd peacocks cut the air,
And, circling wide Propontis round,
She lands at length on Thracian ground;
There teems thee forth, of nervous mould,
Haughty, sanguine, fierce, and bold;
Names thee Mars, and bids thee call
The world from Pleasure's silken thrall.
Come, thou Genius of the War,
Roll me in thine iron car,
And as thy coursers pierce the sky,
Breathing fury as they fly,
Let Courage hurry swift before,
All stain'd around with purple gore,
And Victory follow close behind
With wreath of palm and laurel join'd,
While high in ether Fame assumes
Her place, and waves her eagle plumes.
Then, whilst her trumpet swells the note
Roaring rough through brazen throat,
Let drums with many a beat maintain
The measure of the martial strain;
Hautboys, clarions too be found,
Nor be miss'd the fife's shrill sound,
Nor yet the Scottish bagpipes' strain,
Dear delight of Highland swain;
Whether on some mountain's brow,
Now squeaking high, now droning low,
It guides the steps of many a lass
Tripping it featly on the grass;

Or whether in the battle's fray
Some ancient Caledonian lay
It boldly blows, to fill the train
With fury mix'd with proud disdain,
Strike every fire from every mind,
Nor leave one latent spark behind.
Bear me now to tented ground,
Where gallant streamers wave around,
And British ensigns, wide display'd,
Lend the earth a scarlet shade,
And pikes, and spears, and lances bright
Dart around a silver light;
There to join the hardy crowd,
As they sport in gamesome mood,
Wrestling on the circled ground,
Wreathing limbs with limbs around;
Or see them pitch the massy bar,
Or teach the disk to whiz in air.
Then, at night's return, regale
With chat full blunt, and chirping ale,
While some voice of manly bass
Sings my darling Chevy Chase;
How the child, that's yet unborn,
May rue Earl Percy's hound and horn;
How Witherington, in doleful dumps,
Fought right valiant on his stumps;
And many a knight and squire full gay
At morn or night were clad in clay;
While first and last, we join to sing,
'God prosper long our noble king.'
Thus till midnight spreads around
Her sable vestments o'er the ground,
Then I'll for a studious seat
To some strong citadel retreat,

By ditch and rampart high ypent,
And battery strong, and battlement.
There in some store-room, richly dight
With coats of mail and falchions bright,
Emblazon'd shields of impress quaint,
Erst borne at tilt and tournament;
There, while the taper burneth blue
(As Brutus once was wont to do),
Let me turn the ample page
Of some grave historic sage;
Or in Homer's sacred song,
Mix the Grecian bands among,
Or list to Virgil's epic lyre,
Or lofty Lucan's wrapp'd in fire,
But rather still let Shakspeare's muse
Her genuine British flame diffuse;
And briskly with her magic strain
Hurry me to Gallic plain,
What time the gallant Talbot bleeds,
Or when heaven-prosper'd Harry leads
His bands, with sevenfold courage steel'd,
To Agincourt's immortal field.
Yet soon as morn begins to spread
The orient pale with streaming red,
And the shrill cornets from afar
Stoutly swell the note of war;
Then, as the' embattled files advance,
O Mars! my every thought entrance.
Guide me, thou terrific god!
Guide through glory's arduous road,
While Conquest, with gigantic pace,
Stalks before and shakes his mace;
While hailing bullets round me fly,
And human thunders rend the sky,

With armour clanking, clarions sounding,
Cannons bellowing, shouts rebounding,
‘ Guide me, thou terrific god!
Guide through glory’s arduous road.’
But, should on land thy triumphs cease,
Still bear me from the scenes of peace;
Me lead, dread power! for warlike sport
To some wave-encircled fort,
Or, if it yield more open sight,
To some hoar promontory’s height,
Whose high arch’d cliff, with bending brow,
Frowns on the foaming surge below;
There eagerly to ken from far
All the burst of naval war,
And glow with sympathetic rage
While the’ embattled fleets engage,
And every distant shore rebounds
To their cannons’ rattling sounds;
When the sulphurous fireship rends,
And thousand deaths around her sends,
And limbs dissever’d, hurl’d on high,
Smoke amid the’ affrighted sky.
But, while I gaze, if envious night
Shuts the grand prospect from my sight,
Still let thy votary hear from far
The sound of elemental war,
Hark to the distant thunder’s roll,
Nor, till its last concluding growl,
Permit dull Morpheus to apply
His leaden finger to my eye;
And then, even then, let Fancy’s power
Exhaust her visionary store,
To paint some mighty city’s state
Besieged, and nodding to its fate;

Above whose heaven-devoted fanes
Portentous comets sweep their trains,
And vultures, fierce in marshal'd flight,
With beaks and claws wage bloody fight;
And armed knights, a ghostly crowd,
Prick forth from every opening cloud
With blazing swords of portent dire,
And minute glares of meteor fire;
Such erst as shot their livid gleam
Down on besieged Jerusalem,
Or hung o'er Rome e'er Julius fell;
And, if old sages truly spell,
Are dread prognostics that foreshow
Convulsions in our realms below.
And when at last old creeping age
Freezes the current of my rage,
Let me retire amidst a troop
Of invalids, a veteran group,
Bereft of some main limb by war,
Or justly proud to show the scar
They gain'd, when fighting in the cause
Of Albion's liberty and laws;
With these full cheerly I'll retire,
To circle round a seacoal fire,
Hear them their past campaigns recite
Of Vigo's sack and Blenheim fight.
And, when my children round me throng,
The same brave themes shall grace my tongue,
To teach them, should fair England need
Their blood, 'tis theirs to wish to bleed;
And, as I speak, behold them glow,
And flash their eye, and knit their brow;
While I, with heartfelt bliss elate,
Sit proudly in paternal state,

Gaze on each half-form'd warrior face,
And all their future fortunes trace;
That this, my ruddy, firstborn boy
On land his Sovereign shall employ;
The next o'er Ocean's wide domain
Boldly assert Britannia's reign,
And firm in freedom's cause advance
The scourge of slavery and of France.
These delights if Mars afford,
Mars! with thee I whet my sword.

IL PACIFICO.

HENCE, pestilential Mars,
Of sable-vested Night and Chaos bred,
On matter's formless bed,
Mid the harsh din of elemental jars:
Hence with thy frantic crowd,
Wing'd Flight, pale Terror, Discord clothed in fire,
Precipitate retire;
While mad Bellona cracks her snaky thong,
And hurries headlong on, [flood.
To Acheron's brink and Phlegethon's flaming
But hail, fair Peace, so mild and meek,
With polish'd brow and rosy cheek,
That, on thy fleece-white cloud descending,
Hither, soft-eyed queen, art tending,
Gently o'er thy favourite land
To wave thy genial myrtle wand:

To shake from off thy turtle wing
The' ambrosial dews of endless spring;
Spring, like that which poets feign,
Gilded Saturn's easy reign:

For Saturn's first-born daughter thou;
Unless, as later bards avow,
The youthful god with spangled hair
Closely clasp'd Harmonia fair:
For, banish'd erst Heaven's star-paved floor
(As sings my legendary lore),
As Phœbus sat by weeping brook,
With shepherd's scrip and shepherd's crook,
Pensive midst a savage train
(For savage then was all the plain),
Fair Harmonia left her bower,
To join her radiant paramour:
Hence didst thou spring; and at thy birth
Lenient zephyrs fann'd the earth,
Rumbling thunders growl'd no more,
Prowling wolves forgot to roar,
And man, whom fiercer rage possess'd,
Smiled dissension from his breast.
She comes, she comes: ye Nymphs, prepare
Gay floral wreaths to bind your hair;
Ye swains, inspire the mellow flute
To dulcet strains, which aptly suit
The featly footed saraband
Of Phillis trim and Marian bland,
When nimbly light each simpering lass
Trips it o'er the pliant grass.
But see, her social smiling train
Now invests the' enraptured plain!
Plenty's pleasure-teeming horn
Showers its fruits, its flowers, its corn;
Commerce spreads her amplest sail;
Strong-nerved Labour lifts his flail,
Sylvanus too attends ('tis he
That bears the root-pluck'd cypress tree),

He shall my youngling footsteps lead
Through tufted lawn and fringed mead,
By scooped valley, heaped hill,
Level river, dancing rill,
Where the shepherds all appear,
To shear and wash their fleecy care,
Which bleating stand the streams around,
And whiten all the close-cropp'd ground:
Or when the maids in bonnets sheen
Cock the hay upon the green;
Or up yon steep rough road the swains
Drive slow along their rolling wains
(Where laughing Ceres crowns the stack,
And makes the ponderous axle crack),
Then to the village on the hill,
The barn's capacious jaws to fill,
Where the answering flails rebound
Beating bold with thundering sound.
Enchanted with this rural scene,
Here let me weave my arborets green:
Here arch the woodbine, mantling neat
O'er my noontide cool retreat;
Or bind the oak with ivy-twine;
Or wed the elm and purpling vine.
But if my vagrant fancy pants
For charms that simple nature wants,
Grant, Power benign, admittance free
To some ranged academy:
There to give to arts refined
All the impulse of my mind;
And oft observant take my stand
Where the painter's magic hand
From sketches rude, with gradual art,
Calls dawning life to every part,

Till, with nice tints all labour'd high,
Each starting hero meets the eye:
Oft too, oh! let me nice inspect
The draughts of justest architect:
And hence delighted let me pass,
Where others mould the ductile brass;
Or teach the Parian stone to wear
A letter'd sage's musing air.
But ah! these Arts have fix'd their home
In Roman or in Gallic dome:
Though strange beseems, that Arts should spread
Where frowns black Slavery's baleful shade;
And stranger far that Arts decay
Where Freedom deals her warmest ray.
This then denied; I'll swift retreat,
Where Camus winds with murmur sweet:
There teach me, piercing Locke, to' explore
The busy mind's ideal store;
There, heaven-rapt Newton, guide my way
Mid rolling worlds, through floods of day,
To mark the vagrant comet's road,
And through his wonders trace the God.
Then, to unbend my mind, I'll roam
Amid the cloister's silent gloom:
Or, where ranged oaks their shades diffuse,
Hold dalliance with my darling Muse,
Recalling oft some heaven-born strain,
That warbled in Augustan reign;
Or turn, well pleased, the Grecian page,
If sweet Theocritus engage;
Or blithe Anacreon, mirthful wight,
Caroll his easy love-lay light.
Yet let not all my pleasure lie
Confined to one Phœbeian joy;

But ever give my fingers wings
Lightly to skim the trembling strings,
And from some bower to tune the lay,
While listening birds crowd every spray,
Or, hovering silent o'er my head,
Their quivering wings exulting spread;
Save but the turtles, they alone,
With tender plaintive faithful moan,
Shall tell, to all the secret grove,
Their soft thick-warbled tale of love:
Sweet birds! your mingling bliss pursuing,
Ever billing, ever cooing,
Ye! constant pair! I love to note
Your hoarse strain gurgling in your throat;
And, ye unheard, from sidelong hills
The liquid lapse of whispering rills,
I hst to hear: such sounds diffuse
Sweet transports to the thoughtful Muse.
Thus Summer sees me brisk and light,
'Till Winter spreads her 'kerchief white;
Then to the city's social walls,
Where tolling clock to business calls.
There the weaver's shuttle speeds
Nimbly through the fine-spun threads:
There the vocal anvil rings,
While the smith his hammer swings;
And every man and every boy
Briskly join in warm employ.
Through such throng'd scenes full oft I'll range,
Oft crowd into the rich Exchange:
Or to yon wharf, aside the mote,
Where the anchor'd ships do float,
And others, hastening into bay,
Swell their sails in fair array:

Wafting to Albion's sons the store,
 That each Peruvian mine can pour;
 Wafting to Albion's smiling dames
 The ruby's glow, the diamond's flames,
 Till all the Indies rush into the Thames.
 Joys vast as these my fancy claims;
 And joys like these, if Peace inspire,
 Peace, with thee I string the lyre.

AN EPISTOLARY ADDRESS

To the Author's Father.

SENT FROM LONDON IN THE YEAR 1746.

Surgat in officium venerandi Musa Parentis.
 MILTONUS ad Patrem.

HERE pause, fair Fancy¹, in thy flowery way
 The varied verse, the imitative lay
 Reject awhile; discard each fabling dream;
 Paternal praise be now thy nobler theme;
 And if the Muse, who through the realms of song
 Gave Pope, now mute, to lead the tuneful throng,
 In whose warm heart with mingling fervour shone
 The glowing Poet and the tender Son,
 His duteous heart and filial feelings pour
 Through every artless line; I ask no more.
 Enough for me, if he, whose name I bear,
 With wonted candour bend his partial ear;

¹ Alluding to Musæus and the two foregoing imitations of Milton, which the Author was then composing, but had not quite finished.

Enough, if he who always loved to blend
Advice with smiles, the father with the friend,
Accept the verse, how vain soe'er it prove,
Which aims to pay its tribute to the love,
That ever bless'd me since my course began.
From tender childhood to the dawn of man;
Nor in that course did e'er one boon refuse,
A son might ask, and innocence might use.

Can I forget, when first my infant ear
Caught each new melody it chanced to hear,
How prompt to foster seeds that nature sow'd,
A master skill'd his generous care bestow'd,
To teach how concord and how discord meet,
And form one strain methodically sweet?

Alike when active Fancy tried to trace
The rural landscape or impassion'd face,
How to my aid he brought each written rule,
And free design of Painting's various school?

How, when my thoughts first flow'd in tink-
ling chime, [rhyme,
He smooth'd the verse, reform'd each faulty
Nor check'd the Muse, just waking, in the strain,
Lest love of verse should quench the love of gain,
But smiled assenting, fann'd the kindling fire,
And sunk the critic in the partial sire?

Much thanks for these; for arts like these
have power

To grace the cheerful, sooth the pensive hour.
These shall dispense their calm yet lively joys,
When study pauses, or when business cloy;
Nor one dull hour drawl sullenly along,
While paint can please, or harmony, or song.

Through graver science now my steps to guide,
As years advance, see Margaret's dome supplied,

Her arching cloisters and her glimmering groves,
All study claims, all contemplation loves
Are amply given; and, if I wish for more,
The town expands, and, Thames, thy splendid
shore!

Here free to rove, here feast my mind and eyes,
'Here catch the manners living as they rise,'
Here men with books impartially compare,
Learn what they should be, smile at what they are;
For Vanity, the world's despotic queen,
Ere we can know her truly, must be seen;
And if plain sense her steady glass supplies,
The more we see, the more we shall despise.

Permit me then, my Sire, awhile to view,
Through that clear perspective, her motley crew;
Nor fear thy son, by Fashion's frippery smit,
Should shun the Christian and pursue the Wit:
But sated quite, relinquishing with joy
Those vain delights that soon as tasted cloy;
Each passion cool'd, that boils the tide of youth,
Each error purged, that dims the sight of truth,
O! may no wish for more his bosom own,
But all his manners speak him all thy son.

For, know, each academic duty paid,
Soon will he haste to his paternal shade;
There, fraught (great task) with Reason's nerve
to tame

That hydra of the soul, the thirst of fame:
His youthful breast, by years mature refined,
May shine the mirror of thy blameless mind;
And, free from public, as domestic strife,
Slide through the tranquil stream of private life;
Yet, still alive to every social call,
Glow with that charity which feels for all.

There too to truths divine may he aspire,
Wing'd and conducted by his practised Sire:
Pursue his flight, upborne on Faith's strong plume,
Nor fear of youthful Icarus the doom,
From Falsehood's maze saved by his guiding clue,
Rise as he rises, keep him still in view,
The Minotaur of Vice beneath him hurl'd,
And scaped that worst of labyrinths, the World.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE CAM,

1746.

To court, in May's mild month, the Muse
Along the sedgy bank I stray'd,
Where slow-paced Cam his course pursues
Amid the daisy-painted mead.

High o'er my head the solar sphere
Flung far and wide his sparkling beams;
His sparkling beams as bright appear
Reflected from the silver streams.

Below each languid Zephyr died,
Each slender reed forgot to play,
Without a rill the even tide
Slided silently away.

Yet, from its surface to its base,
So clear the crystal fluid spread,
My gazing eye, distinct could trace
The finny inmates of its bed.

At length the Muse her votary join'd,
With me the busy scene she view'd,
And, fancy waking in my mind,
A flow of numbers thus ensued.

' See, how those rose-finn'd perch delight
High as the' incumbent air to glide,
Each leaf each straw their chase excite,
That buoyant sail along the tide.

' On Learning's surface thus the youth
Too oft devotes each precious hour,
For modern whim scorns ancient truth,
And quits the fruit, to smell the flower.

' But hark! I heard a bubbling noise,
How quick yon trout pursued a fly!
Yet see! the nimble insect plies
His wing, and safe ascends the sky.

' Say, Muse! to what shall we compare
The scaly fool's successless aim?
'Tis thus that all deluded are
Who merely act or write for fame.

' See far below, yon eel conceal'd
In mud its circling volume leads,
Now through the water half reveal'd,
Now tangled in a grove of reeds;

' So fares the man who, gravely vain,
Through each profound of Learning wande
Scruples and doubts perplex his brain
In long and intricate meanders.

' There too a half-gorged pike appears,
Whose maw or frogs or gudgeons sate,
After a labouring length of years,
Such is the musty pedant's fate.

' But see, its height and depth between,
Yon scaly tribe or pause or play,
Now hanging in the fluid scene,
Now straying as its currents stray;

' Their course no straws divert above,
No mud or reeds obstruct below,
Freely their oary fins they move,
As nature dictates, swift or slow.

' So through life's current let me glide,
Nor sink too low, nor rise too high;
Safe if Content my progress guide,
And golden Mediocrity.'

ISIS.

A Monologue¹.

Ω δέσινος

Τί ποτ' οὐ δὴ που

Εἶγ' ἀπισίουςαι, τοῖς βασιλείοι-

σιν ἐγούσι νόμοις,

Καὶ ἐν ἀφροσύνη καθιλάντες. SOPH. in Ant.

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly bright
The pointed crystals shot their trembling light,
From dripping moss where sparkling dewdrops
fell, [shell,
Where coral glow'd, where twined the wreathed

¹ It was originally entitled an Elegy; but the term is altered as not being written in alternate rhymes, which, since Mr. Gray's exquisite Elegy in the Country Churchyard, has generally obtained, and seems to be more suited to that species of poem.

Pale Isis lay; a willow's lowly shade
Spread its thin foliage o'er the pensive maid;
Closed was her eye, and from her heaving breast
In careless folds loose fell her zoneless vest;
While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow
In all the awful negligence of woe;
Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptured vase
Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all its grace;
Here, full with life, was heaven-taught Science
seen,

Known by the laurel wreath and musing mien:
There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace sedate
and bland [wand;
Swell'd the loud trump, and waved the olive
While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas
green

At well mark'd distance close the sacred scene.

On this the goddess cast an anxious look,
Then dropp'd a tender tear, and thus she spoke:
' Yes, I could once with pleased attention trace
The mimic charms of this prophetic vase;
Then lift my head, and with enraptured eyes
View on yon plain the real glories rise.
Yes, Isis! oft hast thou rejoiced to lead
Thy liquid treasures o'er yon favourite mead,
Oft hast thou stopp'd thy pearly car to gaze,
While every science nursed its growing bays:
While every youth, with Fame's strong impulse
fired,

Press'd to the goal, and at the goal untir'd
Snatch'd each celestial wreath to bind his brow,
The Muses, Graces, Virtues could bestow.

' E'en now fond Fancy leads the' ideal train,
And ranks her troops on Memory's ample plain;

See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
 See! Sidney, Raleigh, Hampden, Somers shine.
 See Hough superior to a tyrant's doom
 Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome.
 Each soul whom Truth could fire, or Virtue move,
 Each breast strong panting with its country's love,
 All that to Albion gave the heart or head,
 That wisely counsel'd, or that bravely bled,
 All, all appear; on me they grateful smile,
 The well earn'd prize of every virtuous toil,
 To me with filial reverence they bring,
 And hang fresh trophies o'er my honour'd spring.
 ' Ah! I remember well yon beechen spray,
 There Addison first tuned his polished lay;
 'Twas there great Cato's form first met his eye,
 In all the pomp of freeborn majesty.
 " My son (he cried), observe this mien with awe,
 In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw;
 The piercing notes shall strike each *British* ear,
 Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear;
 And, roused to glory by the nervous strain,
 Each youth shall spurn at Slavery's abject reign,
 Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
 And speak, and act, and bleed, in Freedom's
 cause."

The Hero spoke, the Bard assenting bow'd,
 The lay to liberty and Cato flow'd;
 While Echo, as she roved the vale along,
 Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman song.
 ' But ah! how stillness slept upon the ground,
 How mute Attention check'd each rising sound;
 Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,
 Scarce trill'd sweet Philomel her softest lay,
 When Locke walk'd musing forth; e'en now I view
 Majestic Wisdom throned upon his brow,

View Candour smile upon his modest cheek,
And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.
'Twas here the sage his manly zeal express'd,
Here stripp'd vain Falsehood of her gaudy vest;
Here Truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,
Ere long to burst in blessings on mankind;
Ere long to show to Reason's purged eye,
That "Nature's first best gift was liberty."

' Proud of this wondrous son, sublime I
stood

(While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood);
Then vain as Niobe exulting cried,
Ilissus! roll thy famed Athenian tide;
Though Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neighbour
ing glade,

Though fair Lycæum lent its awful shade,
Though every academic green impress'd
Its image full on thy reflecting breast,
Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,
And Britain's Isis flow with Attic fame.

' Alas! how changed! where now that Attic
boast?

See! Gothic Licence rage o'er all my coast.
See! Hydra Faction spread its impious reign,
Poison each breast, and madden every brain.
Hence frontless crowds that, not content to fright
The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,
Blast the fair face of day; and madly bold,
To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;
To Freedom's foes, ah! see the goblet crown'd!
Hear plausive shouts to Freedom's foes resound!
The horrid notes my reflux waters daunt,
The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;
Learning, that once to all diffused her beam,
Now sheds by stealth a partial private gleam

In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,
 Where a firm few support her sickly head;
 Despised, insulted by the barbarous train,
 Who scour, like Thracia's moon-struck rout, the
 plain,

Sworn foes like them to all the Muse approves,
 All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.

‘ Are these the sons my fostering breast must
 rear?

Graced with my name, and nurtured by my care,
 Must these go forth from my maternal hand
 To deal their insults through a peaceful land,
 And boast, while Freedom bleeds and Virtue
 groans

That “ Isis taught sedition to her sons?”
 Forbid it, heaven! and let my rising waves
 Indignant swell, and whelm the recreant slaves,
 In England's cause their patriot floods employ,
 As Xanthus deluged in the cause of Troy.
 Is this denied? Then point some secret way
 Where far far hence these guiltless streams may
 stray,

Some unknown channel lend, where nature spreads
 Inglorious vales and unfrequented meads;
 There, where a hind scarce tunes his rustic strain,
 Where scarce a pilgrim treads the pathless plain,
 Content I'll flow; forget that e'er my tide
 Saw yon majestic structures crown its side;
 Forget that e'er my rapt attention hung
 Or on the sage's or the poet's tongue,
 Calm and resign'd my humbler lot embrace,
 And pleased prefer oblivion to disgrace.’

PROTOGENES AND APELLES¹.

(ALTERED FROM PRIOR.)

WHEN poets wrote, and painters drew,
 As Nature pointed out the view;
 Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,
 To spoil the well proportion'd piece:
 And in our verse ere monkish rhymes
 Had jangled their fantastic chimes;
 Ere on the flowery land of Rhodes
 Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
 Who knew not much to paint or write,
 Nor cared to pray, nor dared to fight:
 Protogenes, historians note,
 Lived there, a burgess scot and lot;
 And, as old Pliny's writings show,
 Apelles did the same at Co.
 Agreed these points of time and place,
 Proceed we in the present case.

Piqued by Protogenes's fame,
 From Co to Rhodes Apelles came
 To see a rival and a friend,
 Prepare to censure or commend,
 Here to absolve, and there object,
 As art with candour might direct.

¹ The exquisite humour with which Prior has enlivened the plain tale which he took from Pliny, it is hoped, will not be much impaired by the following few alterations, attempted for no other purpose than to elucidate the original story which, it is thought, has not hitherto been perfectly understood; not from any defect in Pliny's narrative (as his last translator, M. Falconet, would make us believe), but from the blunder of the old Commentators, and the inattention of the latter to the whole passage. The alterations are printed in italics, and Prior's original lines at the bottom of the respective pages.

He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings,
 His servants follow with the things :
 Appears the governant of the house,
 For such in Greece were much in use;—
 If young or handsome, yea or no,
 Concerns not me or thee to know.

Does Squire Protopogenes live here?
 Yes, Sir, says she, with gracious air,
 And courtesy low; but just call'd out
 By lords peculiarly devout;
 Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow
 Our Venus, for the feast to-morrow,
 To grace the church: 'tis Venus day:
 I hope, Sir, you intend to stay
 To see our Venus: 'tis the piece
 The most renown'd throughout all Greece,
 So like the' original, they say;
 But I have no great skill that way.
 But, Sir, at six ('tis now past three)
 Dromo must take my master's tea.
 At six, Sir, if you please to come,
 You'll find my master, Sir, at home.

Tea, says a critic, big with laughter,
 Was found some twenty ages after:
 Authors, before they write, should read.
 'Tis very true;—but we'll proceed.

And, Sir, at present, would you please
 To leave your name?—Fair maiden, yes.
 Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
 But done. With one judicious stroke,
Apelles² delicately drew
A line retiring from the view,

² O'er the plain ground Apelles drew
 A circle regularly true. PRIOR.

*And, quick as sportmen draw their trigger,
Produced a fine fore-shorten'd figure.*

And will you please, sweetheart, said he,
To show your master this from me?

By it he presently will know
How painters write their names at Co.

He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and courtesying, Sir, she said,
I shall not fail to tell my master;
And, Sir, for fear of all disaster,
I'll keep it my own self:—safe bind,
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, Sir, as sure as key or lock——
Your servant, Sir——at six o'clock.

Again at six Apelles came;
Found the same prating civil dame.
Sir, that my master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear.
³*If in the sketch you chose to draw,
He found, you'll pardon me, a flaw—
And tried to make a nicer line,
You must not think the fault was mine;
For he, strange man! will have his way
(I'm sure I find it night and day).
And, when 'twas done, he bade me say,
Thus write the painters of this Isle:
Let those of Co remark the style.*

She said; and to his hand restored
The rival pledge, the missive board,

³ If, from the perfect line he found,
He has presumed to swell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus he order'd me to say. P.

*'Apelles saw a truer stroke,
 Now here, now there his own had broke;
 This gave the Artist a new hint,
 With pencil of a different tint,
 To trace, o'er both the lines together,
 A third, more elegant than either;
 And, by its subtle intersection,
 He brought the drawing to perfection.*

*The Coan now review'd the piece;
 And live, said he, the arts of Greece!
 Howe'er Protogenes and I
 May in our rival talents vie;
 Howe'er our works may have express'd
 Who truest drew, or colour'd best—
 When he beheld my flowing line,
 He found at least I could design,
⁵ But now I've made it quite complete;
 I trust 'twill cause us soon to meet.
 It did. Protogenes beheld
 The sketch, and own'd himself excell'd.
 Then to the port he ran in haste
 And clasp'd with friendly arms his guest.*

The dullest genius cannot fail
 To find the moral of my tale;
 That the distinguish'd part of men,
 With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
 Should in life's visit leave their name
 In characters, which may proclaim

⁴ Upon the happy line was laid
 Such obvious light, such easy shade
 That Paris' apple stood confess'd,
 Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast. P.

⁵ And from his artful round I grant
 That he with perfect skill can paint.
 Apelles view'd the finish'd piece. P.

That they with ardour strove to raise
 At once their arts and country's praise,
⁶ *And, free from envy, spleen, and spite,*
Took each their patriotic flight;
Like the two worthies of my story,
On mutual plumes, to mutual glory.

ODE OF CASIMIR TRANSLATED.

SWEET harp, of well framed box the vocal child!
 Here shalt thou hang on this tall poplar's spray,
 While ether smiles, and breezes mild
 Amid its pendant foliage play.
 Eurus shall here, but borne on softest wing,
 Whisper and pant thy warbling chords among,
 While pleased my careless limbs I fling
 On this green bank, and mark thy song——
 But lo! what sudden clouds veil the blue skies!
 What rushing sound of rain! Rise we with speed——
 Ah, always thus, ye light-wing'd joys,
 Ye fly, and ere possess'd are fled!

SONG OF HAROLD THE VALIANT⁷.

My ships to far Sicilia's coast
 Have row'd their rapid way,
 While in their van my well mann'd bark
 Spread wide her streamers gay.

⁶ And, in their working, took great care,
 That all was full, and round, and fair. P.

⁷ The original of this song is preserved in an old Icelandic Chronicle, called Knytlinga Saga. It was translated by Bartholinus into Latin, and from him into French by M. Mallet in his Introduction à l'Histoire de Dannemarck. Vol. II. page

Arm'd on the poop, myself a host,
 I seem'd in glory's orb to move—
 Ah, Harold! check the empty boast,
 A Russian maiden scorns thy love.

To fight the foe in early youth,
 I march'd to Drontheim's field;
 Numbers were theirs, but valour ours,
 Which forced that foe to yield.
 This right hand made their king a ghost:
 His youthful blood now stains the grove—
 Ah, Harold! check the empty boast,
 A Russian maiden scorns thy love.

Rough was the sea, and rude the wind,
 And scanty were my crew;
 Billows on billows o'er our deck
 With frothy fury flew:
 Deep in our hold the waves were toss'd,
 Back to their bed each wave we drove—
 Ah, Harold! check the empty boast,
 A Russian maiden scorns thy love.

What feat of hardihood so bold
 But Harold wots it well?
 I curb the steed, I stem the flood,
 I fight with falcion fell;

287 of the Northern Antiquities, taken from the above work, gives it in English prose under the title of an Ode of Harold the Valiant. He was a Norwegian prince in the middle of the eleventh century. See also five pieces of Runic poetry published by Dr. Percy. It was versified with a view of being inserted in an Introduction to a projected edition of a History of English Poetry (see Memoirs of Gray, last Edit. Vol. IV. p. 143); and was meant to be a specimen of the first Ballad (properly so called) now extant of northern origin.

The oar I ply from coast to coast,
On ice with flying skates I rove—
Ah, Harold! check the empty boast,
A Russian maiden scorns thy love.

Can she deny, the blooming maid,
For she has heard the tale,
When to the South my troops I led,
The fortress to assail?
How, while my prowess thinn'd the host,
Fame bade the world each deed approve—
Ah, Harold! check the empty boast,
A Russian maiden scorns thy love.

On Norway's cloud-capp'd mountains bred,
Whose sons are bowmen brave,
I dared a deed that peasants dread,
To plough old Ocean's wave;
By tempest driven, by dangers cross'd,
Through wild, unpeopled climes to rove—
Ah, Harold! check the empty boast,
A Russian maiden scorns thy love.

SONG.

July 11, 1765.

WHEN first I dared by soft surprise
To breathe my love in Flavia's ear,
I saw the mix'd sensations rise
Of trembling joy and pleasing fear;
Her cheek forgot its rosy hue,
For what has Art with Love to do?

But soon the crimson glow return'd

Ere half my passion was express'd,
The eye that closed, the cheek that burn'd,

The quivering lip, the panting breast
Show'd that she wish'd or thought me true,
For what has Art with Love to do?

Ah! speak, I cried, thy soft assent:

She strove to speak, she could but sigh;

A glance, more heavenly eloquent,

Left language nothing to supply.
She press'd my hand with fervour new;
For what has Art with Love to do?

Ye practised nymphs, who form your charms

By Fashion's rules, enjoy your skill;

Torment your swains with false alarms,

And, ere you cure, pretend to kill:

Still, still your sex's wiles pursue,
Such tricks she leaves to Art and you.

Secure of native powers to please,

My Flavia scorns all mean pretence;

Her form is elegance and ease,

Her soul is truth and innocence;

And these, O heartfelt ecstasy!

She gives to Honour, Love, and me.

THE
ENGLISH GARDEN.

In *four Books.*

A garden is the purest of human pleasures ; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks. And a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection. VERULAM.

BOOK I.

To thee, divine Simplicity! to thee,
Best arbitress of what is good and fair,
This verse belongs. O, as it freely flows,
Give it thy powers of pleasing: else in vain
It strives to teach the rules, from Nature drawn,
Of import high to those whose taste would add
To Nature's careless graces; loveliest then,
When, o'er her form, thy easy skill has taught
The robe of Spring in ampler folds to flow.
Haste, Goddess! to the woods, the lawns, the vales
That lie in rude luxuriance, and but wait
Thy call to bloom with beauty. I meanwhile,
Attendant on thy state serene, will mark
Its fairy progress; wake the' accordant string;
And tell how far, beyond the transient glare
Of fickle fashion, or of formal art,
Thy flowery works with charm perennial please.
Ye too, ye sister powers! that at my birth
Auspicious smiled; and o'er my cradle dropp'd

Those magic seeds of fancy, which produce
A poet's feeling, and a painter's eye,
Come to your votary's aid. For well ye know
How soon my infant accents lisp'd the rhyme,
How soon my hands the mimic colours spread,
And vainly strove to snatch a double wreath
From Fame's unfading laurel: fruitless aim;
Yet not inglorious; nor perchance devoid
Of friendly use to this fair argument;
If so, with lenient smiles, ye deign to cheer,
At this sad hour¹, my desolated soul.
For deem not ye that I resume the strain
To court the world's applause: my years mature
Have learn'd to slight the toy. No, 'tis to sooth
The agony of heart, which they alone
Who best have loved, who best have been beloved,
Can feel or pity; sympathy severe!
Which she too felt, when on her pallid lip
The last farewell hung trembling, and bespoke
A wish to linger here, and bless the arms
She left for heaven. She died, and heaven is hers!
Be mine the pensive solitary balm
That recollection yields. Yes, angel pure!
While Memory holds a seat, thy image still
Shall reign, shall triumph there; and when, as now,
Imagination forms a nymph divine
To lead the fluent strain, thy modest blush,
Thy mild demeanour, thy unpractised smile
Shall grace that nymph, and sweet simplicity
Be dress'd (ah meek Maria!) in thy charms.
Begin the song! and ye of Albion's sons

¹ *At this sad hour, my desolated soul.*] This Poem was begun in the year 1767, not long after the death of the amiable person here mentioned. See Epitaph, page 104.

Attend; ye freeborn, ye ingenuous few,
Who, heirs of competence if not of wealth,
Preserve that vestal purity of soul [youths,
Whence genuine taste proceeds. To you, bless'd
I sing; whether in academic groves
Studious ye rove; or, fraught with learning's stores,
Visit the Latian plain, fond to transplant
Those arts which Greece did, with her liberty,
Resign to Rome. Yet know, the art I sing
E'en there ye shall not learn. Rome knew it not
While Rome was free: Ah! hope not then to find
In slavish superstitious Rome the fair
Remains. Meanwhile, of old and classic aid
Though fruitless be the search, your eyes entranced
Shall catch those glowing scenes that taught a
Claude

To grace his canvass with Hesperian hues:
And scenes like these, on Memory's tablet drawn,
Bring back to Britain; there give local form
To each idea; and, if Nature lend
Materials fit of torrent, rock and shade,
Produce new Tivolis. But learn to rein,
O youth! whose skill essays the arduous task,
That skill within the limit she allows.
Great Nature scorns control: she will not bear
One beauty foreign to the spot or soil
She gives thee to adorn: 'tis thine alone
To mend, not change her features. Does her hand
Stretch forth a level lawn? Ah, hope not thou
To lift the mountain there. Do mountains frown
Around? Ah, wish not there the level lawn.
Yet she permits thy art, discreetly used,
To smoothe the rugged and to swell the plain.
But dare with caution; else expect, bold man!

The injured genius of the place to rise
In self-defence, and, like some giant fiend
That frowns in Gothic story, swift destroy,
By night, the puny labours of thy day.

What then must he attempt, whom niggard Fate
Has fix'd in such an inauspicious spot
As bears no trace of beauty? Must he sit
Dull and inactive in the desert waste,
If Nature there no happy feature wears
To wake and meet his skill? Believe the Muse,
She does not know that inauspicious spot
Where Beauty is thus niggard of her store:
Believe the Muse, through this terrestrial vast
The seeds of grace are sown, profusely sown,
E'en where we least may hope: the desert hills
Will hear the call of Art; the valleys dank
Obey her just behests, and smile with charms
Congenial to the soil, and all its own.

For, tell me, where's the desert? There alone
Where man resides not; or, if chance resides,
He is not there the man his Maker form'd,
Industrious man, by heaven's first law ordain'd
To earn his food by labour. In the waste
Place thou that man with his primeval arms,
His ploughshare and his spade; nor shalt thou long
Impatient wait a change; the waste shall smile
With yellow harvests; what was barren heath
Shall soon be verdant mead. Now let thy art
Exert its powers, and give, by varying lines,
The soil, already tamed, its finish'd grace.

Nor less obsequious to the hand of toil,
If Fancy guide that hand, will the dank vale
Receive improvement meet; but Fancy here
Must lead, not follow Labour; she must tell

In what peculiar place the soil shall rise,
Where sink; prescribe what form each sluice
shall wear,

And how direct its course; whether to spread
Broad as a lake, or, as a river pent
By fringed banks, weave its irriguous way
Through lawn and shade alternate: for if she
Preside not o'er the task, the narrow drains
Will run in tedious parallel, or cut
Each other in sharp angles; hence implore
Her swift assistance, ere the ruthless spade
Too deeply wound the bosom of the soil.

Yet, in this lowly site, where all that charms
Within itself must charm, hard is the task
Imposed on Fancy. Hence with idle fear!
Is she not Fancy? and can Fancy fail
In sweet delusions, in concealments apt,
And wild creative power? She cannot fail.
And yet, full oft, when her creative power,
Her apt concealments, her delusions sweet
Have been profusely lavish'd; when her groves
Have shot, with vegetative vigour strong,
E'en to their wish'd maturity, when Jove
Has roll'd the changeful seasons o'er her lawns,
And each has left a blessing as it roll'd:
E'en then, perchance, some vain fastidious eye
Shall rove unmindful of surrounding charms
And ask for prospect. Stranger! 'tis not here.
Go seek it on some garish turret's height;
Seek it on Richmond's, or on Windsor's brow;
There, gazing on the gorgeous vale below,
Applaud alike, with fashion'd pomp of phrase,
The good and bad, which, in profusion, there
That gorgeous vale exhibits. Here meanwhile

E'en in the dull, unseen, unseeing dell
 Thy taste contemns, shall Contemplation imp
 Her eagle plumes; the Poet here shall hold
 Sweet converse with his Muse; the curious Sage,
 Who comments on great Nature's ample tome,
 Shall find that volume here. For here are caves,
 Where rise those gurgling rills, that sing the song
 Which Contemplation loves; here shadowy
 glades, [ray
 Where through the tremulous foliage darts the
 That gilds the Poet's day-dream; here the turf
 Teems with the vegetating race; the air
 Is peopled with the insect tribes, that float
 Upon the noontide beam, and call the Sage
 To number and to name them. Nor if here
 The Painter comes, shall his enchanting art
 Go back without a boon: for Fancy here,
 With Nature's living colours, forms a scene
 Which Ruisdale best might rival: crystal lakes,
 O'er which the giant oak, himself a grove,
 Flings his romantic branches, and beholds
 His reverend image in the' expanse below.
 If distant hills be wanting, yet our eye
 Forgets the want, and with delighted gaze
 Rest on the lovely foreground; there applauds
 The art, which, varying forms and blending hues,
 Gives that harmonious force of shade and light,
 Which makes the landscape perfect. Art like this
 Is only art, all else abortive toil.

Come then, thou sister Muse, from whom the
 Wins for her airy visions colour, form, [mind
 And fix'd locality, sweet Painting, come
 To teach the docile pupil of my song,
 How much his practice on thy aid depends.

Of Nature's various scenes the Painter culls

That for his favourite theme, where the fair whole
 Is broken into ample parts, and bold;
 Where to the eye three well mark'd distances
 Spread their peculiar colouring. Vivid green,
 Warm brown, and black opaque the foreground
 Conspicuous; sober olive coldly marks [bears
 The second distance; thence the third declines
 In softer blue, or, lessening still, is lost
 In faintest purple. When thy taste is call'd
 To deck a scene where Nature's self presents
 All these distinct gradations, then rejoice
 As does the Painter, and like him apply
 Thy colours; plant thou on each separate part
 Its proper foliage. Chief, for there thy skill
 Has its chief scope, enrich, with all the hues
 That flowers, that shrubs, that trees can yield,
 the sides

Of that fair path, from whence our sight is led
 Gradual to view the whole. Where'er thou wind'st
 That path, take heed between the scene and eye
 To vary and to mix thy chosen greens.
 Here for a while with cedar or with larch,
 That from the ground spread their close texture,
 hide

The view entire. Then o'er some lowly tuft,
 Where rose and woodbine bloom, permits its
 charms

To burst upon the sight; now through a copse
 Of beech, that rear their smooth and stately trunks,
 Admit it partially, and half exclude,
 And half reveal its graces: in this path
 How long soe'er the wanderer roves, each step
 Shall wake fresh beauties; each short point pre-
 sent

A different picture, new, and yet the same.

Yet some there are who scorn this cautious rule,
And fell each tree that intercepts the scene.
O great Poussin! O Nature's darling, Claude!
What if some rash and sacrilegious hand
Tore from your canvass those umbrageous pines
That frown in front, and give each azure hill
The charm of contrast! Nature suffers here
Like outrage, and bewails a beauty lost,
Which Time, with tardy hand, shall late restore.

Yet here the spoiler rests not; see him rise
Warm from his devastation, to improve,
For so he calls it, yonder champain wide.
There on each bolder brow in shapes acute
His fence he scatters; there the Scottish fir
In murky file lifts his inglorious head,
And blots the fair horizon. So should art
Improve thy pencil's savage dignity,
Salvator! if where, far as eye can pierce,
Rock piled on rock, thy Alpine heights retire
She flung her random foliage, and disturb'd
The deep repose of the majestic scene.
This deed were impious. Ah, forgive the thought,
Thou more than painter, more than poet! He
Alone thy equal who was 'Fancy's child.'

Does then the song forbid the planter's hand
To clothe the distant hills, and veil with woods
Their barren summits? No; it but forbids
All poverty of clothing. Rich the robe,
And ample let it flow, that Nature wears
On her throned eminence: where'er she takes
Her horizontal march, pursue her step
With sweeping train of forest; hill to hill
Unite with prodigality of shade.
There plant thy elm, thy chesnut; nourish there

Those sapling oaks, which, at Britannia's call,
May heave their trunks mature into the main,
And float the bulwarks of her liberty:
But if the fir, give it its station meet;
Place it an outguard to the' assailing north
To shield the infant scions, till possess'd
Of native strength, they learn alike to scorn
The blast and their protectors. Foster'd thus,
The cradled hero gains from female care
His future vigour; but, that vigour felt,
He springs indignant from his nurse's arms,
Nods his terrific helmet, shakes his spear,
And is that awful thing which Heaven ordain'd
The scourge of tyrants, and his country's pride.

If yet thy art be dubious how to treat
Nature's neglected features, turn thy eye
To those, the masters of correct design,
Who from her vast variety have cull'd
The loveliest, boldest parts, and new arranged;
Yet, as herself approved, herself inspired.
In their immortal works thou ne'er shalt find
Dull uniformity, contrivance quaint,
Or labour'd littleness; but contrasts broad,
And careless lines, whose undulating forms
Play through the varied canvass: these transplant
Again on Nature; take thy plastic spade,
It is thy pencil; take thy seeds, thy plants,
They are thy colours; and by these repay
With interest every charm she lent thy art.

Nor, while I thus to Imitation's realm
Direct thy step, deem I direct thee wrong;
Nor ask, why I forget great Nature's fount,
And bring thee not the bright inspiring cup
From her original spring? Yet, if thou ask'st,

Thyself shalt give the answer. Tell me why
 Did Raphael steal, when his creative hand
 Imaged the seraphim, ideal grace
 And dignity supernal from that store
 Of Attic sculpture which the ruthless Goth
 Spared in his headlong fury? Tell me this:
 And then confess that beauty best is taught
 By those, the favour'd few, whom Heaven has lent
 The power to seize, select, and reunite
 Her loveliest features; and of these to form
 One archetype complete of sovereign grace.
 Here Nature sees her fairest forms more fair;
 Owns them for hers, yet owns herself excell'd
 By what herself produced. Here Art and she
 Embrace; connubial Juno smiles benign,
 And from the warm embrace Perfection springs.

Rouse then each latent energy of soul
 To clasp ideal beauty. Proteuslike,
 Think not the changeful nymph will long elude
 Thy chase, or with reluctant coyness frown.
 Inspired by her thy happy art shall learn
 To melt in fluent curves whate'er is straight,
 Acute, or parallel. For, these unchanged,
 Nature and she disdain the formal scene.
 'Tis their demand, that every step of rule
 Be sever'd from their sight: they own no charm
 But those that fair Variety creates,
 Who ever loves to undulate and sport
 In many a winding train. With equal zeal
 She, careless goddess, scorns the cube and cone,
 As does mechanic Order hold them dear:
 Hence springs their enmity; and, he that hopes
 To reconcile the foes, as well might aim
 With hawk and dove to draw the Cyprian car.

Such sentence pass'd, where shall the Dryads fly
That haunt yon ancient vista? Pity sure
Will spare the long cathedral aisle of shade
In which they sojourn; Taste were sacrilege
If, lifting there the axe it dared invade
Those spreading oaks that in fraternal files
Have pair'd for centuries, and heard the strains
Of Sidney's, nay, perchance, of Surry's reed.
Yet must they fall, unless mechanic skill,
To save her offspring, rouse at our command,
And, where we bid her move, with engine huge,
Each ponderous trunk, the ponderous trunk
there move.

A work of difficulty and danger tried,
Nor oft successful found. But if it fails,
Thy axe must do its office. Cruel task,
Yet needful. Trust me, though I bid thee strike,
Reluctantly I bid thee: for my soul
Holds dear an ancient oak, nothing more dear;
It is an ancient friend. Stay then thine hand;
And try by saplings tall, discreetly placed
Before, between, behind, in scatter'd groups,
To break the' obdurate line. So mayst thou save
A chosen few; and yet, alas, but few
Of these, the old protectors of the plain.
Yet shall these few give to thy opening lawn
That shadowy pomp which only they can give:
For parted now, in patriarchal pride,
Each tree becomes the father of a tribe;
And o'er the stripling foliage rising round
Towers with parental dignity supreme.

And yet, my Albion! in that fair domain,
Which Ocean made thy dowry when his love
Tempestuous tore thee from reluctant Gaul,

And bade thee be his queen, there still remains
 Full many a lovely unfrequented wild,
 Where change like this is needless; where no lines
 Of hedgerow, avenue, or of platform square
 Demand destruction. In thy fair domain,
 Yes, my loved Albion! many a glade is found,
 The haunt of woodgods only; where if Art
 E'er dared to tread, 'twas with unsandal'd foot,
 Printless, as if the place were holy ground,
 And there are scenes, where, though she whilom
 trod,

Led by the worst of guides, fell Tyranny,
 And ruthless Superstition, we now trace
 Her footsteps with delight; and pleased revere
 What once had roused our hatred. But to Time,
 Not her, the praise is due: his gradual touch
 Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,
 Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
 Was only terrible; and many a fane
 Monastic, which, when deck'd with all its spires,
 Served but to feed some pamper'd abbot's pride,
 And awe the' unletter'd vulgar. Generous youth,
 Whoe'er thou art, that listen'st to my lay,
 And feel'st thy soul assent to what I sing,
 Happy art thou if thou canst call thine own
 Such scenes as these: where Nature and where
 Time

Have work'd congenial; where a scatter'd host
 Of antique oaks darken thy sidelong hills;
 While, rushing through their branches, rifted cliffs
 Dart their white heads, and glitter through the
 gloom.

More happy still, if one superior rock
 Bear on its brow the shiver'd fragment huge

Of some old Norman fortress; happier far,
 Ah, then most happy, if thy vale below
 Wash, with the crystal coolness of its rills,
 Some mouldering abbey's ivy-vested wall.

O, how unlike the scene my fancy forms,
 Did Folly, heretofore, with Wealth conspire
 To plan that formal, dull, disjointed scene,
 Which once was called a garden. Britain still
 Bears on her breast full many a hideous wound
 Given by the cruel pair, when, borrowing aid
 From geometric skill, they vainly strove
 By line, by plummet, and unfeeling sheers,
 To form with verdure what the builder form'd
 With stone². Egregious madness; yet pursued

² *With stone. Egregious madness; yet pursued.*] Although this seems to be the principle upon which this false taste was founded, yet the error was detected by one of our first writers upon architecture. I shall transcribe the passage, which is the more remarkable as it came from the quaint pen of Sir Henry Wotton: 'I must note (says he) a certain contrariety between building and gardening: for as fabrics should be regular, so gardens should be irregular, or at least cast into a very wild regularity. To exemplify my conceit, I have seen a garden, for the manner perchance incomparable, into which the first access was a high walk like a terrace, from whence might be taken a general view of the whole plot below, but rather in a delightful confusion than with any plain distinction of the pieces. From this the beholder, descending many steps, was afterwards conveyed again by several mountains and valings, to various entertainments of his scent and sight: which I shall not need to describe, for that were poetical; let me only note this, that every one of these diversities was as if he had been magically transported into a new garden.' Were the terrace and the steps omitted, this description would seem to be almost entirely conformable to our present ideas of ornamental planting. The passage which follows is not less worthy of our notice. 'But though other countries have more benefit of the sun than we, and thereby more properly tied to contemplate this delight; yet have I seen in our own a delicate

With pains unwearied, with expense unsumm'd,
 And science doting. Hence the sidelong walls
 Of shaven yew; the holly's prickly arms
 Trimm'd into high arcades; the tonsile box
 Wove, in mosaic mode of many a curl,
 Around the figured carpet of the lawn.
 Hence too deformities of harder cure:
 The terras mound uplifted; the long line
 Deep delved of flat canal; and all that toil,
 Misled by tasteless Fashion, could achieve
 To mar fair Nature's lineaments divine.

Long was the night of error, nor dispell'd
 By him that rose at learning's earliest dawn,
 Prophet of unborn Science. On thy realm,
 Philosophy! his sovereign lustre spread;
 Yet did he deign to light with casual glance
 The wilds of taste. Yes, sagest Verulam³,

and diligent curiosity surely without parallel among foreign nations, namely, in the garden of Sir Henry Fanshaw, at his seat in Ware Park; where, I well remember, he did so precisely examine the tinctures and seasons of his flowers that in their settings, the inwardest of which that were to come up at the same time, should be always a little darker than the utmost, and to serve them for a kind of gentle shadow.' This seems to be the very same species of improvement which Mr. Kent valued himself for inventing in later times, and of executing, not indeed with flowers, but with flowering shrubs and evergreens, in his more finished pieces of scenery. The method of producing which effect has been described with great precision and judgment by a late ingenious writer. (See *Observations on Modern Gardening*, sect. 14, 15, and 16.) It may, however, be doubted whether Sir Henry Fanshaw's garden were not too delicate and diligent a curiosity, since its panegyrist concludes the whole with telling us, that it was 'like a piece not of Nature, but of Art.' See *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, page 64, edit. 4th.

³ *The wilds of taste. Yes, sagest Verulam.*] Lord Bacon, in the forty-sixth of his essays, describes what he calls *the platform of a princely garden*. If the reader compare this de-

'Twas thine to banish from the royal groves
Each childish vanity of crisped knot

scription with that which Sir William Temple has given in his essay, intituled, *The Gardens of Epicurus*, written in a subsequent age, he will find the superiority of the former very apparent; for though both of them are much obscured by the false taste of the times in which they were written, yet the vigour of Lord Bacon's genius breaks frequently through the cloud, and gives us a very clear display of what the real merit of gardening would be when its true principles were ascertained. For instance, out of thirty acres which he allots for the whole of his pleasure ground, he selects the first four for a lawn, without any intervention of plot or parterre, 'because (says he) nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn.' And 'as for the making of knots of figures, with diverse coloured earths, that they may lie under the windows of the house, on that side which the garden stands, they be but toys, you may see as good sights many times in tarts.' Sir William Temple, on the contrary, tells us, that in the garden at Moor Park, which was his model of perfection, the first inlet to the whole was a very broad gravel walk garnished with a row of laurels which looked like orange-trees, and was terminated at each end by a summer house. The parterre, or principal garden, which makes the second part in each of their descriptions, it must be owned, is equally devoid of simplicity in them both. 'The garden (says his Lordship) is best to be square, encompassed with a stately arched hedge, the arches to be upon carpenters' work, over every arch a little belly enough to receive a cage of birds, and over every space, between the arches, some other little figure, with broad plates of round coloured glass, gilt for the sun to play upon.' It would have been difficult for Sir William to make his more fantastic; he has, however, not made it more natural. The third part, which Lord Bacon calls the Heath, and the other the Wilderness, is that in which the genius of Lord Bacon is most visible; 'for this (says he) I wish to be framed as much as may be to a natural wildness. And accordingly he gives us a description of it in the most agreeable and picturesque terms, inasmuch that it seems less the work of his own fancy than a delineation of that ornamental scenery which had no existence till about a century after it was written. Such, when he descended to matters of mere elegance (for when we speak of Lord Bacon, to treat of these was to descend) were the amazing powers of his universal genius.

And sculptured foliage; to the lawn restore
Its ample space, and bid it feast the sight
With verdure pure, unbroken, unabridged:
For verdure soothes the eye, as roseate sweets
The smell, or music's melting strains the ear.

So taught the sage, taught a degenerate reign
What in Eliza's golden day was taste.
Not but the mode of that romantic age,
The age of tourneys, triumphs, and quaint masks,
Glared with fantastic pageantry, which dimm'd
The sober eye of truth, and dazzled e'en
The sage himself; witness his high-arch'd hedge,
In pillar'd state by carpentry upborne,
With colour'd mirrors deck'd, and prison'd birds.
But when our step has paced his proud parterres
And reach'd the heath, then Nature glads our eye
Sporting in all her lovely carelessness.
There smiles in varied tufts the velvet rose,
There flaunts the gadding woodbine, swells the
ground
In gentle hillocks, and around its sides
Through blossom'd shades the secret pathway
steals.

Thus, with a poet's power, the sage's pen
Portray'd that nicer negligence of scene,
Which Taste approves. While he, delicious swain,
Who tuned his oaten pipe by Mulla's stream,
Accordant touch'd the stops in Dorian mood:
What time he 'gan to paint the fairy vale,
Where stands the fane of Venus. Well I ween
That then, if ever, Colin, thy fond hand
Did steep its pencil in the well-fount clear
Of true simplicity; and 'call'd in Art
Only to second Nature, and supply

All that the nymph forgot, or left forlorn⁴,
 Yet what avail'd the song? or what avail'd
 E'en thine, thou chief of bards, whose mighty mind,
 With inward light irradiate, mirrorlike
 Received, and to mankind with ray reflex
 The sovereign Planter's primal work display'd?
 That work, where not nice Art in curious knots,
 ' But Nature boon pour'd forth on hill and dale
 Flowers worthy of Paradise; while all around
 Umbrageous grotts, and caves of cool recess,
 And murmuring waters down the slope dispersed,
 Or held by fringed banks in crystal lakes,
 Compose a rural seat of various view.'
 'Twas thus great Nature's herald blazon'd high
 That fair original impress which she bore
 In state sublime, e'er miscreated Art,
 Offspring of Sin and Shame, the banner seized,
 And with adulterate pageantry defiled.
 Yet vainly, Milton, did thy voice proclaim
 These her primeval honours. Still she lay
 Defaced, deflower'd, full many a ruthless year:
 Alike, when Charles, the abject tool of France,
 Came back to smile his subjects into slaves;
 Or Belgic William, with his warrior frown,
 Coldly declared them free; in fetters still
 The goddess pined, by both alike oppress'd.

⁴ *All that the nymph forgot, or left forlorn.*] See Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, book iv. canto 10: the passage immediately alluded to is in the twenty-first stanza.

For all that Nature, by her mother wit,
 Could frame in earth and form of substance base
 Was there; and all that Nature did omit,
 Art (playing Nature's second part) supplied it.

⁵ *That work, where not nice Art in curious knots.*] See Milton's inimitable description of the garden of Eden, *Paradise Lost*, book iv. part of which is here inserted.

Go to the proof! Behold what Temple call'd
 A perfect garden. There thou shalt not find
 One blade of verdure, but with aching feet
 From terrace down to terrace shalt descend,
 Step following step, by tedious flight of stairs:
 On leaden platforms now the noonday sun
 Shall scorch thee; now the dank arcades of stone
 Shall chill thy fervour; happy, if at length
 Thou reach the orchard, where the sparing turf⁶
 Through equal lines, all centring in a point,
 Yields thee a softer tread. And yet full oft
 O'er Temple's studious hour did Truth preside,
 Sprinkling her lustre o'er his classic page:
 There hear his candour own, in fashion's spite,
 In spite of courtly dulness, hear it own
 'There is a grace in wild variety
 Surpassing rule and order.'⁷ Temple, yes,

⁶ *Thou reach the orchard, where the sparing turf.*] The French at present seem to be equally sparing of this natural clothing of the earth, although they have done us the honour to adopt our bowling-greens, and to improve upon them. This appears from the following article of the *Encyclopedie*, translated verbatim.

'Boulingrin, N. S. In gardening is a species of parterre, composed of pieces of divided turf, with borders sloping (*en glais*), and evergreens at the corners and other parts of it. It is mowed four times a year to make the turf finer. The invention of this kind of parterre comes from England, as also its name, which is derived from *boule*, round, and *grin*, fine grass or turf. Boulingrins are either simple or compound; the simple are all turf without ornament; the compound are cut into compartments of turf, embroider'd with knots, mixed with little paths, borders of flowers, yew-trees, and flowering shrubs. Sand also of different colours contributes greatly to their value.'

⁷ *Surpassing rule and order. Temple, yes.*] The passage here alluded to is as follows: 'What I have said of the best forms of gardens is meant only of such as are in some sort regular; for

There is a grace; and let eternal wreaths
 Adorn their brows who fix'd its empire here.
 The Muse shall hail the champions that herself
 Led to the fair achievement⁸. Addison,
 Thou polish'd sage, or shall I call thee bard,
 I see thee come: around thy temples play

there may be other forms wholly irregular, that may, for aught I know, have more beauty than any of the other; but they must owe it to some extraordinary dispositions of Nature in the seat, or some great race of fancy and judgment in the contrivance, which may reduce many disagreeing parts into some figure which shall yet upon the whole be very agreeable. Something of this I have seen in some places, and heard more of it from others who have lived much among the Chinese. Sir William then gives us a kind of general account of the Chinese taste, and of their *Sharawadgi*, and concludes thus: 'But I should hardly advise any of these attempts in the figure of gardens among us; they are adventures of too hardy achievement for any common hands; and though there may be more honour if they succeed well, yet there is more dishonour if they fail, and it is twenty to one they will, whereas in regular figures it is hard to make any great and remarkable faults.' See *Temple's Miscellanies*, vol. i. p. 186, fol. edit.

⁸ *Led to the fair achievement.* Addison.] I had before called Bacon the prophet, and Milton the herald of true taste in gardening. The former because, in developing the constituent properties of a princely garden, he had largely expatiated upon that adorned natural wildness which we now deem the essence of the art. The latter on account of his having made this natural wildness the leading idea in his exquisite description of Paradise. I here call Addison, Pope, Kent, &c. the champions of this true taste, because they absolutely brought it into execution. The beginning, therefore, of an actual reformation may be fixed at the time when the *Spectator* first appeared. The reader will find an excellent chapter upon this subject in the *Pleasures of Imagination*, published in No. 414 of the *Spectator*; and also another paper written by the same hand, No. 447; but perhaps nothing went further towards destroying the absurd taste of clipped evergreens than the fine ridicule upon them in the 173d *Guardian*, written by Mr. Pope.

The lambent flames of humour, brightening mild
 Thy judgment into smiles; gracious thou comest
 With Satire at thy side, who checks her frown,
 But not her secret sting. With bolder rage
 Pope next advances: his indignant arm
 Waves the poetic brand o'er Timon's shades,
 And lights them to destruction; the fierce blaze
 Sweeps through each kindred vista; groves to
 groves⁹

Nod their fraternal farewell, and expire.
 And now, elate with fair-earn'd victory,
 The bard retires, and on the bank of Thames
 Erects his flag of triumph; wild it waves
 In verdant splendour, and beholds and hails
 The king of rivers, as he rolls along.
 Kent is his bold associate; Kent, who felt
 The pencil's power¹⁰: but, fired by higher forms
 Of beauty than that pencil knew to paint,
 Work'd with the living hues that Nature lent,
 And realized his landscapes. Generous he
 Who gave to painting what the wayward nymph
 Refused her votary, those Elysian scenes,
 Which would she emulate, her nicest hand

⁹ *Sweeps through each kindred vista; groves to groves.*] See Mr. Pope's Epistle on False Taste, inscribed to the Earl of Burlington. Few readers, I suppose, need be informed that this line alludes to the following couplet:

Grove nods to grove, each alley has a brother,
 And half the platform just reflects the other.

¹⁰ *The pencil's power: but, fired by higher forms.*] It is said that Mr. Kent frequently declared he caught his taste in gardening from reading the picturesque descriptions of Spenser. However this may be, the designs which he made for the works of that poet are an incontestible proof, that they had no effect upon his executive powers as a painter.

So shall your Art, if call'd to grace a scene
Yet unadorn'd, with taste instinctive give
Each grace appropriate; so your active eye
Shall dart that glance prophetic, which awakes
The slumbering woodnymphs; gladly shall they
rise,

Oread and Dryad, from their verdurous beds,
And fling their foliage and arrange their stems
As you and beauty bid: the Naiad train,
Alike obsequious, from a thousand urns
Shall pour their crystalline tide; while hand in
hand

Vertumnus and Pomona bring their stores,
Fruitage, and flowers of every blush and scent,
Each varied season yields; to you they bring
The fragrant tribute; ye, with generous hand
Diffuse the blessing wide, till Albion smile
One ample theatre of silvan grace.

THE
ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK II.

HAIL to the Art, that teaches Wealth and Pride
How to possess their wish, the world's applause,
Unmix'd with blame! that bids Magnificence
Abate its meteor glare, and learn to shine
Benevolently mild; like her, the queen
Of night, who, sailing through autumnal skies,
Gives to the bearded product of the plain
Her ripening lustre, lingering as she rolls,
And glancing cool the salutary ray
Which fills the fields with plenty¹. Hail, that
Art, [herds
Ye swains! for, hark! with lowings glad your
Proclaim its influence, wandering o'er the lawns
Restored to them and Nature; now no more
Shall Fortune's minion rob them of their right,
Or round his dull domain with lofty wall
Oppose their jocund presence. Gothic Pomp
Frowns and retires, his proud behests are scorn'd:
Now Taste, inspired by Truth, exalts her voice,
And she is heard. ' Oh, let not man misdeem;

¹ *Which fills the fields with plenty. Hail that Art.*] This simile, founded on the vulgar error concerning the harvest moon, however false in philosophy, may, it is hoped, be admitted in poetry.

Waste is not Grandeur, Fashion ill supplies
 My sacred place, and Beauty scorns to dwell
 Where Use is exiled.' At the awful sound
 The terrace sinks spontaneous; on the green,
 Broider'd with crisped knots, the tonsile yews
 Wither and fall; the fountain dares no more
 To fling its wasted crystal through the sky,
 But pours salubrious o'er the parched lawn
 Rills of fertility. Oh best of arts
 That works this happy change! true alchymy,
 Beyond the Rosicrusian boast, that turns
 Deformity to grace, expense to gain,
 And pleased restores to Earth's maternal lap
 The long-lost fruits of Amalthea's horn!

When such the theme, the poet smiles secure
 Of candid audience, and with touch assured
 Resumes his reed Ascræan; eager he
 To ply its warbling stops of various note
 In Nature's cause, that Albion's listening youths,
 Inform'd erewhile to scorn the long-drawn lines
 Of straight formality, alike may scorn
 Those quick, acute, perplex'd, and tangled paths
 That, like the snake crush'd by the sharpen'd spade,
 Writhe in convulsive torture, and full oft
 Through many a dark and unsunn'd labyrinth
 Mislead our step; till, giddy, spent, and foil'd,
 We reach the point where first our race began.

These Fancy prized erroneous, what time Taste,
 An infant yet, first join'd her to destroy
 The measured platform; into false extremes
 What marvel if they stray'd, as yet unskill'd
 To mark the form of that peculiar curve,
 Alike averse to crooked and to straight,
 Where sweet Simplicity resides; which Grace

And Beauty call their own; whose lambent flow
Charms us at once with symmetry and ease.
'Tis Nature's curve, instinctively she bids
Her tribes of being trace it. Down the slope
Of yon wide field, see with its gradual sweep
The ploughing steers their fallow ridges swell;
The peasant, driving through each shadowy lane
His team, that bends beneath the incumbent weight
Of laughing Ceres, marks it with his wheel;
At night and morn the milkmaid's careless step
Has through yon pasture green from stile to stile
Impress'd a kindred curve; the scudding hare
Draws to her dew-sprent seat, o'er thymy heaths,
A path as gently waving: mark them well;
Compare, pronounce, that, varying but in size,
Their forms are kindred all; go then, convinced
That Art's unerring rule is only drawn
From Nature's sacred source; a rule that guides
Her every toil; or, if she shape the path,
Or scoop the lawn, or gradual lift the hill.
For not alone to that embellish'd walk,
Which leads to every beauty of the scene,
It yields a grace, but spreads its influence wide,
Prescribes each form of thicket, copse, or wood,
Confines the rivulet, and spreads the lake.

Yet shall this graceful line forget to please
If border'd close by sidelong parallels,
Nor duly mix'd with those opposing curves
That give the charm of contrast. Vainly Taste
Draws through the grove her path in easiest bend,
If, on the margin of its woody sides
The measured greensward waves in kindred flow:
Oft let the turf recede, and oft approach,
With varied breadth, now sink into the shade,

Now to the sun its verdant bosom bare.
As vainly wilt thou lift the gradual hill
To meet thy right hand view, if to the left
An equal hill ascends: in this and all
Be various, wild, and free as Nature's self.

For in her wildness is there oft an art,
Or seeming art, which, by position apt,
Arranges shapes unequal, so to save
That correspondent poise, which unpreserved
Would mock our gaze with airy vacancy.
Yet fair variety, with all her powers,
Assists the balance: 'gainst the barren crag
She lifts the pastured slope; to distant hills
Opposes neighbouring shades; and, central oft,
Relieves the flatness of the lawn or lake
With studded tuft or island. So to poise
Her objects mimic Art may oft attain:
She rules the foreground: she can swell or sink
Its surface; here her leafy screen oppose,
And there withdraw; here part the varying greens,
And there in one promiscuous gloom combine
As best befits the genius of the scene.

Him then, that sovereign genius, monarch sole
Who from creation's primal day derives
His right divine to this his rural throne,
Approach with meet obeisance; at his feet
Let our awed art fall prostrate. They of Ind,
The Tartar tyrants, Tamerlane's proud race,
Or they in Persia throned, who shake the rod
Of power o'er myriads of enervate slaves,
Expect not humbler homage to their pride
Than does this silvan despot². Yet to those

² *Than does this silvan despot. Yet to those.] See book*

For air and freedom? Soon thy sturdy axe,
Amid its intertwined foliage driven,
Shall open all his glades, and ingress give
To the bright darts of day; his prison'd rills,
That darkling crept amid the rustling brakes,
Shall glitter as they glide, and his dank caves,
Free to salubrious zephyrs, cease to weep.
Meanwhile his shadowy pomp he still retains,
His Dryads still attend him; they alone
Of race plebeian banish'd, who to crowd,
Not grace his state, their boughs obtrusive flung.

But chief consult him ere thou darest decide
The' appropriate bounds of pleasure and of use;
For Pleasure, lawless robber, oft invades
Her neighbour's right, and turns to idle waste
Her treasures: curb her then in scanty bounds
Whene'er the scene permits that just restraint.
The curb restrains not Beauty: sovereign she
Still triumphs, still unites each subject realm,
And blesses both impartial. Why then fear
Lest, if thy fence contract the shaven lawn,
It does her wrong? She points a thousand ways,
And each her own, to cure the needful ill.
Where'er it winds, and freely must it wind,
She bids at every bend thick blossom'd tufts
Crowd their inwoven tendrils: is there still
A void? Lo, Lebanon her cedar lends!
Lo, all the stately progeny of pines
Come, with their floating foliage richly deck'd,
To fill that void! meanwhile across the mead
The wandering flocks that browse between the
shades
Seem oft to pass their bounds; the dubious eye
Decides not if they crop the mead or lawn.

Browse then your fill, fond foresters! to you
Shall sturdy Labour quit his morning task
Well pleased; nor longer o'er his useless plots
Draw through the dew the splendour of his scythe.
He, leaning on that scythe, with carols gay
Salutes his fleecy substitutes that rush
In bleating chase to their delicious task,
And, spreading o'er the plain, with eager teeth
Devour it into verdure. Browse your fill,
Fond foresters! the soil that you enrich
Shall still supply your morn and evening meal
With choicest delicates; whether you choose
The vernal blades that rise with seeded stem
Of hue purpureal; or the clover white,
That in a spiked ball collects its sweets;
Or trembling fescue: every favourite herb
Shall court your taste, ye harmless epicures!
Meanwhile permit that with unheeded step
I pass beside you, nor let idle fear
Spoil your repast, for know the lively scene,
That you still more enliven, to my soul
Darts inspiration, and impels the song
To roll in bolder descant; while within
A gleam of happiness primeval seems
To snatch me back to joys my nature claim'd,
Ere vice defiled; ere slavery sunk the world,
And all was faith and freedom: then was man
Creation's king, yet friend; and all that browse,
Or skim, or dive, the plain, the air, the flood,
Paid him their liberal homage; paid unawed
In love accepted, sympathetic love
That felt for all, and bless'd them with its smiles.
Then, nor the curling horn had learn'd to sound
The savage song of chase; the barbed shaft

Had then no poison'd point; nor thou, fell tube!
 Whose iron entrails hide the sulphurous blast,
 Satauc engine, knew'st the ruthless power
 Of thundering death around thee. Then alike
 Were ye innocuous through your every tribe,
 Or brute, or reptile; nor by rage or guile
 Had given to injured man his only plea
 (And that the tyrant's plea³) to work your harm.
 Instinct, alas! like wayward Reason, now
 Veers from its pole. There was a golden time
 When each created being kept its sphere
 Appointed, nor infringed its neighbour's right.
 The flocks, to whom the grassy lawn was given,
 Fed on its blades contented; now they crush
 Each scion's tender shoots, and, at its birth,
 Destroy, what, saved from their remorseless tooth,
 Had been the tree of Jove. E'en while I sing,
 Yon wanton lamb has cropp'd the woodbine's
 pride,

That bent beneath a full blown load of sweets,
 And fill'd the air with perfume; see it falls;
 The busy bees, with many a murmur sad,
 Hang o'er their honied loss. Why is it thus?
 Ah, why must Art defend the friendly shades
 She rear'd to shield you from the noontide beam?
 Traitors, forbear to wound them! say, ye fools!
 Does your rich herbage fail? do acrid leaves
 Afford you daintier food? I plead in vain;
 For now the father of the fleecy troop

³ (*And that the tyrant's plea*), to work your harm.] Alluding to Milton.

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
 The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.

Paradise Lost, b. iv. l. 303.

Begins his devastation, and his ewes
Crowd to the spoil, with imitative zeal.

Since then, constrain'd, we must expel the flock
From where our saplings rise, our flowerets bloom,
The song shall teach, in clear preceptive notes,
How best to frame the fence, and best to hide
All its foreseen defects; defective still,
Though hid with happiest art. Ingrateful sure,
When such the theme, becomes the Poet's task:
Yet must he try, by modulation meet
Of varied cadence, and selected phrase,
Exact yet free, without inflation bold,
To dignify that theme, must try to form
Such magic sympathy of sense with sound
As pictures all it sings; while Grace awakes
At each bless'd touch, and, on the lowliest things,
Scatters her rainbow hues. The first and best
Is that which, sinking from our eye, divides
Yet seems not to divide the shaven lawn,
And parts it from the pasture; for if there
Sheep feed, or dappled deer, their wandering teeth
Will, smoothly as the scythe, the herbage shave,
And leave a kindred verdure. This to keep
Heed that thy labourer scoop the trench with care;
For some there are who give their spade repose,
When broad enough the perpendicular sides
Divide, and deep descend. To form perchance
Some needful drain, such labour may suffice,
Yet not for beauty: here thy range of wall
Must lift its height erect, and, o'er its head
A verdant veil of swelling turf expand,
While smoothly from its base with gradual ease
The pasture meets its level, at that point
Which best deludes our eye, and best conceals

Thy lawn's brief limit. Down so smooth a slope
 The fleecy foragers will gladly browse;
 The velvet herbage free from weeds obscene
 Shall spread its equal carpet, and the trench
 Be pasture to its base. Thus form thy fence
 Of stone, for stone alone, and piled on high,
 Best curbs the nimble deer, that love to range
 Unlimited; but where tame heifers feed,
 Or innocent sheep, an humbler mound will serve
 Unlined with stone, and but a greensward trench.
 Here midway down, upon the nearer bank
 Plant thy thick row of thorns; and, to defend
 Their infant shoots, beneath, on oaken stakes,
 Extend a rail of elm, securely arm'd
 With spiculated paling, in such sort
 As, round some citadel, the engineer
 Directs his sharp stoccade. But when the shoots
 Condense, and interweave their prickly boughs
 Impenetrable, then withdraw their guard,
 They've done their office; scorn thou to retain
 What frowns like military art, in scenes
 Where peace should smile perpetual. These
 destroy'd,

Make it thy vernal care, when April calls
 New shoots to birth, to trim the hedge aslant,
 And mould it to the roundness of the mound,
 Itself a shelving hill; nor need we here
 The rule or line precise, a casual glance
 Suffices to direct the careless shears.

Yet learn, that each variety of ground
 Claims its peculiar barrier. When the foss
 Can steal transverse before the central eye,
 'Tis duly drawn; but, up yon neighbouring hill
 That fronts the lawn direct, if labour delve

The yawning chasm, 'twill meet, not cross our
view;

No foliage can conceal, no curve correct
The deep deformity. And yet thou mean'st
Up yonder hill to wind thy fragrant way,
And wisely dost thou mean; for its broad eye
Catches the sudden charms of laughing vales,
Rude rocks, and headlong streams, and antique
oaks

Lost in a wild horizon; yet the path
That leads to all these charms expects defence:
Here then suspend the sportman's hempen toils,
And stretch their meshes on the light support
Of hazel plants, or draw thy lines of wire
In fivefold parallel; no danger then
That sheep invade thy foliage. To thy herds,
And pastured steeds an opener fence oppose,
Form'd by a triple row of cordage strong,
Tight drawn the stakes between. The simple deer
Is curb'd by mimic snares; the slenderest twine¹

¹ *Is curb'd by mimic snares; the slenderest twine.*] Lin-
næus makes this a characteristic property of the fallow deer;
his words are, *arcetur filo horizontali*. (See Syst. Nat. Art.
Dama.) I have sometimes seen feathers tied to this line for
greater security, though perhaps unnecessarily. They seem,
however, to have been in use in Virgil's time, from the fol-
lowing passage in the Georgics:

Stant circumfusa pruinis
Corpora magna boum: confertoque agmine cervi
Topent mole novâ, et summis vix cornibus extant.
Hos non emissis canibus, non cassibus ullis,
Puniceæve agitant pavidos formidine pennæ:
Sed frustra oppositum trudentes pectore montem
Cominus obtruncant ferro.

Georg. lib. iii. ver. 368.

Ræus's comment on the fifth line is as follows: *linea, aut*

(If sages err not) that the beldame spins,
 When by her wintry lamp she plies her wheel,
 Arrests his courage; his impetuous hoof,
 Broad chest, and branching antlers nought avail;
 In fearful gaze he stands; the nerves that bore
 His bounding pride o'er lofty mounds of stone,
 A single thread defies. Such force has fear,
 When visionary fancy wakes the fiend,
 In brute, or man, most powerful when most vain.

Still must the swain, who spreads these eorded
 guards,

Expect their swift decay. The noontide beams
 Relax, the nightly dews contract the twist.
 Oft too the coward hare, then only bold
 When mischief prompts, or wintry famine pines,
 Will quit her rush-grown form, and steal, with ear
 Upprick'd, to gnaw the toils; and oft the ram
 And jutting steer drive their entangling horns
 Through the frail meshes, and, by many a chasm,
 Proclaim their hate of thralldom. Nothing brooks
 Confinement, save degenerate man alone,
 Who deems a monarch's smile can gild his chains.
 Tired then, perchance, of nets that daily claim
 Thy renovating labour, thou wilt form,
 With elm and oak, a rustic balustrade
 Of firmest juncture: happy could thy toil
 Make it as fair as firm; yet vain the wish,
 Aim but to hide, not grace its formal line.

Let those, who weekly, from the city smoke,

funiculus erat, cui plumæ implicabantur variis tinctæ coloribus, ad feras terrendas, ut in retia agerentur. And a simile, which Virgil uses in the twelfth book of the *Æneis*, v. 749, and another in Lucan's *Phars.* lib. iv. v. 437, clearly prove that the learned Jesuit has rightly explained the passage.

Crowd to each neighbouring hamlet, there to hold
Their dusty Sabbath, tip with gold and red
The milk-white palisades, that Gothic now,
And now Chinese, now neither, and yet both,
Chequer their trim domain. Thy silvan scene
Would fade, indignant at the tawdry glare.

'Tis thine alone to seek what shadowy hues
Tinging thy fence may lose it in the lawn;
And these to give thee Painting must descend
Even to her meanest office; grind, compound,
Compare, and by the distanced eye decide.

For this she first, with snowy ceruse, joins
The ochrous atoms that chalybeate rills
Wash from their mineral channels, as they glide,
In flakes of earthy gold; with these unites
A tinge of blue, or that deep azure gray,
Form'd from the calcined fibres of the vine;
And, if she blends, with sparing hand she blends
That base metallic drug then only prized,
When, aided by the humid touch of Time,
It gives a Nero's or some tyrant's cheek,
Its precious canker. These with fluent oil
Attemper'd, on thy lengthening rail shall spread
That sober olive-green which Nature wears
E'en on her vernal bosom; nor misdeem,
For that, illumined with the noontide ray,
She boasts a brighter garment, therefore Art
A livelier verdure to thy aid should bring.
Know then that Art, with every varied hue,
Portrays the living landscape; when her hand
Commands the canvass plane to glide with streams,
To wave with foliage, or with flowers to breathe,
Cool olive tints, in soft gradation laid,
Create the general herbage; there alone,

Where darts with vivid force, the ray supreme
 Unsullied verdure reigns ; and tells our eye
 It stole its bright reflection from the sun.

The paint is spread; the barrier pales retire,
 Snatch'd, as by magic, from the gazer's view.
 So, when the sable ensign of the night,
 Unfurl'd by mist-impelling Eurus, veils
 The last red radiance of declining day,
 Each scatter'd village, and each holy spire
 That deck'd the distance of the silvan scene,
 Are sunk in sudden gloom: the plodding hind,
 That homeward hies, kens not the cheering site
 Of his calm cabin, which, a moment past,
 Stream'd from its roof an azure curl of smoke,
 Beneath the sheltering coppice, and gave sign
 Of warm domestic welcome from his toil.

Nor is that cot, of which fond fancy draws
 This casual picture, alien from our theme.
 Revisit it at morn: its opening latch,
 Though penury and toil within reside,
 Shall pour thee forth a youthful progeny
 Glowing with health and beauty (such the dower
 Of equal heaven): See how the ruddy tribe
 Throng round the threshold, and, with vacant gaze,
 Salute thee; call the loiterers into use,
 And form of these thy fence, the living fence.
 That graces what it guards. Thou think'st, per-
 chance,

That, skill'd in Nature's heraldry, thy art
 Has, in the limits of yon fragrant tuft,
 Marshal'd each rose, that to the eye of June
 Spreads its peculiar crimson; do not err,
 The loveliest still is wanting; the fresh rose
 Of Innocence, it blossoms on their cheek,

And, lo, to thee they bear it! striving all,
In panting race, who first shall reach the lawn,
Proud to be call'd thy shepherds. Want, alas!
Has o'er their little limbs her livery hung,
In many a tatter'd fold, yet still those limbs
Are shapely; their rude locks start from their brow,
Yet, on that open brow, its dearest throne,
Sits sweet Simplicity. Ah, clothe the troop
In such a russet garb as best befits
Their pastoral office; let the leathern scrip
Swing at their side, tip thou their crook with steel,
And braid their hat with rushes, then to each
Assign his station; at the close of eve,
Be it their care to pen in hurdled cote
The flock, and when the matin prime returns,
Their care to set them free; yet watching still
The liberty they lend; oft shalt thou hear
Their whistle shrill, and oft their faithful dog
Shall with obedient barkings fright the flock
From wrong or robbery. The livelong day
Meantime rolls lightly o'er their happy heads;
They bask on sunny hillocks, or disport
In rustic pastime, while that loveliest grace,
Which only lives in action unrestrain'd,
To every simple gesture lends a charm.
Pride of the year, purpleal Spring! attend;
And, in the cheek of these sweet innocents
Behold your beauties pictured. As the cloud
That weeps its moment from thy sapphire
heaven,
They frown with causeless sorrow; as the beam,
Gilding that cloud, with causeless mirth they
smile.
Stay, pitying Time! prolong their vernal bliss.

Alas! ere we can note it in our song,
Comes manhood's feverish summer, chill'd full
soon

By cold autumnal care, till wintry age
Sinks in the froze severity of death.

Ah! who, when such life's momentary dream,
Would mix in hireling senates, strenuous there
To crush the venal hydra, whose fell crests
Rise with recruited venom from the wound!
Who, for so vain a conflict, would forego
Thy silvan haunts, celestial Solitude!
Where self-improvement, crown'd with self-con-
tent,

Await to bless thy votary? Nurtured thus
In tranquil groves, listening to Nature's voice,
That preach'd from whispering trees, and bab-
bling brooks,

A lesson seldom learn'd in Reason's school,
The wise Sidonian lived⁵: and, though the pest
Of lawless tyranny around him raged;
Though Strato, great alone in Persia's gold,
Uncall'd, unhallow'd by the people's choice,
Usurp'd the throne of his brave ancestors,
Yet was his soul all peace; a garden's care
His only thought, its charms his only pride.

But now the conquering arms of Macedon
Had humbled Persia. Now Phœnicia's realm
Receives the son of Ammon; at whose frown

⁵ *The wise Sidonian lived; and, though the pest.*] Abdalominus. The fact on which this episode is founded is recorded by Diodorus Siculus. Plutarch, Justin, and Q. Curtius: the last is here chiefly followed. M. de Fontenelle and the Abbé Metastasio have both of them treated the subject dramatically.

Her tributary kings or quit their thrones
Or at his smile retain; and Sidon, now,
Freed from her tyrant, points the victor's step
To where her rightful sovereign, doubly dear
By birth and virtue, pruned his garden grove.

'Twas at that early hour, when now the sun
Behind majestic Lebanon's dark veil
Hid his ascending splendour; yet through each
Her cedar-vested sides, his flaunting beams
Shot to the strand, and purpled all the main,
Where Commerce saw her Sidon's freighted
wealth,

With languid streamers and with folded sails,
Float in a lake of gold. The wind was hush'd;
And, to the beach, each slowly lifted wave,
Creeping with silver curl, just kiss'd the shore,
And slept in silence. At this tranquil hour
Did Sidon's senate, and the Grecian host,
Led by the conqueror of the world, approach
The secret glade that veil'd the man of toil.

Now near the mountain's foot the chief arrived,
Where, round that glade, a pointed aloe screen,
Entwined with myrtle, met in tangled brakes,
That barr'd all entrance, save at one low gate,
Whose time-disjointed arch, with ivy chain'd,
Bade stoop the warrior train. A pathway brown
Let through the pass, meeting a fretful brook,
And wandering near its channel, while it leap'd
O'er many a rocky fragment, where rude Art
Had eased perchance, but not prescribed its way.

Close was the vale and shady; yet ere long
Its forest sides retiring, left a lawn
Of ample circuit, where the widening stream
Now o'er its pebbled channel nimbly tripp'd

In many a lucid maze. From the flower'd verge
 Of this clear rill now stray'd the devious path,
 Amid ambrosial tufts where spicy plants,
 Weeping their perfumed tears of myrrh and nard,
 Stood crown'd with Sharon's rose; or where, apart,
 The patriarch palm his load of sugar'd dates
 Shower'd plenteous; where the fig, of standard
 strength,

And rich pomegranate, wrapp'd in dulcet pulp
 Their racy seeds; or where the citron's bough
 Bent with its load of golden fruit mature.
 Meanwhile the lawn beneath the scatter'd shade
 Spread its serene extent; a stately file
 Of circling cypress mark'd the distant bound.

Now, to the left, the path ascending pierced
 A smaller silvan theatre, yet deck'd
 With more majestic foliage. Cedars here,
 Coeval with the sky-crown'd mountain's self,
 Spread wide their giant arms; whence, from a rock
 Craggy and black, that seem'd its fountain head,
 The stream fell headlong; yet still higher rose,
 E'en in the' eternal snows of Lebanon,
 That hallow'd spring; thence, in the porous earth
 Long while ingulf'd, its crystal weight here forced
 Its way to light and freedom. Down it dash'd;
 A bed of native marble pure received
 The newborn Naiad, and reposed her wave,
 Till with o'erflowing pride it skimm'd the lawn.

Fronting this lake there rose a solemn grot,
 O'er which an ancient vine luxuriant flung
 Its purple clusters, and beneath its roof
 An unhewn altar. Rich Sabæan gums
 That altar piled; and there with torch of pine
 The venerable sage, now first descried,

The fragrant incense kindled. Age had shed
 That dust of silver o'er his sable locks,
 Which spoke his strength mature beyond its prime,
 Yet vigorous still, for from his healthy cheek
 Time had not cropp'd a rose, or on his brow
 One wrinkling furrow plough'd; his eagle eye
 Had all its youthful lightning, and each limb
 The sinewy strength that toil demands and gives.

The warrior saw, and paused: his nod withheld
 The crowd at awful distance, where their ears,
 In mute attention, drank the Sage's prayer.
 ' Parent of Good (he cried) behold the gifts
 Thy humble votary brings, and may thy smile
 Hallow his custom'd offering. Let the hand
 That deals in blood with blood thy shrines distain;
 Be mine this harmless tribute. If it speaks
 A grateful heart, can hecatombs do more?
 Parent of Good! they cannot. Purple Pomp
 May call thy presence to a prouder fane
 Than this poor cave; but will thy presence there
 Be more devoutly felt? Parent of Good!
 It will not. Here then shall the prostrate heart,
 That deeply feels thy presence, lift its prayer.
 But what has he to ask who nothing needs,
 Save what, unask'd, is from thy heaven of heavens
 Given in diurnal good? yet, holy Power!
 Do all that call thee Father thus exult
 In thy propitious presence? Sidon sinks
 Beneath a tyrant's scourge. Parent of Good!
 Oh, free my captive country.'—Sudden here
 He paused and sigh'd. And now, the raptur'd
 crowd

Murmur applause: he heard, he turn'd, and saw
 The King of Macedon with eager step

Burst from his warrior phalanx. From the youth,
 Who bore its state, the conqueror's own right hand
 Snatch'd the rich wreath, and bound it on his brow.
 His swift attendants o'er his shoulders cast
 The robe of empire, while the trumpet's voice
 Proclaim'd him King of Sidon. Stern he stood,
 Or, if he smiled, 'twas a contemptuous smile,
 That held the pageant honours in disdain.
 Then burst the people's voice, in loud acclaim,
 And bade him be their Father. At the word,
 The honour'd blood, that warm'd him, flush'd
 his cheek;

His brow expanded; his exalted step
 March'd firmer; graciously he bow'd the head,
 And was the Sire they call'd him. 'Tell me, King,'
 Young Ammon cried, while o'er his brightening
 form

He cast the gaze of wonder, 'how a soul
 Like thine could bear the toils of penury?'
 'Oh, grant me, Gods!' he answer'd, 'so to bear
 This load of Royalty. My toil was crown'd
 With blessings lost to kings; yet, righteous
 Powers!

If to my country ye transfer the boon,
 I triumph in the loss. Be mine the chains
 That fetter sovereignty; let Sidon smile
 With your best blessings, Liberty and Peace.'

THE
ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK III.

CLOSED is that curious ear, by Death's cold hand,
That mark'd each error of my careless strain
With kind severity; to whom my Muse
Still loved to whisper what she meant to sing
In louder accent; to whose taste supreme
She first and last appeal'd, nor wish'd for praise,
Save when his smile was herald to her fame.
Yes, thou art gone; yet Friendship's faltering
tongue

Invokes thee still; and still, by Fancy sooth'd,
Fain would she hope her Gray attends the call.
Why then, alas! in this my favourite haunt
Place I the urn, the bust, the sculptured lyre¹,

¹ *Place I the urn, the bust, the sculptured lyre.*] Mr. Gray died July 31, 1771. This book was begun a few months after. The three following lines allude to a rustic alcove the author was then building in his garden, in which he placed a medallion of his friend, and an urn; a lyre over the entrance with the motto from Pindar, which Mr. Gray had prefixed to his Odes, ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ, and under it, on a tablet, this stanza, taken from the first edition of his Elegy written in a country churchyard.

Here scatter'd oft, the loveliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble *here*,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Or fix this votive tablet, fair inscribed
With numbers worthy thee, for they are thine?
Why, if thou hear'st me still, these symbols sad
Of fond memorial? Ah! my pensive soul!
He hears me not, nor ever more shall hear
The theme his candour, not his taste approved.
Oft, ' smiling as in scorn,' oft would he cry,
' Why waste thy numbers on a trivial art,
That ill can mimic e'en the humblest charms
Of all-majestic Nature?' at the word
His eye would glisten, and his accents glow
With all the poet's frenzy, ' Sovereign Queen!
Behold and tremble, while thou view'st her state
Throned on the heights of Skiddaw: call thy art
To build her such a throne; that art will feel
How vain her best pretensions. Trace her march
Amid the purple craggs of Borrowdale;
And try like those to pile thy range of rock
In rude tumultuous chaos. See! she mounts
Her Naiad car, and, down Lodore's dread cliff
Falls many a fathom, like the headlong bard
My fabling fancy plunged in Conway's flood;
Yet not like him to sink in endless night:
For, on its boiling bosom, still she guides
Her buoyant shell, and leads the wave along;
Or spreads it broad, a river or a lake,
As suits her pleasure; will thy boldest song
E'er brace the sinews of enervate art
To such dread daring? Will it e'en direct
Her hand to emulate those softer charms
That deck the banks of Dove, or call to birth
The bare romantic craggs and copses green,
That sidelong grace her circuit, whence the rills,
Bright in their crystal purity, descend

And is the thing it sings. Ah Virgil! why,
By thee neglected, was this loveliest theme
Left to the grating voice of modern reed?
Why not array it in the splendid robe
Of thy rich diction, and consign the charge
To Fame thy handmaid, whose immortal plume
Had borne its praise beyond the bounds of Time?

Countless is Vegetation's verdant brood
As are the stars that stud yon cope of heaven;
To marshal all her tribes in order'd file,
Generic or specific, might demand
His science, wondrous Swede! whose ample
mind,

Like ancient Tadmor's philosophic king,
Stretch'd from the hyssop creeping on the wall
To Lebanon's proudest cedars. Skill like this,
Which spans a third of Nature's copious realm,
Our art requires not, sedulous alone
To note those general properties of form,
Dimension, growth, duration, strength, and hue,
Then first impress'd, when, at the dawn of time,
The form-deciding, life-inspiring word
Pronounced them into being. These prime marks
Distinctive, docile Memory makes her own,
That each its shadowy succour may supply
To her wish'd purpose; first, with needful shade,
To veil whate'er of wall or fence uncouth
Disgusts the eye, which tyrant Use has rear'd,
And stern Necessity forbids to change.

Lured by their hasty shoots and branching
stems,
Planters there are who choose the race of pine
For this great end erroneous; witless they
That, as their arrowy heads assault the sky,

They leave their shafts unfeather'd: rather thou
Select the shrubs that, patient of the knife,
Will thank thee for the wound, the hardy thorn,
Holly, or box, privet or pyracanth.
They, thickening from their base, with tenfold
shade

Will soon replenish all thy judgment pruned.

But chief, with willing aid, her glittering green
Shall England's laurel bring; swift shall she spread
Her broad-leaved shade, and float it fair and wide,
Proud to be call'd an inmate of the soil.
Let England prize this daughter of the East²
Beyond that Latian plant, of kindred name,
That wreath'd the head of Julius; basely twined
Its flattering foliage on the traitor's brow
Who crush'd his country's freedom. Sacred tree,
Ne'er be thy brighter verdure thus debased!
Far happier thou, in this sequester'd bower,
To shroud thy poet, who with fostering hand
Here bade thee flourish, and with grateful strain
Now chants the praise of thy maturer bloom.
And happier far that poet, if secure
His hearth and altars from the pilfering slaves
Of power, his little eve of lonely life
May here steal on, bless'd with the heartfelt calm
That competence and liberty inspire.

Nor are the plants which England calls her own
Few or unlovely, that, with laurel join'd

² *Let England prize this daughter of the East.*] Our common laurel was first brought into the Low Countries, A. D. 1576 (together with the horse chesnut), from Constantinople, as a present from David Ungnad, the Imperial ambassador, in Turkey, to Closius the famous botanist. It was sent to him by the name of Trabison Curmasi, or the Date of Trebisond, but he named it *Lauro-Cerasus*.

And kindred foliage of perennial green,
Will form a close knit curtain. Shrubs there are
Of bolder growth, that, at the call of Spring,
Burst forth in blossom'd fragrance: lilacs robed
In snow-white innocence or purple pride;
The sweet syringa yielding but in scent
To the rich orange; or the woodbine wild
That loves to hang, on barren boughs remote,
Her wreaths of flowery perfume. These beside
Myriads, that here the Muse neglects to name,
Will add a vernal lustre to thy veil.

And what if chance collects the varied tribes,
Yet fear not thou but unexpected charms
Will from their union start. But if our song
Supply one precept here, it bids retire
Each leaf of deeper dye, and lift in front
Foliage of paler verdure, so to spread
A canvass, which when touch'd by Autumn's hand
Shall gleam with dusky gold, or russet rays.
But why prepare for her funereal hand
That canvass? she but comes to dress thy shades,
As lovelier victims for their wintry tomb.
Rather to flowery Spring, to Summer bright
Thy labour consecrate; their laughing reign,
The youth, the manhood of the growing year,
Deserves that labour and rewards its pain.
Yet, heedful ever of that ruthless time
When Winter shakes their stems, preserve a file
With everduring leaf to brave his arm,
And deepening spread their undiminish'd gloom.
But, if the tall defect demands a screen
Of forest shade high towering, some broad roof
Perchance of glaring tile that guards the stores
Of Ceres; or the patch'd disjointed choir

Of some old fane, whose steeple's Gothic pride,
Or pinnacled or spired, would bolder rise
' In tufted trees high bosom'd,' here allot
Convenient space to plant that lofty tribe
Behind thy underwood, lest o'er its head
The forest tyrants shake their lordly arms,
And shed their baleful dew. Each plant that
springs

Holds, like the people of some freeborn state,
Its right fair franchised; rooted to a spot
It yet has claim to air; from liberal heaven
It yet has claim to sunshine and to showers:
Air, showers, and sunshine are its liberty.

That liberty secured, a general shade,
Dense and impervious, to thy wish shall rise
To hide each form uncouth; and, this obtain'd,
What next we from the Dryad powers implore
Is grace, is ornament: For see! our lawn,
Though clothed with softest verdure, though re-
lieved

By many a gentle fall and easy swell,
Expects that harmony of light and shade,
Which foliage only gives. Come then, ye plants!
That, like the village troop when Maia dawns,
Delight to mingle social; to the crest
Of yonder brow we safely may conduct
Your numerous train; no eye obstructed there
Will blame your interposed society:
But, on the plain below, in single stems
Disparted, or in sparing groups distinct,
Wide must ye stand, in wild, disorder'd mood,
As if the seeds from which your scions sprang
Had there been scatter'd from the affrighted beak
Of some maternal bird whom the fierce hawk

Pursued with felon claw. Her young meanwhile,
 Callow and cold, from their moss-woven nest
 Peep forth; they stretch their little eager throats
 Broad to the wind, and plead to the lone spray
 Their famish'd plaint importunately shrill.

Yet in this wild disorder Art presides,
 Designs, corrects, and regulates the whole,
 Herself the while unseen. No cedar broad
 Drops his dark curtain where a distant scene
 Demands distinction. Here the thin abele
 Of lofty bole and bare, the smooth stemm'd
 beech,

Or slender alder, give our eye free space
 Beneath their boughs to catch each lessening
 charm

E'en to the far horizon's azure bound.

Nor will that sovereign arbitress admit,
 Where'er her nod decrees a mass of shade,
 Plants of unequal size, discordant kind,
 Or ruled by Foliation's different laws;
 But for that needful purpose those prefers
 Whose hues are friendly, whose coeval leaves
 The earliest open and the latest fade.

Nor will she, scorning truth and taste, devote
 To strange and alien soils, her seedling stems;
 Fix the dank sallow on the mountain's brow,
 Or, to the moss-grown margin of the lake,
 Bid the dry pine descend. From Nature's laws
 She draws her own: Nature and she are one.

Nor will she, led by Fashion's lure, select
 For objects interposed, the pigmy race
 Of shrubs, or scatter with unmeaning hand
 Their offspring o'er the lawn, scorning to patch
 With many a meagre and disjointed tuft

Its sober surface: sidelong to her path
And polish'd foreground she confines their growth
Where o'er their heads the liberal eye may range.

Nor will her prudence, when intent to form
One perfect whole, on feeble aid depend,
And give exotic wonders to our gaze.

• She knows and therefore fears the faithless train:
Sagely she calls on those of hardy class
Indigenous, who, patient of the change
From heat to cold which Albion hourly feels,
Are braced with strength to brave it. These alone
She plants and prunes, nor grieves if nicer eyes
Pronounce them vulgar. These she calls her
friends,

That veteran troop who will not for a blast
Of nipping air, like cowards, quit the field.

Far to the north of thy imperial towers,
Augusta! in that wild and Alpine vale,
Through which the Swale, by mountain torrents
swell'd,

Flings his redundant stream, there lived a youth
Of polish'd manners; ample his domain,
And fair the site of his paternal dome.
He loved the art I sing; a deep adept
In Nature's story, well he knew the names
Of all her verdant lineage; yet that skill
Misled his taste; scornful of every bloom
That spreads spontaneous, from remotest Ind
He brought his foliage; careless of its cost,
E'en of its beauty careless: it was rare,
And therefore beauteous. Now his laurel screen,
With rose and woodbine negligently wove,
Bows to the axe; the rich magnolias claim
The station; now Herculean beeches fell'd

Resign their rights, and warm Virginia sends
Her cedars to usurp them; the proud oak
Himself, e'en he, the sovereign of the shade,
Yields to the fir that drips with Gilead's balm.
Now, Albion, gaze at glories not thine own!
Pause, rapid Swale! and see thy margin crown'd
With all the pride of Ganges: vernal showers
Have fix'd their roots; nutritious summer suns
Favour'd their growth; and mildest autumn smiled
Benignant o'er them: vigorous, fair, and tall,
They waft a gale of spices o'er the plain.
But Winter comes, and with him watery Jove,
And with him Boreas in his frozen shroud;
The savage spirit of old Swale is roused;
He howls amidst his foam. At the dread sight
The aliens stand aghast; they bow their heads.
In vain the glassy penthouse is supplied:
The pelting storm with icy bullets breaks
Its fragile barrier; see! they fade, they die.

Warn'd by his error, let the planter slight
These shivering rarities; or if, to please
Fastidious Fashion, he must needs allot
Some space for foreign foliage, let him choose
A sidelong glade, shelter'd from east and north,
And free to southern and to western gales;
There let him fix their station; thither wind
Some devious path, that, from the chief design
Detach'd, may lead to where they safely bloom.
So in the web of epic song sublime
The Bard Mæonian interweaves the charm
Of softer episode, yet leaves unbroke
The golden thread of his majestic theme.

What else to shun of formal, false, or vain,
Of long-lined vistas or plantations quaint

Our former strains have taught. Instruction now
Withdraws; she knows her limits; knows that
Grace

Is caught by strong perception, not from rules;
That undress'd Nature claims for all her limbs
Some simple garb peculiar, which, howe'er
Distinct their size and shape, is simple still:
This garb to choose, with clothing dense or thin,
A part to hide, another to adorn,
Is Taste's important task; preceptive song
From error in the choice can only warn.

But vain that warning voice; vain every aid
Of Genius, Judgment, Fancy, to secure
The planter's lasting fame: There is a power,
A hidden power, at once his friend and foe:
'Tis Vegetation. Gradual to his groves
She gives their wish'd effect; and that display'd,
Oh, that her power would pause! but, active still,
She swells each stem, prolongs each vagrant
bough,

And darts with unremitting vigour bold
From Grace to wild luxuriance. Happier far
Are you, ye sons of Claude! who, from the mine,
The earth, or juice of herb or flower concrete,
Mingle the mass whence your Arcadias spring;
The beauteous outline of your pictured shades
Still keeps the bound you gave it; time, that pales
Your vivid hues, respects your pleasing forms.
Not so our landscapes: though we paint like you,
We paint with growing colours; every year
O'erpassing that which gives the breadth of shade
We sought, by rude addition mars our scene.

Rouse then, ye hinds! ere yet yon closing
boughs

Blot out the purple distance, swift prevent
The spreading evil: thin the crowded glades,
While yet of slender size each stem will thrive
Transplanted: twice repeat the annual toil;
Nor let the axe its beak, the saw its tooth
Refrain, whene'er some random branch has
stray'd

Beyond the bounds of beauty; else full soon,
E'en ere the planter's life has pass'd its prime,
Will Albion's garden frown an Indian wild.

Foreboding fears, avaunt! be ours to urge
Each present purpose by what favouring means
May work its end design'd; why deprecate
The change that waits on sublunary things,
Sad lot of their existence? shall we pause
To give the charm of Water to our scene,
For that the congregated rains may swell
Its tide into a flood? or that yon Sun,
Now on the Lion mounted, to his noon
Impells him, shaking from his fiery mane
A heat may parch its channel? O, ye caves,
Deepen your dripping roofs! this feverish hour^s
Claims all your coolness; in your humid cells
Permit me to forget the planter's toil;
And, while I woo your Naiads to my aid,
Involve me in impenetrable gloom.

Bless'd is the man (if bliss be human boast),
Whose fertile soil is wash'd with frequent streams,
And springs salubrious: he disdains to toss
In rainbow dews their crystal to the sun;
Or sink in subterranean cisterns deep;

^s *Deepen your dripping roofs! this feverish hour.*] These lines were written in June, 1778, when it was remarkably hot weather.

That so, through leaden siphons upwards drawn,
 Those streams may leap fantastic. He his ear
 Shuts to the tuneful trifling of the bard⁴,
 Who trick'd a Gothic theme with classic flowers,
 And sung of fountains bursting from the shells
 Of brazen tritons, spouting through the jaws
 'Of gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire.'

Peace to his manes! let the nymphs of Seine
 Cherish his fame. Thy poet, Albion! scorns,
 E'en for a cold unconscious element
 To forge the fetters he would scorn to wear.
 His song shall reprobate each effort vile,
 That aims to force the genius of the stream
 Beyond his native height; or dares to press
 Above that destined line the' unwilling wave.

Is there within the circle of thy view
 Some sedgy flat, where the late ripen'd sheaves
 Stand brown with unblest'd mildew? 'tis the bed
 On which an ample lake in crystal peace
 Might sleep majestic. Pause we yet; perchance
 Some midway channel, where the soil declines,
 Might there be delved, by levels duly led
 In bold and broken curves: for water loves
 A wilder outline than the woodland path,
 And winds with shorter bend⁵. To drain the rest

⁴ *Shuts to the tuneful trifling of the bard.*] René Rapin, a learned Jesuit of the last century, who wrote a didactic Latin poem on gardens, in four books, by way of supplement to Virgil's Georgics. The third book treats the subject of water, or more properly of waterworks, for it is entirely made up of descriptions of jets d'eau, and such sort of artificial baubles.

⁵ *And winds with shorter bend. To drain the rest.*] See book ii. ver. 50—78, where the curve of beauty, or a line waving very gently, is said not only to prevail in natural pathways, but in the course of rivulets and the outline of lakes.

The shelving spade may toil, till wintry showers
 Find their free course down each declining bank.
 Quit then the thought: a river's winding form,
 With many a sinuous bay and island green,
 At less expense of labour and of land,
 Will give thee equal beauty! seldom art
 Can emulate that broad and bold extent
 Which charms in native lakes; and, failing there,
 Her works betray their character and name,
 And dwindle into pools. Not that our strain,
 Fastidious, shall disdain a small expanse
 Of stagnant fluid, in some scene confined,
 Circled with varied shade, where, through the
 leaves,

The half-admitted sunbeam trembling plays
 On its clear bosom; where aquatic fowl
 Of varied tribe and varied feather sail;
 And where the finny race their glittering scales
 Unwillingly reveal: there, there alone,
 Where bursts the general prospect on our eye,
 We scorn these watery patches: Thames himself,
 Seen in disjointed spots, where sallows hide
 His first bold presence, seems a string of pools,
 A chart and compass must explain his course.

He who would seize the river's sovereign charm,
 Must wind the moving mirror through his lawn
 E'en to remotest distance; deep must delve
 The gravelly channel that prescribes its course;
 Closely conceal each terminating bound
 By hill or shade opposed; and to its bank

It generally does so; yet in the latter it is sometimes found more abrupt: in artificial pieces of water, therefore, sharper curves may be employed than in the formation of the sand or gravel walk.

Lifting the level of the copious stream,
Must there retain it. But if thy faint springs
Refuse this large supply, steel thy firm soul
With stoic pride; imperfect charms despise:
Beauty, like Virtue, knows no groveling mean.

Who but must pity that penurious taste,
Which down the quick-descending vale prolongs,
Slope below slope, a stiff and unlink'd chain
Of flat canals; then leads the stranger's eye
To some predestined station, there to catch
Their seeming union, and the fraud approve?
Who but must change that pity into scorn,
If down each verdant slope a narrow flight
Of central steps decline, where the spare stream
Steals trickling; or, withheld by cunning skill,
Hoards its scant treasures, till the master's nod
Decree its fall: then down the formal stairs
It leaps with shortlived fury; wasting there,
Poor prodigal! what many a summer's rain
And many a winter's snow shall late restore.

Learn that, whene'er in some sublimer scene
Imperial Nature of her headlong floods
Permits our imitation, she herself
Prepares their reservoir; conceal'd perchance
In neighbouring hills, where first it well behoves
Our toil to search, and studiously augment
The watery store with springs and sluices drawn
From pools that on the heath drink up the rain.
Be these collected, like the miser's gold,
In one increasing fund, nor dare to pour
Down thy impending mound the bright cascade,
Till richly sure of its redundant fall.

That mound to raise alike demands thy toil
Ere art adorn its surface. Here adopt

That facile mode which his inventive powers⁶
 First plann'd, who led to rich Mancunium's mart
 His long-drawn line of navigated stream.
 Stupendous task! in vain stood towering hills.
 Opposed; in vain did ample Irwell pour
 Her tide transverse; he pierced the towering hill,
 He bridged the ample tide, and high in air
 And deep through earth his freighted barge he bore.
 This mode shall temper e'en the lightest soil
 Firm to thy purpose. Then let taste select
 The unhewn fragments, that may give its front
 A rocky rudeness; pointed some, that there
 The frothy spouts may break; some slanting
 smooth,

That there in silver sheet the wave may slide.
 Here too infix some moss-grown trunks of oak
 Romantic, turn'd by gelid lakes to stone,
 Yet so disposed as if they owed their change
 To what they now control. Then open wide
 Thy floodgates; then let down thy torrent: then
 Rejoice; as if the thundering Tees himself⁷
 Reign'd there amid his cataracts sublime.

And thou hast cause for triumph! Kings
 themselves,
 With all a nation's wealth, an army's toil,
 If Nature frown averse, shall ne'er achieve
 Such wonders: Nature's was the glorious gift;

⁶ *That facile mode which his inventive powers.*] Mr. Brindley, who executed the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, and invented a method of making dams to hold water without clay, using for this purpose any sort of earth duly tempered with water.

⁷ *Rejoice; as if the thundering Tees himself.*] The fall of the Tees, near Middleton in Yorkshire, is esteemed one of the greatest in England.

Thy art her menial handmaid. Listening youths!
 To whose ingenuous hearts I still address
 The friendly strain, from such severe attempt
 Let Prudence warn you. Turn to this clear rill,
 Which, while I bid your bold ambition cease,
 Runs murmuring at my side: o'er many a rood
 Your skill may lead the wanderer; many a mound
 Of pebbles raise, to fret her in her course
 Impatient: louder then will be her song:
 For she will plain and gurgle as she goes,
 As does the widow'd ringdove. Take, vain Pomp!
 Thy lakes, thy long canals, thy trim cascades,
 Beyond them all true taste will dearly prize
 This little dimpling treasure. Mark the cleft
 Through which she bursts to-day. Behind that
 rock

A Naiad dwells: *Lineia* is her name⁸;
 And she has sisters in contiguous cells,
 Who never saw the sun. Fond Fancy's eye,
 That inly gives locality and form
 To what she prizes best, full oft pervades
 Those hidden caverns, where pale chrysolites
 And glittering spars dart a mysterious gleam
 Of inborn lustre, from the garish day

⁸ *A Naiad dwells: Lineia is her name.*] This idea was conceived in a very retired grove at Papplewick in Nottinghamshire, the seat of Frederick Montagu, Esq. who has long honoured me with his friendship, where a little clear trout-stream (dignified perhaps too much by the name of a river) gurgles very deliciously. This stream is called the Lin, and the spring itself rises but a little way from his plantations. Hence the name of this Naiad is formed. The village itself, which is situated on the edge of the forest of Sherwood, has not been without poetical notice before, Ben Jonson having taken some of his *dramatis personæ* from it in his unfinished pastoral comedy called *The Sad Shepherd*.

Unborrow'd. There, by the wild goddess led,
Oft have I seen them bending o'er their urns,
Chanting alternate airs of Dorian mood,
While smooth they comb'd their moist cerulean
locks

With shells of living pearl. Yes, let me own,
To these, or classic deities like these,
From very childhood was I prone to pay
Harmless idolatry. My infant eyes
First open'd on that bleak and boisterous shore
Where Humber weds the nymphs of Trent and
Ouse

To his and Ocean's tritons: thence full soon
My youth retired, and left the busy strand
To Commerce and to Care. In Margaret's grove⁹,
Beneath whose time-worn shade old Camus sleeps,
Was next my tranquil station: Science there
Sat musing, and to those that loved the lore
Pointed, with mystic wand, to truths involved
In geometric symbols, scorning those,
Perchance too much, who woo'd the thriftless
muse.

Here, though in warbling whisper oft I breathed
The lay, were wanting what young Fancy deems
The lifesprings of her being, rocks and caves
And huddling brooks and torrent-falls divine.
In quest of these at summer's vacant hour
Pleased would I stray, when in a northern vale,
So chance ordain'd, a Naiad sad I found
Robb'd of her silver vase; I sooth'd the nymph
With song of sympathy, and cursed the fiend

⁹ *To Commerce and to Care. In Margaret's grove.*] St. John's College in Cambridge, founded by Margaret Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry the Seventh.

Who stole the gift of Thetis¹⁰. Hence the cause
 Why, favour'd by the blue-eyed sisterhood,
 They sooth with songs my solitary ear.

Nor is Lineia silent—' Long (she cries),
 Too long has man waged sacrilegious war
 With the vex'd elements, and chief with that
 Which elder Thales and the bard of Thebes
 Held first of things terrestrial; nor misdeem'd:
 For when the Spirit creative deign'd to move,
 He moved upon the waters. O, reverse
 Our power: for, were its vital force withheld,
 Where then were vegetation's vernal bloom,
 Where its autumnal wealth? but we are kind
 As powerful; O, let reverence lead to love,
 And both to emulation! Not a rill
 That winds its sparkling current o'er the plain,
 Reflecting to the sun bright recompense
 For every beam he lends, but reads thy soul
 A generous lecture. Not a pansy pale,
 That drinks its daily nurture from that rill,
 But breathes in fragrant accents to thy soul,
 " So by thy pity cheer'd, the languish'd head
 Of poverty might smile." Who e'er beheld
 Our humble train forsake their native vale
 To climb the haughty hill? Ambition, speak!
 He blushes and is mute. When did our streams,
 By force unpent, in dull stagnation sleep?
 Let Sloth unfold his arms and tell the time.
 Or, if the tyranny of Art infringed
 Our rights, when did our patient floods submit

¹⁰ *Who stole the gift of Thetis. Hence the cause.*] Alluding to the Ode to a Waternymph, which the author wrote a year or two after his admission into the University. See page 32.

Without recoil? Servility retires
And clinks his gilded chain. O, learn from us,
And tell it to thy nation, British bard!
Uncurb'd Ambition, unresisting Sloth,
And base Dependance are the fiends accursed
That pull down mighty empires. If they scorn
The awful truth, be thine to hold it dear.
So through the vale of life thy flowing hours
Shall glide serene; and, like Lineia's rill,
Their free yet not licentious course fulfill'd,
Sink in the ocean of eternity.'



THE
ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK IV.

NOR yet, divine Simplicity! withdraw
That aid auspicious, which, in Art's domain,
Already has reform'd whate'er prevail'd
Of foreign or of false; has led the curve
That Nature loves through all her silvan haunts;
Has stolen the fence unnoticed that arrests
Her vagrant herds; given lustre to her lawns,
Gloom to her groves, and in expanse serene
Devolved that watery mirror at her foot
O'er which she loves to bend and view her charms.

And tell me thou, whoe'er hast new arranged
By her chaste rules thy garden, if thy heart
Feels not the warm, the self-dilating glow
Of true benevolence. Thy flocks, thy herds,
That browse luxurious o'er those very plots
Which once were barren, bless thee for the change;
The birds of air (which thy funereal yews
Of shape uncouth, and leaden sons of earth,
Antæus and Enceladus, with clubs
Uplifted, long had frightened from the scene)
Now pleased return, they perch on every spray.
And swell their little throats, and warble wild
Their vernal minstrelsy; to heaven and thee
It is a hymn of thanks; do thou, like heaven,
With tutelary care reward their song.

Erewhile the Muse, industrious to combine
 Nature's own charms, with these alone adorn'd
 The genius of the scene; but other gifts
 She has in store, which gladly now she brings,
 And he shall proudly wear. Know, when she broke
 The spells of Fashion, from the crumbling wreck
 Of her enchantments, sagely did she cull
 Those relics rich of old Vitruvian skill,
 With what the sculptor's hand in classic days
 Made breathe in brass or marble; these the hag
 Had purloin'd, and disposed in Folly's fane;
 To him these trophies of her victory
 She bears; and where his awful nod ordains
 Conspicuous means to place. He shall direct
 Her dubious judgment from the various hoard
 Of ornamental treasures how to choose
 The simplest and the best; on these his seal
 Shall stamp great Nature's image and his own,
 To charm for unborn ages.—Fling the rest
 Back to the beldame, bid her whirl them all
 In her vain vortex, lift them now to day,
 Now plunge in night, as through the humid rack
 Of April cloud swift flits the trembling beam.

But precepts tire, and this fastidious age
 Rejects the strain didactic: try we then
 In livelier narrative the truths to veil
 We dare not dictate. Sons of Albion, hear!
 The tale I tell is full of strange event,
 And piteous circumstance; yet deem not ye,
 If names I feign, that therefore facts are feign'd:
 Nor hence refuse (what most augments the charm
 Of storied woe) that fond credulity
 Which binds the' attentive soul in closer chains.

At manhood's prime Alcander's duteous tear

Fell on his father's grave. The fair domain,
Which then became his ample heritage,
That father had reform'd; each line destroy'd
Which Belgic dulness plann'd; and Nature's self
Restored to all the rights she wish'd to claim.

Crowning a gradual hill his mansion rose
In ancient English grandeur: turrets, spires,
And windows, climbing high from base to roof
In wide and radiant rows, bespoke its birth
Coeval with those rich cathedral fanes
(Gothic ill named) where harmony results
From disunited parts; and shapes minute,
At once distinct and blended, boldly form
One vast majestic whole. No modern art
Had marr'd with misplaced symmetry the pile.
Alcander held it sacred: on a height,
Which westering to its site the front survey'd,
He first his taste employ'd: for there a line
Of thinly scatter'd beech too tamely broke
The blank horizon. 'Draw we round yon knowl
(Alcander cried) in stately Norman mode
A wall embattled; and within its guard
Let every structure needful for a farm
Arise in castle-semblance; the huge barn
Shall with a mock portcullis arm the gate,
Where Ceres entering, o'er the flail-proof floor
In golden triumph rides; some tower rotund
Shall to the pigeons and their callow young
Safe roost afford; and every buttress broad,
Whose proud projection seems a mass of stone,
Give space to stall the heifer and the steed.
So shall each part, though turn'd to rural use,
Deceive the eye with those bold feudal forms
That Fancy loves to gaze on.' This achieved,

Now nearer home he calls returning Art
 To hide the structure rude where Winter pounds
 In conic pit his congelations hoar,
 That Summer may his tepid beverage cool
 With the chill luxury; his dairy too
 There stands of form unsightly: both to veil,
 He builds of old disjointed moss-grown stone
 A time-struck abbey¹. An impending grove
 Screens it behind with reverential shade;
 While bright in front the stream reflecting spreads,
 Which winds a mimic river o'er his lawn.
 The fane conventual there is dimly seen,
 The mitred window, and the cloister pale,
 With many a mouldering column; ivy soon
 Round the rude chinks her net of foliage spreads;
 Its verdant meshes seem to prop the wall.

One native glory, more than all sublime,
 Alcander's scene possess'd: 'twas Ocean's self—
 He, boisterous king, against the eastern cliffs
 Dash'd his white foam; a verdant vale between
 Gave splendid ingress to his world of waves.
 Slanting this vale the mound of that clear stream
 Lay hid in shade, which slowly laved his lawn:
 But there set free, the rill resumed its pace

¹ *A time-struck abbey. An impending grove.*] It was said in the first book, p. 184, l. 1—4, that of those architectural objects which improved a fine natural *English* prospect, the two principal were the *castle* and the *abbey*. In conformity with this idea, Alcander first begins to exercise his taste, by forming a resemblance of those two capital artificial features, *uniting them, however, with utility*. The precept is here meant to be conveyed by description, which had before been given more directly in book ii. ver. 21.

Beauty scorns to dwell
 Where *Use* is exiled.

And hurried to the main. The dell it pass'd
 Was rocky and retired: here art with ease
 Might lead it o'er a grot, and, filter'd there,
 Teach it to sparkle down its craggy sides,
 And fall and tinkle on its pebbled floor.
 Here then that grot he builds, and conchs with
 Moss petrified with branching corallines [spars,
 In mingled mode arranges: all found here
 Propriety of place; what view'd the main
 Might well the shelly gifts of Thetis bear.
 Not so the inland cave: with richer store
 Than those the neighbouring mines and moun-
 tains yield

To hang its roof, would seem incongruous pride,
 And fright the local genius from the scene².

One vernal morn, as urging here the work
 Surrounded by his hinds, from mild to cold
 The season changed, from cold to sudden storm,
 From storm to whirlwind. To the angry main
 Swiftly he turns and sees a laden ship
 Dismasted by its rage. ' Hie, hie we all
 (Alcander cried) quick to the neighbouring beach.'
 They flew; they came but only to behold—
 Tremendous sight! the vessel dash its poop
 Amid the boiling breakers. Need I tell
 What strenuous arts were used, when all were
 used,

To save the sinking crew? One tender maid
 Alone escaped, saved by Alcander's arm,

² *And fright the local genius from the scene.*] A precept is here rather more than hinted at; but it appeared to be so well founded, and yet so seldom attended to by the fabricators of grottos, that it seem'd necessary to slide back a little from the narrative into the didactic to inculcate it the more strongly.

Who boldly swam to snatch her from the plank
 To which she feebly clung; swiftly to shore,
 And swifter to his home the youth convey'd
 His clay-cold prize, who at his portal first
 By one deep sigh a sign of life betray'd.

A maid so saved, if but by nature bless'd
 With common charms, had soon awaked a flame
 More strong than pity in that melting heart
 Which pity warm'd before. But she was fair
 As poets picture Hebe or the Spring;
 Graceful withal, as if each limb were cast
 In that ideal mould whence Raphael drew
 His Galatea³: yes, the impassion'd youth
 Felt more than pity when he view'd her charms.
 Yet she (ah, strange to tell) though much he loved,
 Suppress'd as much that sympathetic flame
 Which love like his should kindle: did he kneel
 In rapture at her feet? she bow'd the head
 And coldly bad him rise; or did he plead
 In terms of purest passion for a smile?
 She gave him but a tear: his manly form,
 His virtues, e'en the courage that preserved
 Her life beseem'd no sentiment to wake
 Warmer than gratitude; and yet the love
 Withheld from him she freely gave his scenes;
 On all their charms a just applause bestow'd;
 And, if she e'er was happy, only then

³ *His Galatea: yes, the' impassion'd youth.*] Alluding to a letter of that famous painter, written to his friend Count Baltasar Castiglione, when he was painting his celebrated picture of Galatea, in which he tells him *essendo carestia di belle donne, io mi servo di certa idea che viene alla mente.* See Bellori *Discriz. delle Imagini dipinte da Raffaello d'Urbino*, or the Life of B. Castiglione, prefixed to the London edition of his book, entitled *Il Cortegiano*.

When wandering where those charms were most
display'd. [cient beech

As through a neighbouring grove, where an-
Their awful foliage flung, Alcander led
The pensive maid along, ' Tell me (she cried),
Why, on these forest features all intent,
Forbears my friend some scene distinct to give
To Flora and her fragrance? Well I know
That in the general landscape's broad expanse
Their little blooms are lost; but here are glades,
Circled with shade, yet pervious to the sun,
Where, if enamel'd with their rainbow hues,
The eye would catch their splendour: turn thy
taste,

E'en in this grassy circle where we stand,
To form the plots; there weave a woodbine bower,
And call that bower Nerina's.' At the word
Alcander smiled; his fancy instant form'd
The fragrant scene she wish'd; and Love with Art
Uniting, soon produced the finish'd whole.

Down to the south the glade by Nature lean'd;
Art form'd the slope still softer, opening there
Its foliage, and to each Etesian gale
Admittance free dispensing; thickest shade
Guarded the rest.— His taste will best conceive
The new arrangement, whose free footsteps, used
To forest haunts, have pierced their opening dells,
Where frequent tufts of sweetbriar, box, or thorn,
Steal on the greensward, but admit fair space
For many a mossy maze to wind between.
So here did Art arrange her flowery groups
Irregular, yet not in patches quaint⁴,

⁴ *Irregular, yet not in patches quaint.*] There is nothing in
picturesque gardening which should not have its archetype in

But interposed between the wandering lines
 Of shaven turf which twisted to the path,
 Gravel or sand, that in as wild a wave
 Stole round the verdant limits of the scene;
 Leading the eye to many a sculptured bust
 On shapely pedestal, of sage or bard,
 Bright heirs of fame, who living loved the haunts
 So fragrant, so sequester'd. Many an urn
 There too had place, with votive lay inscribed
 To freedom, friendship, solitude, or love.

And now each flower that bears transplanting
 change,

Or blooms indigenous, adorns the scene:
 Only Nerina's wish, her woodbine bower,
 Remain'd to crown the whole. Here, far beyond
 That humble wish, her lover's genius form'd
 A glittering fane, where rare and alien plants
 Might safely flourish⁵; where the citron sweet,

unadorned Nature. Now, as we never see any of her plains dotted with dissevered patches of any sort of vegetables, except, perhaps, some of her more barren heaths, where even furze can grow but sparingly, and which form the most disagreeable of her scenes: therefore the present common mode of dotting clumps of flowers, or shrubs on a grass plot, without union, and without other meaning than that of appearing irregular, ought to be avoided. It is the form and easy flow of the grassy interstices (if I may so call them) that the designer ought first to have a regard to; and if these be well formed, the spaces for flowers or shrubbery will be at the same time ascertained.

⁵ *Might safely flourish; where the citron sweet.*] M. le Girardin, in an elegant French essay, written on the same subject, and formed on the same principles with this poem, is the only writer that I have seen (or at least recollect) who has attempted to give a stove or hot-house a picturesque effect. It is his hint, pursued and considerably dilated, which forms the description of Alcander's conservatory. See his essay, *De la Composition des Paysages*. Gen. 1777.

And fragrant orange, rich in fruit and flowers,
Might hang their silver stars, their golden globes,
On the same odorous stem: yet, scorning there
The glassy penthouse of ignoble form,
High on Ionic shafts he bad it tower
A proud rotunda; to its sides conjoin'd
Two broad piazzas in theatric curve,
Ending in equal porticos sublime.
Glass roof'd the whole, and sidelong to the south
'Twixt every fluted column, lightly rear'd
Its wall pellucid. All within was day,
Was genial summer's day, for secret stoves
Through all the pile solstitial warmth convey'd.

These led through isles of fragrance to the dome
Each way in circling quadrant. That bright space
Guarded the spicy tribes from Afric's shore,
Or Ind, or Araby, Sabæan plants
Weeping with nard and balsam. In the midst
A statue stood, the work of Attic art;
Its thin light drapery, cast in fluid folds,
Proclaim'd its ancientry; all save the head,
Which stole (for love is prone to gentle thefts)
The features of Nerina; yet that head,
So perfect in resemblance; all its air
So tenderly impassion'd; to the trunk,
Which Grecian skill had form'd, so aptly join'd,
Phidias himself might seem to have inspired
The chisel, bribed to do the amorous fraud.
One graceful hand held forth a flowery wreath,
The other press'd her zone; while round the base
Dolphins, and triton shells, and plants marine
Proclaim'd, that Venus, rising from the sea,
Had veil'd in Flora's modest vest her charms.
Such was the fane, and such the deity

Who seem'd with smile auspicious to inhale
That incense which a tributary world
From all its regions round her altar breathed:
And yet, when to the shrine Alcander led
His living goddess, only with a sigh
And starting tear the statue and the dome
Reluctantly she view'd. And ' Why (she cried),
Why would my best preserver here erect,
With all the fond idolatry of love,
A wretch's image whom his pride should scorn?
(For so his country bids him) Drive me hence,
Transport me quick to Gallia's hostile shore,
Hostile to thee, yet not, alas! to her,
Who there was meant to sojourn: there, perchance,
My father, wafted by more prosperous gales,
Now mourns his daughter lost; my brother there
Perhaps now soothes that venerable age
He should not sooth alone. Vain thought! per-
Both perish'd at Esopus—do not blush, [chance
It was not thou that lit the ruthless flame;
It was not thou that, like remorseless Cain,
Thirstedst for brother's blood: thy heart disdains
The savage imputation. Rest thee there,
And, though thou pitiest, yet forbear to grace
A wretched alien, and a rebel deem'd,
With honours ill beseeming her to claim.
My wish, thou know'st, was humble as my state;
I only begg'd a little woodbine bower,
Where I might sit and weep, while all around
The lilies and the bluebells hung their heads
In seeming sympathy.' ' Does then the scene
Displease?' the disappointed lover cried.
' Alas! too much it pleases (sigh'd the fair);
Too strongly paints the passion which stern Fate

Forbids me to return.' 'Dost thou then love
Some happier youth?' 'No; tell thy generous soul
Indeed I do not.' More she would have said,
But gushing grief prevented. From the fane
Silent he led her, as from Eden's bower
The sire of men his weeping partner led,
Less lovely, and less innocent than she.

Yet still Alcander hoped what last she sigh'd
Spoke more than gratitude: the war might end;
Her father might consent; for that alone
Now seem'd the duteous barrier to his bliss.
Already had he sent a faithful friend
To learn if France the reverend exile held:
That friend return'd not. Meanwhile every sun
Which now (a year elapsed) diurnal rose
Beheld her still more pensive; inward pangs,
From grief's concealment, hourly seem'd to force
Health from her cheek and quiet from her soul.
Alcander mourn'd the change, yet still he hoped;
For Love to Hope his flickering taper lends,
When Reason with his steady torch retires:
Hence did he try, by evervarying arts
And scenes of novel charm, her grief to calm.

Nor he did not employ the siren powers
Of music and of song; or painting, thine,
Sweet source of pure delight! But I record
Those arts alone which form my silvan theme.

At stated hours, full oft had he observed
She fed with welcome grain the household fowl
That trespass'd on his lawn; this waked a wish
To give her feather'd favourites space of land
And lake appropriate: in a neighbouring copse
He plann'd the scene; for there the crystal spring,
That form'd his river, from a rocky cleft

First bubbling broke to day; and spreading there
 Slept on its rushes. ' Here my delving hinds
 (He cried) shall soon the marshy soil remove,
 And spread, in brief extent, a glittering lake
 Chequer'd with isles of verdure; on yon rock
 A sculptured rivergod shall rest his urn;
 And through that urn the native fountain flow.
 Thy wish'd-for bower, Nerina, shall adorn
 The southern bank; the downy race, that swim
 The lake, or pace the shore, with livelier charms,
 Yet no less rural, here will meet thy glance,
 Than flowers inanimate.' Full soon was scoop'd
 The watery bed, and soon, by margin green
 And rising banks enclosed; the highest gave
 Site to a rustic fabric, shelving deep
 Within the thicket, and in front composed
 Of three unequal arches, lowly all
 The surer to expel the noontide glare,
 Yet yielding liberal inlet to the scene;
 Woodbine with jasmine carelessly entwined
 Conceal'd the needful masonry, and hung
 In free festoons, and vested all the cell.
 Hence did the lake, the islands, and the rock
 A living landscape spread; the feather'd fleet,
 Led by two mantling swans, at every creek
 Now touch'd, and now unmoor'd; now on full sail,
 With pennons spread and oary feet they plied
 Their vagrant voyage; and now, as if becalm'd,
 'Tween shore and shore at anchor seem'd to sleep.
 Around those shores the fowl that fear the stream
 At random rove: hither hot Guinea sends
 Her gadding troop; here midst his speckled dames
 The pigmy chanticleer of Bantam winds
 His clarion; while, supreme in glittering state,

The peacock spreads his rainbow train, with eyes
Of sapphire bright, irradiate each with gold.
Meanwhile from every spray the ringdoves coo,
The linnets warble, captive none⁶, but lured
By food to haunt the umbrage: all the glade
Is life, is music, liberty, and love.

And is there now to pleasure or to use
One scene devoted in the wide domain
Its master has not polish'd? Rumour spreads
Its praises far, and many a stranger stops
With curious eye to censure or admire.
To all his lawns are pervious; oft himself
With courteous greeting will the critic hail,
And join him in the circuit. Give we here
(If Candour will with patient ear attend)

The social dialogue Alcander held
With one, a youth of mild yet manly mien,
Who seem'd to taste the beauties he survey'd.

' Little, I fear me, will a stranger's eye
Find here to praise, where rich Vitruvian art
Has rear'd no temples, no triumphal arcs;
Where no Palladian bridges span the stream,
But all is homebred Fancy.' ' For that cause,
And chiefly that (the polish'd youth replied),
I view each part with rapture. Ornament,
When foreign or fantastic, never charm'd
My judgment; here I tread on British ground;

⁶ *The linnets warble, captive none, but lured.*] See Rousseau's charming description of the garden of Julie, *Nowvelle Eloise*, 4 *partie*, *lett* 11th. In consequence of pursuing his idea, no birds are introduced into Alcander's menagerie but such as are either domesticated, or choose to visit it for the security and food they find there. If any of my more delicate readers wish to have theirs stocked with rarer kind of fowls, they must invent a picturesque birdcage for themselves.

With British annals all I view accords.
Some Yorkist, or Lancastrian baron bold,
To awe his vassals, or to stem his foes,
Yon massy bulwark built; on yonder pile
In ruin beauteous I distinctly mark
The ruthless traces of stern Henry's hand.'

' Yet (cried Alcander, interrupting mild
The stranger's speech), if so yon ancient seat,
Pride of my ancestors, had mock'd repair,
And by proportions Greek or Roman laws
That pile had been rebuilt, thou wouldst not then,
I trust, have blamed, if there on Doric shafts
A temple rose; if some tall obelisk
O'ertopp'd yon grove, or bold triumphal arch
Usurp'd my castle's station.'—' Spare me yet
Yon solemn ruin (the quick youth return'd),
No mouldering aqueduct, no yawning crypt
Sepulchral will console me for its fate.'

' I mean not that (the master of the scene
Replied); though classic rules to modern piles
Should give the just arrangement, shun we here
By those to form our ruins; much we own
They please, when, by Panini's pencil drawn,
Or darkly graved by Piranesi's hand,
And fitly might some Tuscan garden grace;
But Time's rude mace has here all Roman piles
Level'd so low that who on British ground
Attempts the task builds but a splendid lie
Which mocks historic credence. Hence the cause
Why Saxon piles or Norman here prevail:
Form they a rude, 'tis yet an English whole.'

' And much I praise thy choice (the stranger
cried);
Such chaste selection shames the common mode,

Which, mingling structures of far distant times,
 Far distant regions, here perchance erects
 A fane to Freedom, where her Brutus stands
 In act to strike the tyrant; there a tent,
 With crescent crown'd, with scymitars adorn'd,
 Meet for some Bajazet; northward we turn,
 And, lo! a pigmy pyramid pretends
 We tread the realms of Pharaoh; quickly thence
 Our southern step presents us heaps of stone
 Ranged in a Druid circle. Thus from age
 To age, from clime to clime incessant borne,
 Imagination flounders headlong on,
 Till, like fatigued Villario⁷, soon we find
 We better like a field.' ' Nicely thy hand
 The childish landscape touches (cries his host),
 For Fashion ever is a wayward child;
 Yet sure we might forgive her faults like these,
 If but in separate or in single scenes
 She thus with Fancy wanton'd: should I lead
 Thy step, my friend (for our accordant tastes
 Prompt me to give thee that familiar name),
 Behind this screen of elm thou there mightst find
 I too had idly play'd the truant's part,
 And broke the bounds of judgment.' ' Lead me
 there

(Briskly the youth return'd, for having proved
 Thy epic genius here, why not peruse
 Thy lighter ode or eclogue?' Smiling thence
 Alcander led him to the woodbine bower
 Which last our song describ'd, who seated there,
 In silent transport view'd the lively scene.

' I see (his host resumed) my sportive art

⁷ *Till, like fatigued Villario, soon we find.] See Pope's
 Epistle to Lord Burlington, ver. 88.*

Finds pardon here; not e'en yon classic form,
 Pouring his liquid treasures from his vase,
 Though foreign from the soil, provokes thy frown⁸.
 Try we thy candour farther: higher art,
 And more luxurious, haply too more vain,
 Adorns yon southern coppice.' On they pass'd
 Through a wild thicket, till the perfumed air
 Gave to another sense its prelude rich
 On what the eye should feast. But now the grove
 Expands; and now the rose, the garden's queen,
 Amidst her blooming subjects' humbler charms,
 On every plot her crimson pomp displays.
 ' Oh Paradise! (the' entering youth exclaim'd)
 Groves whose rich trees weep odorous gums and
 balm,
 Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
 Hang amiable, Hesperian fables true,
 If true, here only⁹.' Thus in Milton's phrase
 Sublime the youth his admiration pour'd,
 While passing to the dome, his next short step
 Unveil'd the central statue; ' Heavens! just
 Heavens!

⁸ *Though foreign from the soil, provokes thy frown.*] It is hoped that, from the position of this rivergod in the menagerie, from the situation of the busts and vases in the flower garden, and that of the statue in the conservatory, the reader will deduce the following general precept, 'that all adventitious ornaments of sculpture ought either to be accompanied with a proper background (as the painters term it), or introduced as a part of architectural scenery; and that when, on the contrary, they are placed in open lawns or parterres, according to the old mode, they become, like Antæus and Enceladus, mentioned in the beginning of this book, mere *scarecrows*.

⁹ *If true, here only.* Thus in Milton's phrase.] See Milton's *Paradise Lost*, b. iv. ver. 248, &c.

He cried, ' 'tis my Nerina.' 'Thine, mad youth?
Forego the word,' Alcander said, and paused;
His utterance fail'd; a thousand clustering
thoughts,

And all of blackest omen to his peace,
Recoil'd upon his brain, deaden'd all sense,
And at the statue's base him headlong cast,
A lifeless load of being.—Ye, whose hearts
Are ready at Humanity's soft call
To drop the tear, I charge you weep not yet,
But fearfully suspend the bursting woe:
Nerina's self appears; the further isle
She, fate-directed, treads. Does she too faint?
Would Heaven she could! it were a happy swoon
Might soften her fix'd form, more rigid now
Than is her marble semblance. One stiff hand
Lies leaden on her breast; the other raised
To heaven, and half-way clench'd; steadfast her
eyes,

Yet viewless; and her lips, which oped to shriek,
Can neither shriek nor close. So might she stand
Forever: He whose sight caused the dread change,
Though now he clasps her in his anxious arm,
Fails to unbend one sinew of her frame;
'Tis ice; 'tis steel. But see, Alcander wakes;
And waking, as by magic sympathy,
Nerina whispers, 'all is well, my friend;
'Twas but a vision; I may yet revive——
But still his arm supports me; aid him, friend,
And bear me swiftly to my woodbine bower:
For there indeed I wish to breathe my last.'

So saying, her cold cheek and parched brow
Turn'd to a livid paleness; her dim eyes
Sunk in their sockets; sharp contraction press'd

Her temples, ears, and nostrils: signs well known
To those that tend the dying*. Both the youths
Perceived the change; and, had stern Death
himself

Waved his black banner visual o'er their heads,
It could not more appall. With trembling step,
And silent, both convey'd her to the bower.

Her languid limbs there decently composed.
She thus her speech resumed: 'Attend my words,
Brave Cleon! dear Alcander! generous pair:
For both have tender interest in this heart
Which soon shall beat no more. That I am thine
By a dear father's just commands I own,
Much honour'd Cleon! take the hand he gave,
And with it, Oh, if I could give my heart,
Thou wert its worthy owner. All I can
(And that preserved with chastest fealty)
Duteous I give thee, Cleon, it is thine;
Not e'en this dear preserver e'er could gain
More from my soul than friendship—that be his;
Yet let me own, what, dying, soothes the pang,
That, had thyself and duty ne'er been known,
He must have had my love.' She paused; and
dropp'd

A silent tear: then press'd the stranger's hand;

* To those that tend the dying. Both the youths.] These lines are taken from the famous passage in Hippocrates in his book of Prognostics, which has been held so accurately descriptive, that dying persons are, from hence, usually said to have the *facies Hippocratica*. The passage is as follows: 'Πῆς ὀξεία, ὀφθαλμοὶ κοῖλοι, κροταφοὶ ζυμωσιμώτεροι, ἅτα ψυχρὰ καὶ ξυνεσθλμένα, καὶ οἱ λόβοι τῶν ὠτῶν ἀπιστραμμένοι καὶ τὸ δέρμα τὸ περὶ τὸ μέτωπον, σκληρόν τε καὶ περιβλεπόμενον καὶ καεφαλέον ἐὼν καὶ τὸ χρώμα τῷ ξύμπαντι πρὸς αὐτὴν χλωρόν τε ἢ καὶ μέλαν ἐὼν καὶ πικρὸν ἢ μολιῶδες.'

Then bow'd her head upon Alcander's breast,
And 'bless them both, kind Heaven!' she pray'd
and died.

'And bless'd art thou (cried Cleon, in a voice
Struggling with grief for utterance), bless'd to die
Ere thou hadst question'd me, and I perforce
Had told a tale which must have sent thy soul
In horror from thy bosom. Now it leaves
A smile of peace upon those pallid lips,
That speaks its parting happy. Go, fair saint!
Go to thy palm-crown'd father! throned in bliss
And seated by his side, thou wilt not now
Deplore the savage stroke that seal'd his doom;
Go, hymn the Fount of Mercy, who, from ill
Educing good, makes e'en a death like his,
A life surcharged with tender woes like thine,
The road to joys eternal. Maid, farewell!
I leave the casket that thy virtues held
To him whose breast sustains it; more beloved,
Perhaps more worthy, yet not loving more
Than did thy wretched Cleon.' At the word
He bathed in tears the hand she dying gave,
Return'd it to her side, and hasty rose.
Alcander, starting from his trance of grief, [stay,
Cried 'Stay, I charge thee stay:—' And shall he
(Cleon replied), whose presence stabb'd thy peace?
Hear this before we part: That breathless maid
Was daughter to a venerable sage,
Whom Boston, when with peace and safety bless'd,
In rapture heard pour from his hallow'd tongue
Religion's purest dictates. 'Twas my chance,
In early period of our civil broils,
To save his precious life: And hence the sire
Did to my love his daughter's charms consign;

But, till the war should cease, if ever cease,
Deferr'd our nuptials. Whither she was sent
In search of safety, well, I trust, thou know'st;
He meant to follow; but those ruthless flames,
That spared nor friend nor foe, nor sex nor age,
Involved the village, where on sickly couch
He lay confined, and whither he had fled
Awhile to sojourn. There (I see thee shrink)
Was he, that gave Nerina being, burn'd!
Burn'd by thy countrymen! to ashes burn'd!
Fraternal hands and Christian lit the flame.—
Oh, thou hast cause to shudder. I meanwhile
With his brave son a distant warfare waged:
And him, now I have found the prize I sought,
And finding lost, I hasten to rejoin;
Vengeance and glory call me.' At the word,
Not fiercer does the tigress quit her cave
To seize the hinds that robb'd her of her young
Than he the bower. 'Stay, I conjure thee, stay,'
Alcander cried; but ere the word was spoke
Cleon was seen no more. 'Then be it so,'
The youth continued, clasping to his heart
The beauteous corse, and smiling as he spoke
(Yet such a smile as far out-sorrows tears),
'Now thou art mine entirely—Now no more
Shall duty dare disturb us—Love alone—
But hark! he comes again—Away, vain fear!
'Twas but the fluttering of thy feather'd flock.
True to their custom'd hour, behold they troop
From island, grove, and lake. Arise, my love,
Extend thy hand—I lift it, but it falls.
Hence then, fond fools, and pine! Nerina's hand
Has lost the power to feed you. Hence and die.'
Thus plaining, to his lips the icy palm:

He lifted, and with ardent passion kiss'd;
Then cried in agony, 'on this dear hand,
Once tremblingly alive to Love's soft touch,
I hoped to seal my faith:' This thought awaked
Another sad soliloquy, which they,
Whoe'er have loved, will from their hearts supply,
And they who have not will but hear and smile.

And let them smile; but let the scorers learn
There is a solemn luxury in grief

Which they shall never taste; well known to those,
And only those, in Solitude's deep gloom

Who heave the sigh sincerely: Fancy there
Waits the fit moment; and, when Time has calm'd

The first o'erwhelming tempest of their woe,
Piteous she steals upon the mourner's breast

Her precious balm to shed: Oh, it has power,
Has magic power to soften and to sooth,

Thus duly minister'd. Alcander felt

The charm, yet not till many a lingering moon

Had hung upon her zenith o'er his couch,

And heard his midnight wailings. Does he stray

But near the fated temple, or the bower?

He feels a chilly monitor within

Who bids him pause. Does he at distance view

His grot? 'tis darken'd with Nerina's storm,

E'en at the blaze of noon. Yet there are walks

The lost one never trod; and there are seats

Where he was never happy by her side,

And these he still can sigh in. Here at length,

As if by chance, kind Fancy brought her aid,

When wandering through a grove of sable yew,

Raised by his ancestors: their Sabbath-path

Led through its gloom, what time too dark a stole

Was o'er Religion's decent features drawn

By puritanic zeal. Long had their boughs
 Forgot the shears; the spire, the holy ground
 They banish'd by their umbrage. 'What if here
 (Cried the sweet soother, in a whisper soft)
 Some open space were form'd, where other shades,
 Yet all of solemn sort, cypress and bay
 Funereal, pensive birch its languid arms
 That droops, with waving willows deem'd to weep,
 And shivering aspens mix'd their varied green;
 What if yon trunk, shorn of its murky crest,
 Reveal'd the sacred fane?' Alcander heard
 The charmer; every accent seem'd his own,
 So much they touch'd his heart's sad unison.
 'Yes, yes (he cried), why not behold it all?
 That bough removed shows me the very vault
 Where my Nerina sleeps, and where, when Heaven
 In pity to my plaint the mandate seals,
 My dust with hers shall mingle.' Now his hinds,
 Call'd to the task, their willing axes wield:
 Joyful to see, as witless of the cause,
 Their much loved lord his silvan arts resume.
 And next, within the centre of the gloom,
 A shed of twisting roots and living moss,
 With rushes thatch'd, with wattled ozers lined,
 He bids them raise⁹: it seem'd a hermit's cell;

⁹ *He bids them raise: it seem'd a Hermit's cell;*] If this building is found to be in its right position, structures of the same kind will be thought improperly placed when situated, as they frequently are, on an eminence commanding an extensive prospect. I have either seen or heard of one of this kind, where the builder seemed to be so much convinced of its incongruity that he endeavoured to atone for it by the following ingenious motto:

Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
 Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ.

Lac. lib. ii. ver. 9.

Yet void of hourglass, skull, and maple dish,
Its mimic garniture: Alcander's taste
Disdains to trick, with emblematic toys,
The place where he and Melancholy mean
To fix Nerina's bust, her genuine bust,
The model of the marble. There he hides,
Close as a miser's gold, the sculptured clay;
And but at early morn and latest eve
Unlocks the simple shrine, and heaves a sigh:
Then does he turn, and through the glimmering
glade

Cast a long glance upon her house of death;
Then views the bust again, and drops a tear.
Is this idolatry, ye sage ones, say?—
Or, if ye doubt, go view the numerous train
Of poor and fatherless his care consoles;
The sight will tell thee, he that dries their tears
Has unseen angels hovering o'er his head,
Who leave their heaven to see him shed his own.

Here close we, sweet Simplicity! the tale,
And with it let us yield to youthful bards
That Dorian reed we but awaked to voice
When Fancy prompted, and when Leisure smiled;
Hopeless of general praise, and well repaid,
If they of classic ear, unpall'd by rhyme, [free,
Whom changeful pause can please, and numbers
Accept our song with candour. They perchance,
Led by the Muse to solitude and shade,
May turn that art we sing to soothing use,

But it may be said, that real hermitages are frequently found
on high mountains: yet there the difficulty of access gives
that idea of retirement, not easily to be conveyed by imita-
tions of them in a garden-scene, without much accompanying
shade, and that lowness of situation, which occasions a seclu-
sion from all gay objects.

At this ill omen'd hour, when Rapine rides
 In titled triumph; when Corruption waves
 Her banners broadly in the face of day,
 And shows the' indignant world the host of slaves
 She turns from Honour's standard. Patient there,
 Yet not desponding, shall the sons of Peace
 Await the day, when, smarting with his wrongs,
 Old England's Genius wakes; when with him
 That plain integrity, contempt of gold, [wakes
 Disdain of slavery, liberal awe of rule
 Which fix'd the rights of people, peers, and prince,
 And on them founded the majestic pile
 Of British Freedom; bad fair Albion rise
 The scourge of tyrants; sovereign of the seas;
 And arbitress of empires. Oh, return,
 Ye long-lost train of virtues! swift return
 To save ('tis Albion prompts your poet's prayer)
 Her throne, her altars, and her laureate bowers.

GENERAL POSTSCRIPT.

FEW poems, in the course of their composition, have been laid aside and resumed more casually, or, in consequence, published more leisurely, than the foregoing; on which account, while it does not pretend to the Horatian merit of a nine years scrutiny under the correcting hand of its author, it will not thence, he may perhaps hope, be found to have that demerit which arises from ill connected parts and an indigested plan. For, as a scheme was formed for the whole four books before even the first was written; and as that

scheme has since been pursued with very little if any deviation, it is presumed that the three latter books will be found strictly consonant with the general principles advanced in the former; which, as it contained the principles and ended episodically with a kind of historic deduction of the rise and progress of the art, might have been considered in the light of an entire work, had the succeeding books been never written.

However, as the whole design is at length completed, it may not be amiss to give in this place a short analysis of the several books, in their order, to show their connexion one with another, and to obviate a few objections which have been made to certain parts of each, by some persons, whose opinions I highly respect; objections which, I flatter myself, might arise from their having examined those parts separately, as the separate publication of the books necessarily led them to do; and which, perhaps, had they seen the whole together, they would not have found of so much importance.

I. The first book, as I have said, contains the general principles of the art, which are shown to be no other than those which constitute beauty in the sister art of landscape painting; beauty which results from a well chosen variety of curves, in contradistinction to that of architecture, which arises from a judicious symmetry of right lines, and which is there shown to have afforded the principle on which that formal disposition of garden ground, which our ancestors borrowed from the French and Dutch, proceeded: a principle never adopted by nature herself, and

therefore constantly to be avoided by those whose business it is to embellish nature.

I know of no objection that has been made to any thing that I have asserted on this head, except to that part in which I have exploded vistas and avenues, which, it has been said, have in themselves a considerable share of intrinsic beauty. I am myself far from denying this; I only assert that their beauty is not picturesque beauty: and, therefore, that it is to be rejected by those who follow picturesque principles. It is architectural beauty, and accords only with architectural works. Where the artist follows those principles, vistas are certainly admissible; and the French, who have so long followed them, have therefore not improperly (though one cannot help smiling at the title), given us in their Dictionary of Sciences, an article of *Architecture du Jardinage*. But did Gaspar Poussin, or Claude Lorrain, ever copy these beauties on their canvass? or would they have produced a picturesque effect by their means if they had? I think this single consideration will induce every person of common taste to allow that these two principles oppose one another, and that whenever they appear together, they offend the eye of the beholder by their heterogeneous beauty. If, therefore, vistas are ever to be admitted, or rather to be retained, it is only where they form an approach to some superb mansion, so situated, that the principal prospect and ground allotted to picturesque improvement lie entirely on the other side; so much so, that the two different modes of planting can never appear together

from any given point of view; and this is the utmost that I can concede on this subject.

II. The picturesque principle being thus established in the first book, as well by proofs of its beauty when followed, as of the deformity which results from its being deserted, the second book proceeds to a more practical discussion of the subject, but confines itself to one point only, the disposition of the ground plan, and, that very material business immediately united with it, the proper disposition and formation of the paths and fences. The necessity of attending constantly to the curvilinear principle is first shown, not only in the formation of the ground plan, with respect to its external boundary, but in its internal swellings and sinkings, where all abruptness or angular appearances are as much to be avoided, as in the form of the outline that surrounds the whole.

The pathways or walks are next considered, and that peculiar curve recommended for their imitation, which is so frequently found in common roads, footpaths, &c. and which, being casually produced, appears to be the general curve of nature.

The rest of the book is employed in minutely describing the method of making sunk fences, and other necessary divisions of the pleasure ground or lawn from the adjacent field or park; a part of the art which is of most essential consequence, and which is frequently very difficult both to design and execute.

The dryness of this part of the subject led me to enliven the book with a concluding Episode,

and also to throw into other places of it as much as I could of poetical embellishment; in one instance perhaps improperly, because I have found it has generally been blamed. It is the apostrophe which I have made to the genius or muse of painting, when I am about to teach the best colour for concealing upright fences. It has been said, ‘Why all this parade about daubing a rail?’ Now, though I believe I might defend myself by the practice of my masters in didactic poetry, who frequently by such apostrophes endeavour to bestow consequence on little matters, to which they think it necessary to call the attention, yet I rather choose to give the objection its full force, and promise to soften the passage in the next edition; taking leave, however, here to assert in prose, that it is highly necessary to observe the rule in question; because, if such means be not taken for concealment, fences of that kind create much deformity in the general scene.

III. The third book proceeds to add natural ornament to that ground plan which the second book had ascertained, in its two capital branches, wood and water.

The formation of the outline and position of the latter might indeed have been treated in the former book: but as water, though the greatest ornament of any rural scene, is certainly but an ornament, inasmuch as the scene may exist without it; and as there are many beautifully adorned places where this additional grace cannot be produced, I thought proper to consider it only as an adjunct. Somebody has said (perhaps rather

quaintly, yet certainly not without good meaning), that 'water is the eye, and wood the eyebrow of nature;' and if so, there is surely no impropriety in treating the two features together. Certain it is, that when united, they contribute more than any thing else to what may be called scenical expression, without which the picturesque beauty we treat of loses much of its value.

With respect to the judicious arrangement of wood, considered separately, I treat it under two distinct heads, that of planting it with a view of concealing defects, and introducing beauty in their place, and for the purpose of ornamenting the opener lawns. On the former of these I am more diffuse, because it is a subject which admits of precise rules. On the latter, as it is the peculiar province of taste, and depends chiefly on the eye of the planter, who must necessarily vary his mode of planting as peculiar situations vary, more could not be said with propriety: for, where the only thing needful is to avoid formality, and to treat nature (as Mr. Pope excellently expresses it),

like a modest fair,
Not over dress, nor leave her wholly bare!

explicit rules rather tend to mislead than to direct. I have, however, from p. 195, l. 5, to p. 196, l. 15, ventured to prescribe a few material precepts, which are incapable of being misapplied; and if to these be added, what I have said in the first book concerning the false taste of planting distances, I am in hopes I shall not be thought to have treated this part of my subject superficially.

For I would wish my reader to consider, that the plan of this poem differs very materially in one respect from that of the Georgics of Virgil; and when I speak merely of plan, I may hope, without appearing arrogant, to bring them to a comparison. His four books treat of four distinct subjects; tillage, planting, breeding of cattle, and bees. He has no introductory book which treats of the general art of agriculture: whereas this poem, as appears from the analysis here given, employs the first book entirely on that general subject, of which the three following are to be considered only as illustrations and amplifications: where, therefore, that book had sufficiently explained any topic, more could not be added in any succeeding one without tautology. And this, I hope, will sufficiently obviate the objection which has been made to this part of the third book.

As to the second general topic, water, as I have heard no objections made to what I have there asserted, and believe every assertion consonant to the general principles of the art, I shall here add nothing. Yet in the little episode at the end of it, I have been frequently questioned whom I meant by Ligea; and it has been thought that I ought not to have run away with one of Virgil's Sea Nymphs¹, to transport her into an English inland scene. There is some weight in this objection; and to show that I think so, I will here discover what I have hitherto kept as a

¹ Drymoque, Zanthoque, *Ligeaque*, Phyllodoceque.

Geor. iv. ver. 336.

sort of secret. The lines where this nymph is mentioned, were written in a very retired grove belonging to Mr. Frederic Montagu, who has long honoured me with his friendship, where a little clear trout stream (dignified, perhaps, too much by the name of a river) gurgles very deliciously. The name of this stream is the Lin, and the spring itself rises but a little way from his plantations². I seem to find myself asked here pretty abruptly, Why then did you not call your nymph Linea? I will own the truth. I had resolved, when I first planned my poem, to bring no instances from any individual scene: for I thought the nature of its composition, as it excluded particular satire, would not, with more propriety, admit of particular panegyric; and therefore, by a slight alteration in the name, and by some other as slight deviations from the scenery, I cautiously masked the naiad in question.

I will here give the reader another instance of similar caution. Finding, in the same book, occasion to explode the too great fondness for exotic plants, I thought that the most poetical way of doing it was, to exhibit an instance somewhat in the same manner in which Virgil introduces his old Corycian gardener: but to prevent all possible application, as I thought, I laid my scene on the banks of the remote Swale, where

² At Papplewick, in Nottinghamshire, on the edge of the Forest of Sherwood. The village itself has not been without poetical notice before, Ben Johnson having taken some of his *personæ dramatis* from it, in his unfinished pastoral comedy, called *The Sad Shepherd*.

I imagined the taste for exotics had not yet reached, or at least had not yet been carried to any excess; yet I have been since told, that the neighbourhood immediately pointed out a certain very worthy gentleman as the undoubted object of my satire, whose improvements I had never seen, nor even heard, that, from the inclemency of the climate, his plantations had ever suffered in the way that I have described. I have, therefore, only to desire that my readers, now possessed of one of my secrets, would substitute an N for a G where the name *Ligea* occurs; and that the respectable gentleman, now acquainted with the other, would acquit me of any premeditated ridicule on his subject.

IV. Factitious or artificial ornaments, in contradistinction to natural ones last treated, form the general subject of the Fourth Book, and conclude the plan. By these is meant not only every aid which the art borrows from architecture, but those smaller pieces of separate scenery appropriated either to ornament or use, which do not make a necessary part of the whole; and which, if admitted into it, would frequently occasion a littleness ill suiting with that unity and simplicity which should ever be principally attended to in an extensive pleasure ground.

Though this subject was in itself as susceptible of poetical embellishment as any that preceded it, and much more so than those contained in the second book; yet I was apprehensive that descriptive poetry, however varied, might pall when continued through so long a poem: and therefore, by interweaving a tale with the general

theme, I have given the whole a narrative, and in some places a dramatic cast. The idea was new, and I found the execution of it somewhat difficult. However, if I have so far succeeded as to have conveyed, through the medium of an interesting story, those more important principles of taste which this part of my subject required; and if those rules only are omitted which readily result from such as I have descriptively given; if the judicious place and arrangement of those artificial forms, which give the chief embellishment to a finished garden scene, be distinctly noticed, I am not without hope that this conclusion will be thought (as Sir Henry Wotton said of Milton's juvenile poems at the end of a miscellany), to leave the reader in some small degree *con la bocca dolce*.

With respect to the criticisms which may be made on this last book, there is one so likely to come from certain readers, that I am inclined to anticipate it; and, taking for granted that it will be said to breathe too much of the spirit of party, to return the following ready answer: the word *party*, when applied to those men who, from private and personal motives, compose either a majority or minority in a house of parliament, or to those who out of it, on similar principles, approve or condemn the measures of any administration, is certainly in its place: but in a matter of such magnitude as the present American war, in which the dearest interests of mankind are concerned, the puny term has little or no meaning. If, however, it be applied to me on this occasion, I shall take it with much complacency,

conscious that no sentiment appears in my poem which does not prove its author to be of the party of humanity.

The whole of the plan being now explained, I might here finish, did not a general objection remain, which I have heard made to the species of versification in which I chose to compose it. I must, therefore, beg the reader's patience while I inform him why I preferred blank verse to rhyme on this occasion.

When I first had the subject in contemplation, I found it admitted of two very different modes of composition: one was that of the regular didactic poem, of which the *Georgics* of Virgil afford so perfect an example; the other that of the preceptive epistolary essay, the model of which Horace has given in his *Epistles ad Augustum* and *ad Pisones*. I balanced some time which of these I should adopt, for both had their peculiar merit. The former opened a more ample field for picturesque description and poetical embellishment; the latter was more calculated to convey exact precept in concise phrase³. The one furnished better means of illustrating my subject, and the other of defining it; the former admitted those ornaments only which resulted from lively imagery and figurative diction,

³ See Mr. Pope's account of his *design* in writing the *Essay on Man*, in which the peculiar merit of that way, in which he so greatly excelled, is most happily explained. He chose, as he says, 'verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons: verse, because precepts so written strike more strongly, and are retained more easily: rhyme, because it expresses arguments or instructions more concisely than even prose itself.'

the latter seemed rather to require the seasoning of wit and satire; this, therefore, appeared best calculated to expose false taste, and that to elucidate the true. But false taste, on this subject, had been so inimitably ridiculed by Mr. Pope, in his Epistle to Lord Burlington, that it seemed to preclude all other authors (at least it precluded me) from touching it after him; and therefore, as he had left much unsaid on that part of the art on which it was my purpose principally to enlarge, I thought the didactic method not only more open but more proper for my attempt. This matter once determined, I did not hesitate as to my choice between blank verse and rhyme; because it clearly appeared, that numbers of the most varied kind were most proper to illustrate a subject *whose every charm springs from variety*, and which, painting nature as *scorning control*, should employ a versification for that end as unfettered as nature itself. Art, at the same time, in rural improvements, pervading the province of nature, unseen and unfelt, seemed to bear a striking analogy to that species of verse, the harmony of which results from measured quantity and varied cadence, without the too studied arrangement of final syllables, or regular return of consonant sounds. I was, notwithstanding, well aware, that by choosing to write in blank verse, I should not court popularity, because I perceived it was growing much out of vogue; but this reason, as may be supposed, did not weigh much with a writer who meant to combat fashion in the very theme he intended to write upon; and who was

also convinced that a mode of English versification, in which so many good poems, with *Paradise Lost* at their head, have been written, could either not long continue unfashionable; or, if it did, that fashion had so completely destroyed taste, it would not be worth any writer's while, who aimed at more than the reputation of the day, to endeavour to amuse the public.

HYMN

BEFORE MORNING SERVICE.

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest
Which, when he made the world, *Jehovah* bless'd,
When, like his own, he bade our labour cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

While impious men despise the sage decree,
From 'vain deceit, and false philosophy,'
Let us its wisdom own, its blessings feel,
Receive with gratitude, perform with zeal.

Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
In pure Religion's hallow'd duties share,
And join in penitence, and join in prayer.

So shall the God of Mercy pleased receive
That only tribute, man has power to give;
So shall he hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

CHORUS.

Father of Heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts
guide;
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end!

HYMN

BEFORE EVENING SERVICE.

SOON will the evening star with silver ray
Shed its mild lustre on this sacred day;
Resume we then, ere sleep and silence reign,
The rites that holiness and Heaven ordain.

Still let each awful truth our thoughts engage,
That shines reveal'd on Inspiration's page:
Nor those bless'd hours in vain amusements waste
Which all, who lavish, shall lament at last.

Here humbly let us hope our Maker's smile
Will crown with meet success our weekly toil;
And here, on each returning Sabbath join
In prayer, in penitence, and praise divine.

CHORUS.

Father of Heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts
guide;
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end!

AN HEROIC EPISTLE¹

To Sir William Chambers, Knight,

COMPTROLLER GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S WORKS, AND
AUTHOR OF A LATE DISSERTATION ON ORIENTAL GAR-
DENING, ENRICHED WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES, CHIEFLY
EXTRACTED FROM THAT ELABORATE PERFORMANCE.

Non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesque myricæ.

VIRGIL.

PREFACE.

THIS poem was written last summer, immediately after the publication of Sir William Chambers's Dissertation; but the bookseller to whom it was offered declined publishing it, till the town was full.—His reason for this is obvious; yet it would hardly have weighed with the author, had he not thought, that his hero's fame would increase in proportion to his publisher's profit. However he foresaw that, by this delay, one inconvenience might arise, which this preface is written to remove.

Readers of the present generation are so very inattentive to what they read, that it is probable one half of Sir William's may have forgotten the principles which this book inculcates. Let these, then, be reminded, that it is the author's professed aim in extolling the taste of the Chinese, to condemn that mean and paltry manner which Kent introduced, which Southcote, Hamilton,

¹ This and the following Poems are attributed to Mason; but are not inserted in the last edition of his Works.

and Brown followed, and which, to our national disgrace, is called the English style of gardening. He shows the poverty of this taste by aptly comparing it to a dinner, which consisted of three gross pieces, three times repeated; and proves to a demonstration, that Nature herself is incapable of pleasing without the assistance of art, and that too of the most luxuriant kind. In short, such art as is displayed in the emperor's garden of Yven-Ming-Yven, near Pekin; where fine lizards and fine women, human giants and giant baboons, make but a small part of the superb scenery. He teaches us that a perfect garden must contain within itself all the amusements of a great city; that *urbs in rure*, not *rus in urbe*, is the thing which an improver of true taste ought to aim at. He says—but it is impossible to abridge all that he says:—let this therefore suffice, to tempt the reader again to peruse his invaluable Dissertation, since without it he will never relish half the beauties of the following Epistle; for (if her majesty's zebra, and the powder mills at Hounslow be excepted), there is scarce a single image in it which is not taken from that work.

But though the images be borrowed, the author claims some small merit from his application of them. Sir William says too modestly, that 'European artists must not hope to rival oriental splendour.' The poet shows, that European artists may easily rival it; and that Richmond gardens, with only the addition of a new bridge to join them to Brentford, may be new modeled, perfectly *à la Chinois*. He exhorts his knight

to undertake the glorious task, and leaves no cause to doubt, but that, under the auspicious patronage he now so justly enjoys, added to the ready vote of those who furnish ways and means, the royal work will speedily be completed.

Knightsbridge, Jan. 20, 1773.

AN HEROIC EPISTLE.

KNIGHT of the polar star! by fortune placed,
To shine the Cynosure of British taste¹;
Whose orb collects in one refulgent view
The scatter'd glories of Chinese virtù;
And spread their lustre in so broad a blaze
That kings themselves are dazzled while they gaze.
O, let the Muse attend thy march sublime,
And, with thy prose, caparison her rhyme;
Teach her, like thee, to gild her splendid song,
With scenes of Yven-Ming, and sayings of Li-Tsong²;

¹ Cynosure, an affected phrase. 'Cynosura is the constellation of Ursa Minor, or the Lesser Bear, the next star to the pole.' Dr. Newton on the word in Milton.

² 'Many trees, shrubs, and flowers,' sayeth Li-Tsong, a Chinese author of great antiquity, 'thrive best in low, moist situations; many on hills and mountains; some require a rich soil; but others will grow on clay, in sand, or even upon rocks, and in the water: to some a sunny exposition is necessary; but for others the shade is preferable. There are plants which thrive best in exposed situations, but in general, shelter is requisite. The skilful gardener, to whom study and experience have taught these qualities, carefully attends to them in his operations; knowing that thereon depend the health and growth of his plants; and consequently the beauty of his plantations.' Vide Diss. p. 77. The reader, I presume, will readily allow, that he never met with so much recondite truth as this ancient Chinese here exhibits.

Like thee to scorn dame Nature's simple fence;
 Leap each haw-haw of truth and common sense;
 And, proudly rising in her bold career,
 Demand attention from the gracious ear
 Of him, whom we and all the world admit,
 Patron supreme of science, taste, and wit.
 Does envy doubt? Witness, ye chosen train,
 Who breathe the sweets of his Saturnian reign;
 Witness, ye Hills, ye Johnsons, Scots, Sheab-
 beares,

Hark to my call, for some of you have ears.
 Let David Hume, from the remotest north,
 In see-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth;
 David, who there supinely deigns to lie
 The fattest hog of Epicurus' sty;
 Though drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praise,
 David shall bless Old England's halcyon days;
 The mighty Home, bemired in prose so long,
 Again shall stalk upon the stilts of song:
 While bold Mac Ossian, wont in ghosts to deal,
 Bids candid Smollet from his coffin steal;
 Bids Mallock quit his sweet Elysian rest,
 Sunk in his St. John's philosophic breast,
 And, like old Orpheus, make some strong effort
 To come from hell, and warble Truth at Court³.
 There was a time, 'in Esher's peaceful grove,
 When Kent and Nature vied for Pelham's love⁴;

³ Vide (if it be extant), a poem under this title, for which (or for the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical writings), the person here mentioned received a considerable pension in the time of Lord Bute's administration.

⁴ This is the great and fundamental axiom on which oriental taste is founded. It is therefore expressed here with the greatest precision, and in the identical phrase of the great original. The figurative terms, and even the explanatory

That Pope beheld them with auspicious smile,
 And own'd that beauty bless'd their mutual toil.
 Mistaken bard! could such a pair design
 Scenes fit to live in thy immortal line?
 Hadst thou been born in this enlighten'd day,
 Felt, as we feel, taste's oriental ray,
 Thy satire sure had given them both a stab,
 Call'd Kent a driveller, and the nymph a drab.
 For what is Nature? Ring her changes round,
 Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground;
 Prolong the peal, yet, spite of all your clatter,
 The tedious chime is still ground, plants, and water.
 So, when some John his dull invention racks,
 To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's;
 Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,
 Three roasted geese, three butter'd apple pies.
 Come then, prolific Art, and with thee bring
 The charms that rise from thy exhaustless spring;
 To Richmond come, for see, untutor'd Browne
 Destroys those wonders which were once thy own.
 Lo, from his melon ground the peasant slave
 Has rudely rush'd, and level'd Merlin's cave;

simile are entirely borrowed from Sir William's Dissertation. 'Nature (says the Chinese, or Sir William for them), affords us but few materials to work with. Plants, grounds, and water are her only productions; and though both the forms and arrangements of these may be varied to an incredible degree, yet they have but few striking varieties, the rest being of the nature of changes rung upon bells, which, though in reality different, still produce the same uniform kind of ginging; the variation being too minute to be easily perceived.' 'Art must therefore supply the scantiness of Nature,' &c. &c. page 14. And again, 'Our larger works are only a repetition of the small ones, like the honest bachelor's feast, which consisted in nothing but a multiplication of his own dinner; three legs of mutton and turnips, three roasted geese, and three buttered apple-pies.' Preface, page 7.

Knock'd down the waxen wizard, seized his wand,
 Transform'd to lawn what late was fairy land;
 And marr'd, with impious hand, each sweet design
 Of Stephen Duck and good queen Caroline.
 Haste, bid yon livelong terras reascend,
 Replace each vista, straighten every bend;
 Shut out the Thames; shall that ignoble thing
 Approach the presence of great Ocean's king?
 No! let barbaric glories feast his eyes⁵,
 August pagodas round his palace rise,
 And finish'd Richmond open to his view,
 'A work to wonder at, perhaps a Kew.'
 Nor rest we here, but, at our magic call,
 Monkeys shall climb our trees, and lizards crawl⁶;
 Huge dogs of Tibet bark in yonder grove,
 Here parrots prate, there cats make cruel love;
 In some fair island will we turn to grass
 (With the queen's leave) her elephant and ass.

⁵ So Milton.

Where the gorgeous east with richest hand
 Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

⁶ 'In their lofty woods serpents and lizards, of many beautiful sorts, crawl upon the ground. Innumerable monkeys, cats, and parrots clamber upon the trees.' Page 40. 'In their lakes are many islands, some small, some large, amongst which are often seen stalking along, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the dromedary, ostrich, and the giant baboon.' Page 66. 'They keep in their enchanted scenes, a surprising variety of monstrous birds, reptiles, and animals, which are tamed by art, and guarded by enormous dogs of Tibet, and African giants, in the habits of magicians.' Page 42. 'Sometimes in this romantic excursion, the passenger finds himself in extensive recesses, surrounded with arbours of jessamine, vine, and roses; where beauteous Tartarean damsels, in loose transparent robes that flutter in the air, present him with rich wines, &c. and invite him to taste the sweets of retirement on Persian carpets and beds of Camusakin down.' Page 40.

Giants from Africa shall guard the glades,
Where hiss our snakes, where sport our Tartar
maids;

Or, wanting these, from Charlotte Hayes we bring
Damsels, alike adroit to sport and sting.

Now to our lawns of dalliance and delight,
Join we the groves of horror and affright;

This to achieve, no foreign aids we try,

Thy gibbets, Bagshot! shall our wants supply⁷;

Hounslow, whose heath sublimer terror fills,

Shall with her gibbets lend her powder mills.

Here too, O king of vengeance, in thy fane⁸,

Tremendous Wilkes shall rattle his gold chain⁹;

⁷ 'Their scenes of terror are composed of gloomy woods, &c. gibbets, crosses, wheels, and the whole apparatus of torture are seen from the roads. Here too they conceal in cavities, on the summits of the highest mountains, foundries, lime kilns, and glass works, which send forth large volumes of flame, and continued columns of thick smoke, that give to these mountains the appearance of volcanos.' Page 37. 'Here the passenger from time to time is surprised with repeated shocks of electrical impulse; the earth trembles under him by the power of confined air,' &c. Page 39. Now to produce both these effects, viz. the appearance of volcanos and earthquakes, we have here substituted the occasional explosion of a powder mill, which (if there be not too much simplicity in the contrivance), it is apprehended will at once answer all the purposes of lime kilns and electrical machines, and imitate thunder and the explosion of cannon into the bargain. Vide page 40.

⁸ 'In the most dismal recesses of the woods, are temples dedicated to the king of vengeance, near which are placed pillars of stone, with pathetic descriptions of tragical events; and many acts of cruelty perpetrated there by outlaws and robbers.' Page 37.

⁹ This was written while Mr. Wilkes was sheriff of London, and when it was to be feared he would rattle his chain a year longer as lord mayor.

And round that fane on many a Tyburn tree,
 Hang fragments dire of Newgate history;
 On this shall Holland's dying speech be read,
 Here Bute's confession, and his wooden head;
 While all the minor plunderers of the age
 (Too numerous far for this contracted page),
 The Rigbys, Calcrafts, Dysons, Bradshaws there,
 In straw stuff'd effigy, shall kick the air.
 But say, ye powers, who come when fancy calls,
 Where shall our mimic London rear her walls¹⁰?
 That eastern feature, art must next produce,
 Though not for present yet for future use,
 Our sons some slave of greatness may behold,
 Cast in the genuine Asiatic mould:
 Who of three realms shall condescend to know
 No more than he can spy from Windsor's brow;
 For him that blessing of a better time
 The Muse shall deal awhile in brick and lime;
 Surpass the bold ΑΔΕΛΦΙ in design,
 And o'er the Thames fling one stupendous line
 Of marble arches, in a bridge that cuts¹¹
 From Richmond Ferry slant to Brentford Butts.

¹⁰ 'There is likewise in the same garden, viz. Yven-Ming-Yven, near Pekin, a fortified town, with its ports, streets, public squares, temples, markets, shops, and tribunals of justice; in short, with every thing that is at Pekin, only on a smaller scale.

'In this town the emperors of China, who are too much the slaves of their greatness to appear in public, and their women, who are excluded from it by custom, are frequently diverted with the hurry and bustle of the capital, which is there represented, several times in the year, by the eunuchs of the palace.' Page 32.

¹¹ Sir William's enormous account of Chinese bridges, too long to be here inserted. Vide page 53.

Brentford with London's charms will we adorn;
 Brentford, the bishopric of parson Horne.
 There at one glance the royal eye shall meet
 Each varied beauty of St. James's street;
 Stout Talbot there shall ply with hackney chair¹²,
 And patriot Betty fix her fruit shop there¹³.
 Like distant thunder, now the coach of state
 Rolls o'er the bridge, that groans beneath its
 weight.

The court hath cross'd the stream; the sports begin;
 Now Noel preaches of rebellion's sin:
 And as the powers of his strong pathos rise,
 Lo, brazen tears fall from Sir Fletcher's eyes¹⁴.
 While skulking round the pews, that babe of grace,
 Who ne'er before at sermon show'd his face,
 See Jemmy Twitcher shambles; stop! stop
 thief¹⁵!

He's stolen the earl of Denbigh's handkerchief.
 Let Barrington arrest him in mock fury¹⁶,
 And Mansfield hang the knave without a jury¹⁷.
 But hark, the voice of battle shouts from far¹⁸,
 The Jews and maccaronis are at war:

¹² 'Some of these eunuchs personate porters.' Page 32.

¹³ 'Fruits and all sorts of refreshments are cried about the streets in this mock city.' The name of a woman who kept a fruit shop in St. James's street.

¹⁴ 'Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek.' Milton.

¹⁵ 'Neither are thieves, pickpockets, and sharpers forgot in these festivals; that noble profession is usually allotted to a good number of the most dexterous eunuchs.' Vide *ibid*.

¹⁶ 'The watch seizes on the culprit.' Vide *ibid*.

¹⁷ 'He is conveyed before the judge, and sometimes severely bastinadoed.' *Ibid*.

¹⁸ 'Quarrels happen—battles ensue.' *Ibid*.

The Jews prevail, and, thundering from the stocks,
 They seize, they bind, they circumcise Charles
 Fox ¹.

Fair Schwellenbergen smiles the sport to see,
 And all the maids of honour cry Te! He ²!
 Be these the rural pastimes that attend
 Great Brunswick's leisure: these shall best unbend
 His royal mind where'er, from state withdrawn,
 He treads the velvet of his Richmond lawn;
 These shall prolong his Asiatic dream,
 Though Europe's balance trembles on its beam.
 And thou, Sir William! while thy plastic hand
 Creates each wonder, which thy bard has plann'd,
 While, as thy art commands, obsequious rise
 What'er can please, or frighten, or surprise,
 O! let that bard his knight's protection claim,
 And share, like faithful Sancho, Quixote's fame.

¹ 'Every liberty is permitted, there is no distinction of persons.' *Ibid.*

² 'This is done to divert his imperial majesty, and the ladies of his train.' *Vide ibid.*

AN HEROIC POSTSCRIPT

To the Public,

OCCASIONED BY THEIR FAVOURABLE RECEPTION OF A LATE
HEROIC EPISTLE TO SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, KNIGHT,
ETC.

Sicelides Musæ, paulo majora canamus.—VIRGIL.

I THAT of late, Sir William's bard and squire¹,
March'd with his helm and buckler on my lyre
(What time the knight prick'd forth in ill starr'd
haste,

Comptroller general of the works of taste²),
Now to the public tune my grateful lays,
Warm'd with the sunshine of the public praise;
Warm'd too with memory of that golden time,
When Almon gave me reason for my rhyme;
—— glittering orbs, and what endear'd them more,
Each glittering orb the sacred features bore
Of George the good, the gracious, and the great,
Unfill'd, unsweated, all of sterling weight;
Or, were they not, they pass'd with current ease,
Good seemings then were good realities:
No senate had convey'd, by smuggling art,
Power to the mob to play Cadogan's part³;

¹ Ille ego qui quondam, &c. Virgil, or somebody for him.

² Put synonymously for his majesty's works. See Sir William's title page.

³ Master of the mint.

Now, through the land, that impious power prevails,

All weigh their sovereign in their private scales,
And find him wanting : all save me alone,
For sad to say ! my glittering orbs are gone.

But ill beseems a poet to repent,
Lightly they came, and full as lightly went.
Peace to their manes ! may they never feel
Some keen Scotch banker's unrelenting steel ;
While I again the Muse's sickle bring

To cut down dunces wheresoe'er they spring,
Bind in poetic sheaves the plenteous crop,
And stack my full-ear'd load in Almon's shop.

For now, my Muse, thy fame is fix'd as fate,
Tremble, ye fools I scorn, ye knaves I hate ;
I know the vigour of thy eagle wings,
I know thy strains can pierce the ears of kings.
Did China's monarch here in Britain doze,
And was, like western kings, a king of prose⁵,
Thy song could cure his Asiatic spleen,
And make him wish to see and to be seen.

That solemn vein of irony so fine⁶,
Which, e'en reviewers own, adorns thy line,

⁴ 'Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.' Daniel chap. viii. v. 27.

⁵ Kien-Long, the present emperor of China, is a poet. M. de Voltaire did him the honour to treat him as a brother above two years ago ; and my late patron, Sir William Chambers, has given a fine and most intelligible prose version of an ode of his majesty upon tea, in his postscript to his Dissertation. I am, however, vain enough to think, that the emperor's composition would have appeared still better in my heroic verse ; but Sir William forestalled it ; on which account I have entirely broke with him.

⁶ 'A fine vein of solemn irony runs through this piece.' See Monthly Review, under the article of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers.

Would make him soon against his greatness sin,
 Desert his sofa, mount his palanquin,
 And post where'er the goddess led the way,
 Perchance to proud Spithead's imperial bay;
 There should he see, as other folks have seen⁷,
 That ships have anchors, and that seas are green,
 Should own the tackling trim, the streamers fine,
 With Sandwich prattle, and with Bradshaw dine;
 And then sail back, amid the cannon's roar,
 As safe, as sage as when he left the shore.

Such is thy power, O Goddess of the song,
 Come then, and guide my careless pen along;
 Yet keep it in the bounds of sense and verse,
 Nor, like Mac-Homer, make me gabble Erse⁸.
 No, let the flow of these spontaneous rhymes
 So truly touch the temper of the times
 That he who runs may read; while well he knows
 I write in metre what he thinks in prose;
 So shall my song, undisciplined by art,
 Find a sure patron in each English heart.
 If this its fate, let all the frippery things,
 Be-placed, be-pension'd, and be-starr'd by kings,
 Frown on the page, and with fastidious eye,
 Like old young Fannius, call it blasphemy⁹.

⁷ A certain naval event happened just about two calendar months after the publication of the Heroic Epistle. It was impossible, considering the necessary preparations, it could have been sooner. Facts are stubborn things.

⁸ See, if the reader thinks it worth while, a late translation of the Iliad.

⁹ The noble personage here alluded to, being asked to read the Heroic Epistle, said, 'No, it was as bad as blasphemy.'

Before I sent the MS. to the press, I discovered that an accidental blot had made all but the first syllable of this name illegible. I was doubtful, therefore, whether to print it Fannius or Fannia. After much deliberation, I thought it best to use the masculine termination. If I have done wrong, I ask pardon, not only of the author, but the lady.

Let these prefer a levee's harmless talk,
Be ask'd how often, and how far they walk,
Proud of a single word, nor hope for more,
Though Jenkinson is bless'd with many a score:
For other ears my honest numbers sound,
With other praise those numbers shall be crown'd,
Praise that shall spread, no power can make it less,
While Britain boasts the bulwark of her press.
Yes, sons of freedom! yes, to whom I pay,
Warm from the heart, this tributary lay; [sigh,
That lay shall live, though court and Grub Street
Your young Marcellus was not born to die.
The Muse shall nurse him up to man's estate,
And break the black asperity of fate——¹⁰
Admit him then your candidate for fame,
Pleased if in your review he read his name,
Though not with Mason and with Goldsmith put,
Yet cheek by jowl with Garrick, Colman, Foote;
But if with higher bards that name you range,
His modesty must think your judgment strange—
So when o'er Crane Court's philosophic gods,
The Jovelike majesty of Pringle nods,
If e'er he chance to wake on Newton's chair,
He 'wonders how the devil he came there.'
Whate'er his fame or fate, on this depend;
He is and means to be his country's friend.
'Tis but to try his strength that now he sports
With Chinese gardens and with Chinese courts:
But if that country claim a graver strain,
If real danger threat fair freedom's reign,
If hireling peers, in prostitution bold,
Sell her as cheaply as themselves they sold;

¹⁰ ——— Si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu, Marcellus, eris. VIRGIL.

Or they who, honour'd by the people's choice,
 Against that people lift their rebel voice,
 And, basely crouching for their paltry pay,
 Vote the best birthright of her sons away,
 Permit a nation's inborn wealth to fly
 In mean, unkingly prodigality;
 Nor, ere they give, ask how the sums were spent,
 So quickly squander'd, though so lately lent—
 If this they dare; the thunder of his song,
 Rolling in deep toned energy along,
 Shall strike, with truth's dread bolt, each mis-
 creant's name,
 Who, dead to duty, senseless e'en to shame,
 Betray'd his country. Yes, ye faithless crew,
 His Muse's vengeance shall your crimes pursue,
 Stretch you on satire's rack, and bid you lie
 Fit garbage for the hell-hound, Infamy.

ODE TO MR. PINCHBECK,

Upon his newly invented Patent Candle Snuffers.

BY MALCOLM M'GREGOR, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE HEROIC EPISTLE TO SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS,
 AND THE HEROIC POSTSCRIPT.

Quousque ergo frustra pascemus ignigenum istum?

Apuleii Met. lib. 7.

Why should a patent be granted to this candle-snuffer in vain?

ADVERTISEMENT.

EVER since my first publication, the curiosity,
 not to say anxiety, of the world concerning my
 name, has been so great that it has frequently
 given me pain to conceal what the world will

now see it was not possibly in my power to discover.

In short, I had no name till the royal favour lately restored my very ancient and honourable clan to its pristine title and honours. I was therefore in the same deplorable case with a certain nameless lady¹, whom I have long had the honour to call my neighbour, and who I sincerely hope, will soon, by the same favour, be restored to that title which, upon my honour, I believe, she has erroneously, and not intentionally, forfeited.

I have only to add, that now, when the public is in possession of my real name, it will not, I hope, suffer any national prejudice to prevent it from receiving this my first lyrical attempt with its former candour. But I must needs say, that if this Ode does not sell as well as Mr. Cumberland's, I shall be apt to impute it, not to any inferiority of lyrical ordonnance, but merely to its having been written by a Scotchman,

Knightsbridge, May 6, 1776.

ODE.

ILLUSTRIOUS Pinchbeck! condescend,
Thou well beloved, and best king's friend,
These lyric lines to view;
O! may they prompt thee, e'er too late,
To snuff the candle of the state,
That burns a little blue.

¹ The Duchess of Kingston,

It once had got a stately wick,
When in its patent candlestick
The Revolution put it;
As white as wax we saw it shine
Through two whole lengths of Brunswick's line,
Till Bute first dared to smut it.

Since then—but wherefore tell the tale?
Enough that now it burneth pale,
And sorely wastes its tallow:
Nay, if thy poet rightly weens
(Though little skill'd in ways and means),
Its save-all is but shallow.

Come then, ingenious artist, come,
And put thy finger and thy thumb
Into each polish'd handle:
On thee alone our hopes depend,
Thy king's, and eke thy country's friend,
To trim Old England's candle.

But first we pray, for its relief,
Pluck from its wick each tory thief,
It else must quickly rue it;
While N— and M— sputter there,
Thou'lt ne'er prevent with all thy care
The melting of the suet.

There's Twitcher too, that old he-witch,
Sticks in its bole as black as pitch,
And makes a filthy pothor¹;
When cursed with such a sorry fiend,
And lighted too at either end,
Twill soon be in a smother.

¹ Our ingenious inventor's snuffers are peculiarly calculated to remedy this evil, to which indeed all candles are more or less subject.—*See the Patentee's Advertisement.*

I fear me much, in such a plight,
Those tapers bless'd would lose their light,
Canadian fanes that deck;
Which pious —*— ordains to blaze,
And gild, with their establish'd rays,
Our lady of Quebec.

His arms, thou hallow'd image! bless,
And surely thou canst do no less,
He is thy faith's defender;
Thou owest thy place to him alone,
As other Jacobites have done,
And not to the Pretender.

Haste then, and quash the hot turmoil,
That flames in Boston's angry soil,
And frights the mother nation:
Know, lady! if its rage you stop,
Pinchbeck shall send you, from his shop,
A most superb oblation.

His patent snuffers, in a dish
Of burnish'd gold; if more you wish,
His Cyclops shall bestir
Their brawny stumps, and, for thy sake,
Of Pinchbeck's own mix'd metal make
A huge extinguisher.

To form the mass, Germaine, thy zeal
Shall furnish that well temper'd steel,
Thou didst at Minden brandish;
Nor yet shall Gloucester's reverend dean,
Counting its worth, refuse, I ween,
His ponderous leaden standish.

Poor doctor Johnson, I'm afraid,
Can give but metaphoric aid;

His style's case-harden'd graces;
M^r Pherson, without shame or fear,
Sir John Dalrymple, and Shebbeare
Shall melt their brazen faces.

And, sure, this mix'd metallic stuff,
Will yield materials large enough
To mould the mighty cone;
But how transport it when 'tis cast
Across the deep Atlantic vast,
'Twill weigh some thousand stone?

' Leave that to me (our lady cries),
Howe'er gigantic be its size,
I have a scheme in petto;
I'll fly with it from shore to shore,
Safe as my sooty sister bore
Her cottage to Loretto.

' Swift to the congress with my freight
I'll speed, and on their heads its weight
Souse with such skill and care;
That Put'nam, Washington beneath,
And gasping Lee shall wish to breathe
A pint of Priestley's air².

² This great philosopher has lately discovered a method of fabricating a new species of air, of so infinitely superior salubrity and duration to that vulgar atmospherical air, which, for want of better, we have been obliged to breathe for upwards of five thousand years, that it is to be supposed that no macaroni, savoir vivre, or, in plain English, nobody that knows what's what, will in future condescend to respire any air that is not sealed with the doctor's own arms, and signed with his own hand-writing. It is to be feared, however, that his pneumatic vials will be liable to be counterfeited, as our philosopher has not interest enough at court to procure a patent. Indeed were such a patent granted, it might supersede Mr. Pinchbeck's; because that in this air a candle is found to burn with so bright and continued a flame that it could never want snuffing.—*Vol. II. of Dr. Priestley's Experiments on Air.*

' The deed is done, thy foes are dead,
No longer, England, shalt thou dread
Such Presbyterian huffers;
Thy candle's radiance ne'er shall fade,
With now and then a little aid
From Pinchbeck's patent snuffers.'

AN

EPISTLE TO DR. SHEBBEARE.

By *Malcolm M'Greggor, of Knightsbridge, Esq.*

AUTHOR OF THE HEROIC EPISTLE TO SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, ETC.

Advertisement.

THOUGH I look upon this poem, in point of elevation of diction and sublimity of sentiment, to be as highly heroical as my Epistle to Sir William Chambers, yet I have not thought proper to add that epithet to it on the title page. I am willing to wish that first production of my muse may preserve the distinction which it now possesses, of being called the Heroic Epistle, par excellence. Besides this consideration, the different ranks of the two persons, to whom these two works are addressed, require a difference to be made in this matter; and it would be unpardonable in me not to discriminate between a comptroller of his majesty's works, and the hackney scribbler of a newspaper; between a placeman and a pensioner, a knight of the polar star and a broken apothecary.

AN

EPISTLE TO DR. SHEBBEARE.

O, FOR a thousand tongues! and every tongue
 Like Johnson's, arm'd with words of six feet long¹,
 In multitudinous vociferation
 To panegyricize this glorious nation,
 Whose liberty results from her taxation.
 O, for that passive, pensionary spirit,
 That by its prostitution proves its merit!
 That rests on right divine all regal claims,
 And gives to George whate'er it gave to James:
 Then should my tory numbers, old Shebbeare,
 Tickle the tatter'd fragment of thy ear²!
 Then all that once was virtuous, wise, or brave,
 That quell'd a tyrant, that abhorr'd a slave,
 Then Sydney's, Russel's patriot fame should fall,
 Besmear'd with mire, like black Dalrymple's gall;
 Then, like thy prose, should my felonious verse
 Tear each immortal plume from Nassau's hearse,
 That modern monarchs, in that plumage gay,
 Might stare and strut, the peacocks of a day.
 But I, like Anstey, feel myself unfit
 To run, with hollow speed, two heats of wit.
 He, at first starting, won both fame and money,
 The bets ran high on Bladud's Ciceronè³;

¹ Sesquipedalia verba. Hor.

² Churchill, in alluding to this capital anecdote in our doctor's life, says, in his poem called the Author,
 The whole intent

Of that parade was fame, not punishment.

Intimating that his ears received no detriment in the pillory. My line intimates that they did. However, if my intimation be false, it is easily refuted: the doctor has only to expose his ears again to the public, and the real fact will be flagrant,

³ Anglicè, Bath Guide,

Since distanced quite, like a gall'd jade he winces,
And lashes unknown priests, and praises well
known princes⁴.

So I, when first I tuned the' heroic lay,
Gain'd Pownall's praise, as well as Almon's pay.
In me the nation placed its tuneful hope,
Its second Churchill, or at least its Pope:
Proudly I prick'd along, Sir William's squire,
Bade kings recite my strains and queens admire;
Chaste maids of honour praised my stout endeavor,

Sir Thomas⁵ swore 'The fellow was damn'd clever,'
But popularity, alas! has wings,
And flits as soon from poets as from kings.
My pompous Postscript found itself disdain'd
As much as Milton's Paradise Regain'd——
And when I dared the patent snuffers handle,
To trim, with Pinchey's aid, Old England's candle,

⁴ Without a note posterity will never understand this line. Two or three years ago this gentleman found himself libeled in a newspaper; and, on suspecting a certain clergyman to be the author, he wrote a first canto of a poem, called the *Priest Dissected*, in which he prepared all chirurgical matters previous to the operation. In the mean time the parson proved an alibi, and saved his bacon. To this first and unique canto the author prefixed a something in which he exculpated himself from being the author of the *Heroic Epistle*, which it seems had been laid to his charge during the time the clan of Macgreggors continued without a name; and which, as the world well knows, was the only reason which prevented me from claiming the merit of that production. It is to this something, that the latter part of the line alludes. For in it he had told the public, that his majesty had ten children, which it knew very well before. Hence the epithet, well known.

⁵ The Petronius of the present age needs not the addition of a surname to make the world certain who is meant by this appellation. He was better known by the name of Long Sir Thomas. (Robinson.)

The lyric Muse, so lame was her condition,
Could hardly hop beyond a fifth edition.
Yes, 'tis a general truth, and strange as true
(Kendrick shall prove it in his next Review),
That no one bard, in these degenerate days,
Can write two works deserving equal praise.
Whether the matter of which minds are made
Be grown of late mephitic and decay'd,
Or wants phlogiston, I forbear to say,
The problem's more in doctor Priestley's way.
He knows of spirit the material whole,
For Priestley has the cure of Shelburne's soul⁶.

Enough of souls, unless we waste a line,
Shebbeare! to pay a compliment to thine;
Which forged, of old, of strong Hibernian brass,
Shines through the Paris plaster of thy face,
And bronzes it, secure from shame or sense,
To the flat glare of finish'd impudence.
Wretch! that from slander's filth art ever gleaming,
Spite without spite, malice without meaning:
The same abusive, base, abandon'd thing,
When pilloried or pension'd by a king.
Old as thou art, methinks, 'twere sage advice,
That North should call thee off from hunting
Price⁷.

Some younger bloodhound of his bawling pack
Might sorer gall his presbyterian back.
Thy toothless jaws should free thee from the fight;
Thou canst but mumble, when thou mean'st to bite.

⁶ It is not here insinuated, that the soul in question wants curing. The word cure is here put for care, in the sense in which ecclesiastical lawyers use, *cura animarum*.

⁷ See a series of wretched letters, written by Shebbeare, in the Public Advertiser and other papers.

Say, then, to give a requiem to thy toils,
What if my Muse array'd her in thy spoils,
And took the field for thee, through pure good
nature? [satire.

Courts praised by thee, are cursed beyond her
Yet, when she pleases, she can deal in praise:
Exempli gratia, hear her fluent lays
Extol the present, the propitious hour,
When Europe, trembling at Britannia's power,
Bids all her princes, with pacific care,
Keep neutral distance, while she wings the war
Cross the Atlantic vast; in dread array,
Herself to vanquish in America.

Where soon, we trust, the brother chiefs shall see
The congress pledge them in a cup of tea,
Toast peace and plenty to their mother nation,
Give three huzzas to George and to taxation,
And beg, to make their loyal hearts the lighter,
He'd send them o'er dean Tucker, with a mitre.
In fancy's eye I ken them from afar
Circled with feather wreaths, unstain'd by tar:
In place of laurels these shall bind their brow,
Fame, honour, virtue, all are feathers now.
E'en beauty's self, unfeather'd, if we spy,
Is hideous to our macaroni eye.

Foolish the bard, who, in such flimsy times,
Would load with satire or with sense his rhymes:
No, let my numbers flutter light in air,
As careless as the silken gossamer.
Or should I playful lift the Muse's scourge,
Thy cocks should lend their tails, my cocking
George^s,

^s A great cock-fighter and little senator, who, in the last parliament, called the Heroic Postscript a libel.

To make the rod. So fear not thou the song;
To whip a post, I ne'er will waste a thong.
Were I inclined to punish courtly tools,
I'd lash the knaves before I flapp'd the fools.
Gigantic vice should on my ordeal burn,
Long ere it came to thy poor pigmy turn.

But sure 'tis best, whate'er rash Whigs may say,
To sleep within a whole skin while one may;
For Whigs are mighty prone to run stark mad,
If credence in archbishops may be had.
Therefore I'll keep within discretion's rule,
And turn true Tory of the Mansfield school.
So shall I scape that creature's tiger paw,
Which some call Liberty and some call Law⁹:
Whose whalelike mouth is of that savage shape,
Whene'er his long robed showman bids him gape,
With tusks so strong, with grinders so tremendous,
And such a length of gullet, Heaven defend us!
That, should you peep into the red raw track,
'Twould make your cold flesh creep upon your
back.

A maw like that what mortal may withstand?
'Twould swallow all the poets in the land.

Come, then, Shebbeare! and hear thy bard
deliver

Unpaid-for praises to thy pension-giver.
Hear me, like Tucker, swear, 'So help me, muse¹⁰!
I write not for preferment's golden views.'
But hold—'tis on thy province to intrude:
I would be loyal, but would not be rude.

⁹ With courtiers and churchmen the terms are synonymous.
See a late Sermon.

¹⁰ The reverend dean took a solemn oath in one of his late
pamphlets, that he would not be a bishop.

To thee, my veteran, I his fame consign;
Take thou St. James's, be St. Stephen's mine.
Hail! genial hot-bed! whose prolific soil
So well repays all North's perennial toil,
Whence he can raise, if want or whim inclines,
A crop of votes, as plentiful as pines,
Wet nurse of tavern waiters and nabobs,
That empties first, and after fills their fobs
(As Pringle, to procure a sane secretion,
Purges the primæ viæ of repletion).
What scale of metaphor shall fancy raise,
To climb the heights of thy stupendous praise?
Thrice has the Sun commenced his annual ride,
Since, full of years and praise, thy mother died.
'Twas then I saw thee with exulting eyes,
A second phoenix, from her ashes rise;
Mark'd all the graces of thy loyal crest,
Sweet with the perfume of its parent nest.
Rare chick! how worthy of all court caresses,
How soft, how echolike it chirp'd addresses.
Proceed, I cried, thy full-fledged plumes unfold,
Each true-blue feather shall be tipp'd with gold;
Ordain'd thy race of future fame to run,
To do whate'er thy mother left undone.
In all her smooth, obsequious paths proceed,
For know poor Opposition wants a head.
With horn and hound her truant schoolboys roam,
And for a fox chase quit St. Stephen's dome,
Forgetful of their grandsire Nimrod's plan,
'A mighty hunter, but his prey was man'¹¹.

¹¹ A line of Mr. Pope's. If our younger senators would take the hint, and now and then hunt a minister instead of a fox, they might perhaps find some fun in it.

The rest, at crowded Almack's nightly bet,
 To stretch their own beyond the nation's debt.
 Vote then secure; the needful millions raise,
 That fill the privy purse with means and ways.
 And do it quickly too, to show your breeding,
 The weazel Scots¹² are hungry, and want feeding,
 Nor need ye wait for that more plenteous season,
 When mad America is brought to reason,
 Obsequious Ireland, at her sister's claim
 (Sister or stepdame, call her either name),
 Shall pour profusely her Pactolian tide,
 Nor leave her native patriots unsupplied.
 Earl Nugent sung¹³, while yet but simple Clare,
 That wretched Ireland had no gold to spare.

¹² It is not I, but Shakspeare, that gives my countrymen this epithet. See *Hen. V.* act 1, scene 2.

For once the eagle England being in prey,
 To her unguarded nest the weazel Scot
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs, &c.

¹³ The intellect not only of posterity, but of the present reader, must here again be enlightened by a note: for this song was sung above two years ago, and is consequently forgotten. Yet if the reader will please to recollect how easily I brought to life Sir William Chambers's prose dissertation which had been dead half that time, he will, I hope, give me credit for being able to recover this dead poem from oblivion also. It was sent to her majesty on her birthday, with a present of Irish grogram; and the newspaper of the day said (but I know not how truly), that the queen was graciously pleased to thank the noble author for both his pieces of stuff. The poet's exordium seemed to have been taken from that very ode in Horace, which I have also attempted to imitate in this pamphlet. It began by assuring her majesty, that Ireland was too poor to present her with a piece of gold plate:

Could poor Iërene gifts afford,
 Worthy the consort of her lord,
 Of purest gold a sculptured frame
 Just emblem of her zeal should flame.

This supposed poverty of his native country struck me at the

How couldst thou, simple Clare! that isle abuse,
 Which prompts and pays thy linsey-wolsey Muse?
 Mistaken peer! Her treasures ne'er can cease;
 Did she not long pay Viry for our peace?
 Say, did she not, till rang the royal knell,
 Irradiate vestal majesty at Zell?
 Sure then she might afford, to my poor thinking,
 One golden tumbler for Queen Charlotte's drinking.
 I care not if her hinds, on fens and rocks¹⁴,
 Ne'er roast one shoulder of their fatted flocks:
 Shall Irish hinds to mutton make pretensions?
 Be theirs potatoes, and be ours their pensions.
 If they refuse, great North, by me advised,
 Enact, that each potatoe be excised.
 Ah! hadst thou, North, adopted this sage plan,
 And scorn'd to tax each British serving-man,
 Thy friend Macgreggor when he came to town
 (As poets should do), in his chaise and one,
 Had seen his footboy Sawney, once his pride,
 On stunt Scotch pony trotting by his side,
 With frock of fustian, and with cape of red,
 Nor grudged the guinea tax'd upon his head.
 But, tush, I heed not—for my country's good
 I'll pay it—it will purchase Yankee blood—

time as a mere gratis-dictum. I have, therefore, endeavoured to refute it, for the honour of Ireland.

¹⁴ Alluding to these lines in the same poem :

Where starving hinds from fens and rocks,
 View pastures rich with herds and flocks,
 And only view—forbid to taste, &c.

And in a note on the passage, he tells us that these hinds never eat animal food ; but says not one word about potatoes, that most nutritious of all aliments, which is surely very disingenuous.

And well I ween, for this heroic lay,
Almon will give me wherewithal to pay.
Tax then, ye greedy ministers, your fill :
No matter, if with ignorance or skill.
Be ours to pay, and that's an easy task ;
In these bless'd times to have is but to ask.
Ye know, whate'er is from the public press'd
Will sevenfold sink into your private chest.
For he, the nursing father, that receives,
Full freely though he takes, as freely gives.
So when great Cox, at his mechanic call,
Bids orient pearls from golden dragons fall,
Each little dragonet, with brazen grin,
Gapes for the precious prize, and gulps it in.
Yet when we peep behind the magic scene,
One master-wheel directs the whole machine :
The selfsame pearls, in nice gradation, all
Around one common centre rise and fall¹⁵ :
Thus may our state museum long surprise ;
And what is sunk by votes in bribes arise ;
Till, mock'd and jaded with the puppet play,
Old England's genius turns with scorn away,
Ascends his sacred bark, the sails unfurl'd,
And steers his state to the wide western world ;
High on the helm majestic Freedom stands,
In act of cold contempt she waves her hands.
'Take, slaves (she cries), the realms that I disown,
Renounce your birthright, and destroy my throne.'

¹⁵ I was let into this secret by my late patron, Sir William Chambers ; who, as Mr. Cox's automata were very much in the Chinese taste, was very curious to discover their mechanism. I must do the knight the justice to own that some of my best things are borrowed from him.

ODE TO SIR FLETCHER NORTON,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, ODE VIII. BOOK IV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HEROIC EPISTLE TO SIR
WILLIAM CHAMBERS, ETC.

MUSE! were we rich in land or stocks,
We'd send Sir Fletcher a gold box;
Who lately, to the world's surprise,
Advised his sovereign to be wise.
The zeal of cits should ne'er surpass us,
We'd make him speaker of Parnassus.
Or could I boast the mimic eye
Of Townshend or of Bunbury,
Whose art can catch, in comic guise,
'The manners living as they rise,'
And find it the same easy thing
To hit a Jullox¹ or a king;
I'd hangings weave, in fancy's loom,
For Lady Norton's dressing room.

But arts like these I don't pursue,
Nor does Sir Fletcher heed virtù.
Enough for me in these hard times,
When every thing is tax'd but rhymes,
To tag a few of these together;
Though I am quite uncertain, whether
My verse will much rejoice the knight,
As great a store as I set by't.
For verse (I'd have Sir Fletcher know it),
When written by a genuine poet,
Has more of meaning and intent
Than modern acts of parliament.

¹ A phrase used by the bon ton for a fat parson.

'Tis fit and right, when heroes die,
 The nation should a tomb supply;
 Yet, not the votes of both the houses,
 Without the' assistance of the Muses,
 Can give that permanence of fame
 That heroes from their country claim.
 And tell me pray, to our good king,
 What fame our present broils can bring,
 E'en should the Howes (which some folks doubt)
 Put Washington to total rout,
 Unless his treasurer, in an ode³,
 Exalt the victor to a god.
 A man, I know, may get a pension
 Without the Muse's intervention;
 Yet what are pensions to the praise
 Wrapp'd up in Caledonian lays?
 Say, Johnson, where had been Fingal,
 But for Macpherson's great assistance?
 The chieftain had been nought at all,
 A nonexistent nonexistence.
 Mac, like a poet stout and good, [flood,
 First plunged, then pluck'd him from oblivion's
 And bade him bluster at his ease,
 Among the fruitful Hebrides.

³ The late promotion of a poet to the treasurership of the household must necessarily give to all true votaries of the muses (as it does to me) great delectation. It is whispered by some people in the secret, that the very pacific cast of the laureate's birthday ode occasioned the noble bard's exaltation, as it was thought expedient to have another poetical placeman in readiness to celebrate the final overthrow of the American rebels. Nay, it is assured, that a reversionary grant of the office of laureate has in this instance been super-added to the treasurership, yet with the defalcation of the annual butt of sack, which the lord steward calculates will be a considerable saving to the nation.

A common poet can revive
The man who once has been alive:
But Mac revives, by magic power,
The man who never lived before.

Such hocus-pocus tricks, I own,
Belong to Gallic bards alone.
My Muse would think her power enough,
Could she make some folks fever proof;
Dub them immortal from their birth,
And give them all their heaven on earth,
Then doctor Kaye, that broad divine,
With lords and dukes should ever dine;
Post, prate, and preach for years on years,
And puff himself in gazetteers.
Sandwich for aye should shine the star,
Propitious to our naval war;
Caulk all our vessels leaky sides,
And in the docks work double tides.
While Stormont³ graced with riband green,
Keeps France from mixing in the riot,
Till Britain's lion vents his spleen,
And tears his rebel whelps in quiet.

³ At that time the British ambassador at Paris.

THE DEAN AND THE SQUIRE.

A Political Eclogue.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HEROIC EPISTLE TO SIR WILLIAM
CHAMBERS, ETC.

A Card.

THE Author presents his best respects to the reader, and begs that he would do him the favour to read the two first heads of Mr. Jenyns's seventh disquisition, before he cuts open this pamphlet; that he may perceive the full force of the allusions here made to that wonderful performance.

DEDICATION.

To Foame Jenyns, Esq.

SIR,

WHEN I lately read your disquisition on Government and Civil Liberty, it gave me much concern to find, that you had not written it in verse. Such images and such sentiments, such wit and such arguments were surely too good to be wasted on prose. And you who have written verse so long, and with so much facility, are highly inexcusable for not having employed that talent on so important an occasion as the present, when you had taken upon you to confute 'so many absurd principles concerning government and liberty, which have of late been disseminated with unusual industry,' principles, let me add, which were still more industriously dis-

seminated at the Revolution by Locke; at the accession by Hoadly; and a hundred years before either, by Hooker; 'principles which,' you say, 'are as false, as mischievous, as inconsistent with common sense as with all human society, and which require nothing more than to be fairly stated, to be refuted.'

The pious poet, Herbert, I think, tells us, that

A verse may catch him, who a sermon flies.

Why then should you discard verse, when you intended to catch such careless readers as would be apt to fly a sermon? Why, by dividing your discourse into five methodical heads, should you make it appear as formal as the gravest pulpit lecture ever delivered by old Bishop Beveridge, or young Bishop Bagot? I protest, Mr. Jenyns, I cannot account for this strange proceeding.

However, that such sort of readers may read you, I have attempted to do that for your benefit and theirs which you would not do for them, or for yourself: and, unequal as I am to the task, have dressed up your two first, and, as I think, principal topics, in as easy and fashionable metre as I was capable of writing. I know you would have done this much better. But, as my work is but a fragment, I am not without my hopes, that what I have done may be a spur to your indolence, and that you may be tempted not only to correct but complete it.

But when I say that I have versified you, I take a pride in boasting, that I am not your mere versifier. I take a pleasure too in owning,

that you yourself led me to attempt a nobler species of composition. I had read, some years ago, your very delectable Eclogue of the Squire and the Parson, written on occasion of that glorious peace, the honour of making which is to be inscribed one day (may it be a late one!) on the mausoleum of the Earl of Bute. This, Sir, led me to think of giving my present performance a dramatic cast, so far as an eclogue can possess that title. On this idea, having resolved to make you my Tityrus, I had not far to seek for a Melibœus. A brother writer, who has of late endeavoured to disseminate principles similar to some of yours, with unusual, though abortive industry, immediately occurred to my imagination; and as immediately I resolved to read his more elaborate treatise, in order to enable me to execute my plan with greater exactitude, and better preservation of sentiment and character.

Although I must own, that this exercitation of my patience cost me many a yawn, yet I found, to my great satisfaction, that this writer allowed for true what you hold to be false, those two first principles of Mr. Locke, that men are equal, and that men are free¹. I concluded, therefore, that he was a very proper person to dispute those points with you. Accordingly, without further ceremonial, I set you both down, not indeed sub tegmine fagi, but for the sake of the costume, in a snug town coffee-house, and there entered you fairly into debate.

If on your part, Sir, I have ever done more than elucidated any of those assertions which you call arguments, I humbly ask your pardon:

¹ See Tucker on Government, ch. 1.

and on the dean's. If I have made him a little too lively and spiritual, I as humbly ask his. I know nothing does so much harm to an ecclesiastic, in the road of preferment, as the bare suspicion of being witty. But, as the divine in question has long been a dean, and has sworn that he will never be a bishop, I hope no great harm is done.

That you may long remain on the illustrious list of pensioners, even after the useful board, from which you derive that right, shall be no more; that, having changed from Tory to Whig in the ministry of the Duke of Newcastle, from Whig to Tory under those, or rather that of Lords Bute and North, you may now again change from Tory to Whig under the new administration;—and (since we have it on very eloquent evidence, that it is now the fashion for persons of the greatest consequence to be no longer in shackles), that you may soon cease to be encumbered with your present slavish principles, is the sincere and fervent wish of,

Sir,

Your most obsequious servant,

MALCOLM MAC-GREGGOR.

Knightsbridge, May 1, 1782.

THE DEAN AND THE SQUIRE.

IN coffee-house of good account,
 Not far from Bond Street, call'd the Mount,
 Soame Jenyns met the dean of Gloucester¹;
 And, as they sate in lounging posture,
 Each on his bench, and face to face,
 The dean began in tone of bass:
 While Jenyns, in his treble key,
 Replied with much alacrity.
 Repeat, my Muse, the' alternate strains,
 That flow'd from these Arcadian swains,
 Who both were equally alert,
 Or to deny, or to assert².

DEAN.

Squire Jenyns, since with like intent
 We both have writ on government,
 And both stand stubborn as a rock
 Against the principles of Locke,
 Let us, like brother meeting brother,
 Compare our notes with one another.
 'Tis true, I've not had time to look,
 Though much I wish'd it, in your book.

SQUIRE.

Doctor, my book is quickly read.

DEAN.

I'd other crotchets in my head³,

¹ Dr. Tucker.² ——— Arcades ambo,

Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.—VIRGIL.

³ The dean had been employed in writing his *Cui Bono?* to Mons. Neckar, which is said by persons who have read it, to contain many curious crotchets. *Cui Bono?*

But you, I guess, have studied mine.

SQUIRE.

No, to my shame, not e'en a line.

DEAN.

That's something strange—yet fortunate;
For now on par we shall debate.

SQUIRE.

True. Who to play at whist regards,
When he that deals has seen the cards?

DEAN.

Well put. First then, 'tis fit, I deem,
You tell me how you treat your theme.

SQUIRE.

I controvert those five positions
Which Whigs pretend are the conditions
Of civil rule and liberty;
That men are equal born—and free—
That kings derive their lawful sway
All from the people's yea and nay—
That compact is the only ground
On which a prince his rights can found—
Lastly, I scout that idle notion,
That government is put in motion,
And stopp'd again, like clock or chime,
Just as we want them to keep time.

DEAN.

'Sblood! do you controvert them all!

SQUIRE.

Indeed I do, Sir, great and small.

DEAN.

You're a bold man, my master Jenyns,
And have good right to count your winnings,

If you succeed. —But I, who dare
As much as most, to go so far
Had not the courage, I assure ye,
Though I suborn'd a Tory jury⁴.

SQUIRE.

That men were equal born at first,
I hold of all Whig lies the worst.
But yet, if only this they mean,
That you and I, good Mr. Dean,
Were equally produced, 'tis true;
For I was born as much as you.
But now, comparing size and strength,
Our body's bulk, our nose's length,
The periwigs that grace our pate,
My little wit, your learning great,
We find we are unequal quite.

DEAN.

My honest friend, you're too polite.
Your wit, Lord Hardwicke deigns to own,
Surpasses every wit's in town;
And none e'er doubted Hardwicke's taste,
Who e'er were bid to Hardwicke's feast.
But yet, I fear, at this arch quibble
The Lockians will do more than nibble.
They say, and with them I agree,
That as to men's equality,

⁴ Before the dean published his elaborate treatise, he printed it first only for the perusal of certain friends, who were either Tories from principle or discretion. It may therefore reasonably be supposed, that (in Milton's phrase), it *numbered* many *choice intellects* among our great churchmen. The mitred author of the Letter to the Cocoa Tree (written at the commencement of Lord Bute's administration), was amongst these personages; and it is not to be doubted, but it would receive many improvements from his adroit and masterly hand.

It rests on native rights they have,
 Not to become another's slave,
 Or tamely bear a tyrant's yoke⁵:
 This truth you parry with a joke.

SQUIRE.

Jokes, Mr. Dean, I'd have you know,
 Have parried many a stouter blow.
 A joke like this, as I conceive,
 Is reason's representative,
 Who, vested with his rights, is sent
 To disputation's parliament.

DEAN.

Yet scorns, like some they patriots call,
 To vote as he instructs, at all.

SQUIRE.

Sometimes he may—but to proceed—
 All men at birth, it is agreed,
 Have equal learning, wit, and power,
 Though, at Lucina's squalling hour,

⁵ The passage in Mr. Locke's treatise, which the dean here alludes to, seems to be this; 'Though I said that all men are by nature equal, I cannot be supposed to understand all sorts of equality: age or virtue may give men a just precedency: excellency of parts and merit may place others above the common level: birth may subject some, and alliance or benefits others, to pay an observance to those to whom nature, gratitude, or other respects may have made it due: and yet all this consists with the equality, which all men are in, in respect of jurisdiction or dominion one over another: which was the equality I there (chap. 2) spoke of, as proper to the business in hand, being that equal right that every man hath to his natural freedom, without being subjected to the will or authority of any other man.' Ch. 6, sec. 54. To this the dean accedes in his first chapter. 'First, then, I agree with Mr. Locke and his disciples, that there is a sense, in which it may be said, that no man is born the political subject of another.'

The newborn babes, in nurse's lap,
 Have only power to suck her pap.
 Good heavens! to talk of wit and learning
 In infants void of all discerning
 Is just as if these Whigs disputed,
 As most fools do, to be confuted,
 Whether their teeth, in breadth and length,
 Had equal size and equal strength;
 When, bless each little slobbering mouth!
 It had not cut a single tooth.

DEAN.

Your instance, I confess, is pretty:
 I wish it were as apt as witty.

SQUIRE.

But let us give them all they ask,
 Their equal birth; a harder task
 I think remains behind, to prove
 That men through life must equal move;
 None e'er assume a jot of power
 More than he had at natal hour.
 Strange doctrine this! ye Whigs, shall none
 Be long and lank as Jenkinson,
 None grow to full six feet or more,
 Because some measure only four?
 Or, because Hunter cannot treat us
 With different size of same-aged foetus?
 Thus, Mr. Dean, the point I've proved:
 And, if your reverence is so moved,
 You'll find, with like facility
 I prove they all are not born free.

DEAN.

My sprightly squire, if this be proving,
 Then billing is the whole of loving.

Dame Logic knows, whene'er I meet her,
With more substantial sport I treat her.
These Whigs will answer your demand
With saying, all they understand
By power is, 'That alone is just,
Which to a few the rest intrust;
And to assume without assent
Is force, not legal government'.⁶
As to your simile of size,
They'll say your brains are in your eyes.
But now go on.

SQUIRE.

 Their next assertion
You'll find affords me more diversion.
For how should men be e'er born free,
When to be born is slavery,
An imposition in itself.
Do parents ask the little elf,
Ere they beget him, his good leave
Or to beget or to conceive;
Or does he approbation give
By self or representative?

DEAN.

Yet, when begot, in my opinion,
He's then the heir to self dominion;

⁶ So Locke. 'Government, into whatsoever hands it is put, being *intrusted* with this condition, and for this end, that men might have and secure their properties: the prince or senate, however it may have power to make laws for the regulating of property between the subjects one amongst another, yet can never have a power to take to themselves the whole or any part of the subjects' property without their own consent, for this would be in effect to leave them no property at all.' Ch. xi. sec. 139.

Has right both to be born and bred,
To suck the breast—

SQUIRE.

And p— his bed.

DEAN.

He has. Nay more, I'd have you know,
Protection, while in embryo,
Is his, e'er you can justly date
His quasi-compact with the state⁷.
Once, Sir, I knew a pious lady,
Who, just as she was getting ready
For church, one Easter Sunday morn,
With labour-pains was sorely torn.
The church, good soul! she loved so dearly!
That with her spouse she chose to parley;
Nor would she let the midwife lay her,
Till she had been at morning prayer;
When, lo! in midst of all this fray,
Before mamma had time to pray,
Her heir, a freeborn British boy,
Bolted to light and liberty.

SQUIRE.

Your story, Mr. Dean is pleasant,
And wrapp'd withal in terms most decent.
Yet vainly sure such proof you bring,
One swallow does not make a spring.
I say, in spite of your strange tale,
For full nine months he lies in jail.

⁷ 'Children are entitled to protection whilst in embryo, though they neither did nor could enter into any compact with the state for that purpose.' Tucker on Civil Government, p. 2. I have taken the liberty to add the term quasi in my version of this passage, to make it more analagous to the learned writer's general sentiments, who allows of no compact but what he is pleased to term quasi.

And, what a jail! so little roomy,
So dank, so sultry, and so gloomy,
Howard, who every prison knows,
Ne'er ventured there to thrust his nose.
Yet there he lies, unlucky wight!
Deprived of sunshine and of sight,
Floating in brine, like a young porpus,
Till, by obstetric habeas corpus,
The brat is pluck'd to liberty.
But, tell me, is such freedom free?
In swaddling clothes he now is bound,
Like Styx⁸, that gird him nine times round;
They squeeze his navel, press his head,
Feed him with water and with bread.
Thus nine months more he lies in chains,
And, when his freedom he regains,
He puts it to so bad a use,
'Tis found he must not yet go loose.
Tyrannic nurse then claims her right
To plague him both by day and night;
Then grave as pope, and gruff as Turk,
Pedantic schoolmaster, like York,
Thrashes the wretch with grammar's flail,
To mend his head corrects his tail;
And this with most despotic fury,
Heedless of mercy, law, and jury.

DEAN.

Sir, you've a happy vein for satire,
And touch it with a main du maitre.
Yet why, Sir, treat mild Markham thus?
His grace, you know, is one of us.

⁸ Though fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her.

Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

SQUIRE.

I ask his pardon. At the time
 He chanced to hitch into my rhyme—⁹
 But to our point—thus far I've stated,
 The boy is born and educated;
 And now he walks the world at large;
 Yet has he got a free discharge?
 No; volens nolens, as at school,
 He still must yield to civil rule;
 A subject born, he's subject still,
 Not govern'd by his mere self will;
 But, if he breaks the laws in force,
 Or kills his man, or steals a horse,
 Howe'er he may dispute their right,
 And Coke with Burgersdicius fight,
 Must make at Tyburn his confession.

DEAN.

I fear, Sir, here you beg the question.
 A subject born in any state
 May, if he please, depatriate,

⁹ Had not this unlucky bolt been shot by the squire, it is probable the dean would not have been thrown off his scent, but would have answered all that had been asserted, in some such manner as Mr. Locke does: 'Children, I confess, are not born in this full state of equality, though they are born to it. Their parents have a sort of rule and jurisdiction over them, when they come into the world, and for some time after; but it is but a temporary one. The bonds of this subjection are like the swaddling clothes they are wrapped up in, and supported by in the weakness of their infancy; age and reason, as they grow up, loosen them, till at length they drop quite off, and leave a man at his own free disposal.' *Cl.* 6, sec. 55. This passage and the other two already quoted, seem to be a sufficient answer to Mr. Jenyns on his two first heads. All his objections turn on the term born: where as Locke's propositions are, 'Men are by nature equal, and by nature free;' that is, have equal rights in their persons and liberty.

And go, for reasons weak or weighty,
To Zealand New or Otaheite.

SQUIRE.

Yet there what freedom will he have,
When made queen Oberea's slave?
Her majesty may lay a tax,
I fear would weaken stronger backs,
Than e'en was yours, my doughty dean,
When nerved with youth and stout eighteen.

DEAN.

Perhaps she might. Then let's suppose
To some unpeopled isle he goes,
And takes a mistress in his sleeve,
To live as Adam did with Eve;
Or say, that he had luck to find
A hundred more of the same mind,
To migrate with their mates by dozens,
And there to live like cater-cousins,
We will not call them sirs and madams,
But a cool hundred Eves and Adams;
I think they would, or soon or late,
By quasi-compact found a state¹⁰.

¹⁰ Here the dean turns aside to his own ingenious hypothesis, which he makes the true basis of civil government, and which, the more to disseminate it, I shall here briefly explain. He supposes, that a hundred Adams and Eves should all be produced full grown, and in conjugal pairs; and then concludes that they would naturally herd together, and form a civil society, from their instinctive love of living together as gregarious animals. But, as some might object that another instinctive appetite would speedily disturb the peace of this society, and that Horace's 'tetrissima belli causa' might make it a state of war, he sagely provides against this by noting 'that the appetite between the sexes can have no place in the question, because it is not of that sort which renders

What think you, squire, of that Scotch peer¹¹,
 Who wenching held so very dear
 (I don't aver his taste was right
 In liking black girls more than white,
 Not that I rashly would decide;
 They know the best who both have tried),
 That, to indulge and take his fill,
 He fenced an Apalachian hill,
 And, holding there supreme command,
 ' Scatter'd his image o'er the land¹², '
 Till soon he got so large a race
 Of little tawny babes of grace,
 And these so soon begot a second,
 And those a third, that quick he reckon'd
 Subjects enough of his own blood,
 To reign their sovereign great and good.
 If such a man was not born free,
 I know not what is liberty.

SQUIRE.

Dear dean, you interrupt my theme,
 I want to preach, but you to dream

mankind gregarious.' Yet, as he also owns, ' that the most solitary animals at certain seasons converse in pairs,' it is necessary for the support of his hypothesis, that all his Adams and Eves should be as chaste as turtles; and, therefore, I have called them a *cool* hundred, an epithet which, the reader sees, is here far from being an expletive, but highly emphatical; for, if the dean's hundred Adams and Eves were not more cool than a hundred pairs of people of fashion, whom I could mention, it is to be feared, that many of the males in his civil society would not only be gregarious animals, but absolutely horned cattle. See Tucker on Government, p. 136.

¹¹ The late Lord Fairfax, usually distinguished by the name of Lord Fairfax of Virginia.

¹² Dryden.

Of negro girls and patriarch kings—
 Pray clip your fancy's wayward wings.
 My two points proved; I draw from hence
 This truly Christian inference,
 That all, whom we the factious call,
 Who 'gainst court influence hourly bawl,
 Who from their seats would dash contractors,
 And be themselves the nation's factors,
 Are all of the old roundhead leaven,
 And therefore ne'er will get to heaven.

DEAN,

Right. This would give my mind much ease,
 If drawn from sounder premises.
 Locke and his crew, I know right well,
 Have sent full many a fool to Hell,
 But not from what you've proved, but I——

* * * * *

Hold, Muse! nor give the squire's reply.
 You've run two heats; to start a third
 Would now, I think, be quite absurd;
 'Tis much beyond an eclogue's length;
 Come, breathe awhile, and gather strength.
 You shall not tax, should it be willing,
 The town beyond a single shilling:
 Stop then in time your tinkling rill;
 The reader's ears have drank their fill¹³.



¹³ Claudite jam rivos, pueri; fat prata biberunt.—VIRG.

END OF VOL. I.

C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.





